

Egg Business On Big Scale

There are two stores at Home, one a co-op. Another co-operative enterprise is the egg candlery. Here in a good year some 500 tons of Home's eggs—some of them undoubtedly anarchist eggs—are prepared for market. Eggs and poultry are Home's chief business.

Second in importance to eggs are the wild huckleberries which Home residents brag are the best to be found anywhere. They grow in profusion and are picked by the ton.

There are two social centers. One is the barter shop of Lewis Haiman. It seems regrettable that nearly all of Home's old-time anarchists are smooth-



George Allen, one of Home's founders

shaven. On the wall of Haiman's shop is a reminder of the days when anarchists wore beards. It is a photograph of old Abner J. Pope, Quaker, anarchist and patriarchian who served time for his opinions in Multnomah county jail, looking down, benign and bearded but possibly discouraged with anarchists who have smooth faces and short hair.

Differs From Typical Farm Community

The other meeting place is the community hall, direct descendant of Liberty hall where Emma Goldman, Elbert Hubbard and other celebrities spoke. The community hall is officially the Peninsula Social club. A share in the club costs \$12.50, cash or labor. Dances are held here in season. So are meetings of all kinds. The club's library contains 2000 volumes, many of them books seldom met with in rural communities.

But Home isn't a typical rural community. It is made up of as cosmopolitan a group as one could hope to find—native Americans, Russian Jews, Russian gentiles, Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch and British. Political beliefs run from pure anarchy down through communism and whatever currently are tenets of the socialist party, the socialist labor party, and the new deal.

As to religious beliefs, a majority of Home residents are lamentably skeptics, putting more faith in a good brand of chicken feed than in any of the various gods and prophets. But on Home acres, too, are sons of David, spiritualists, theosophists, international Bible students, and members of the pentacostal assemblies of the world.

There is no church of any kind at Home, but on occasion the Bible students make friendly forays to convert some of the tough old atheists, playing to them phonograph records of the sermons and prophecies of Judge J. F. Rutherford, heir to the late Pastor Russell. The unbelievers don't mind and one of them confided to this reporter that he thought the phonograph records, both sermons and music, made his hens lay better.

His Signs Tell All

Patriarch of the colony, in respect to age, is Tom Geeves. Old Tom, as he is known throughout the peninsula, is 102 years old. He came to Home 27 years ago to see what an anarchist colony looked like and he has lived there ever since. Born in London, Old Tom has been all over the world. He was in Africa before Stanley and Livingstone went there. In his youth he heard John Stuart Mill address parliament.

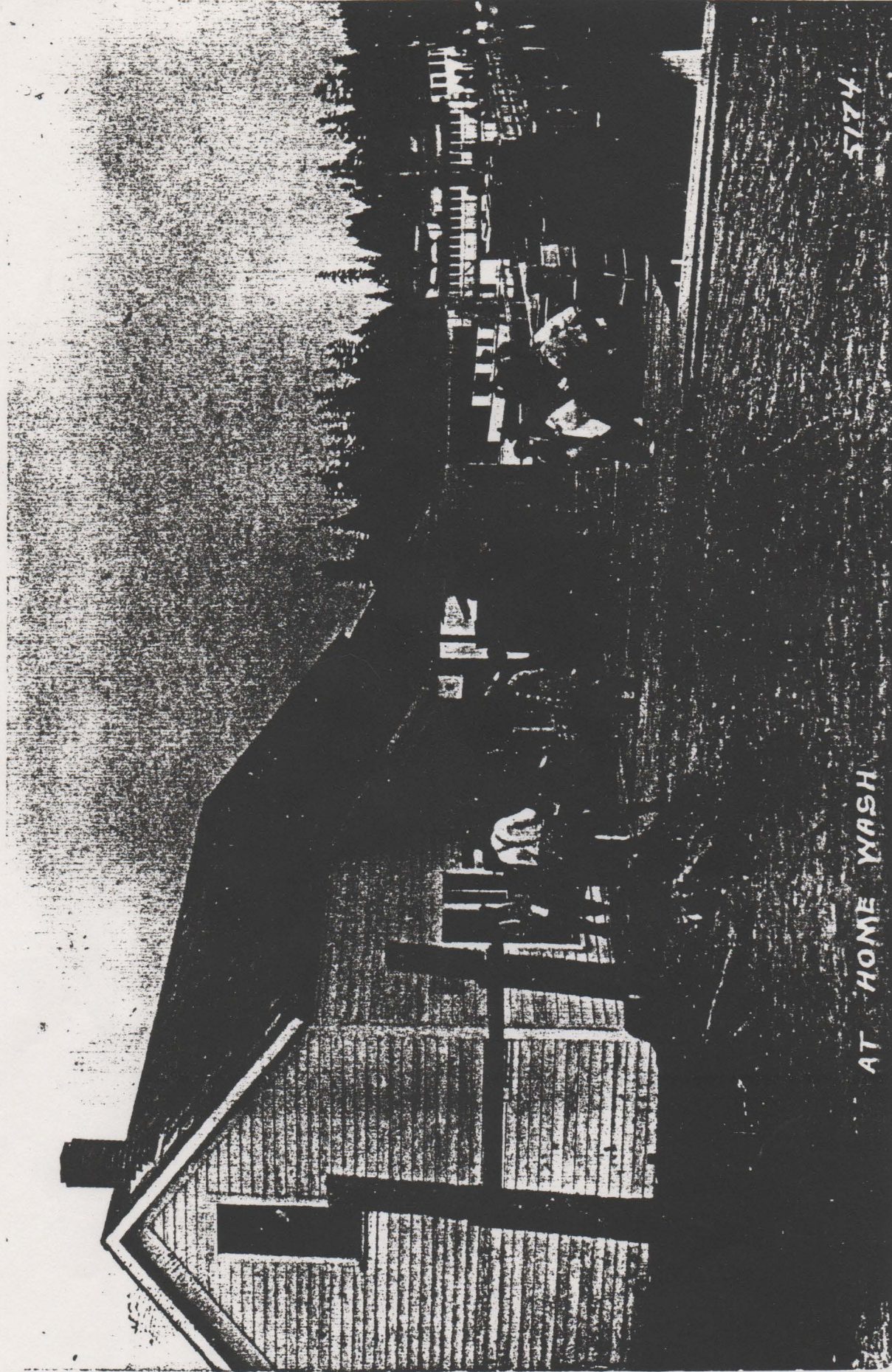
Old Tom lives alone in a small house on Home's hillside and he is celebrated for the signs he hangs on his door. The signs re-

port all of Tom's doings. "Lying down—knock hard," says one. Another reports, "Gone to store." Still others advise "Picking hucks," "Working in chicken house," "Working on barn" and "Gone to Krantz' by bridge."

In his second century Old Tom is rugged as all get-out, ranging the colony for huckleberries, eating meat with his own teeth, and wearing what are probably the finest beard and head of hair on all Puget sound.

Only one of the three founding fathers of Home still lives there. He is George Allen, mentioned earlier in this series. At 77, Allen is in robust health. He has never used tobacco or alcohol, but he has no antipathy toward those pleasant vices. Asked if he were content with the life he had lived at Home, he said he was.

"Eminently so," he replied. "I have had 40 years of as happy a life as man can know, and those 40 years have proved to my satisfaction that Home colony was the right idea. But I have not now, any more than I ever have had, a desire to convert anybody to any particular belief or way of living, except by my own example. Folks should be left alone to do as their reason dictates. What is needed in this world is more pure



AT HOME WASH

5174

1921 Tubhoon at The dock

Historical Notes

1902 - Steve Mastick with the help of Home residents, drove the piles for the first float and walkway so the boat could discharge passengers and freight.

March 1903 - Liberty Hall was completed.

Summer, 1907 - Lyndal Minor, aged 5 years, was lured with candy by a newspaper photographer from Tacoma, to leave her sand castles and turn to face him nude on Home's beach. The only nude any photographer was able to catch at Home.

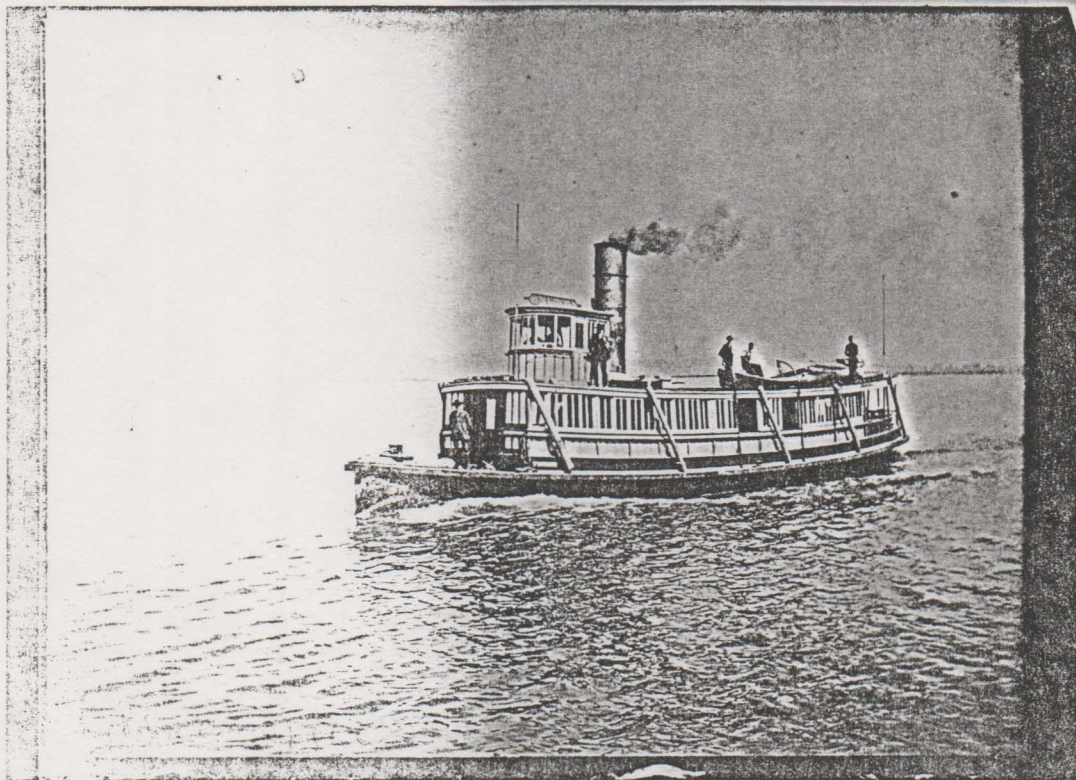
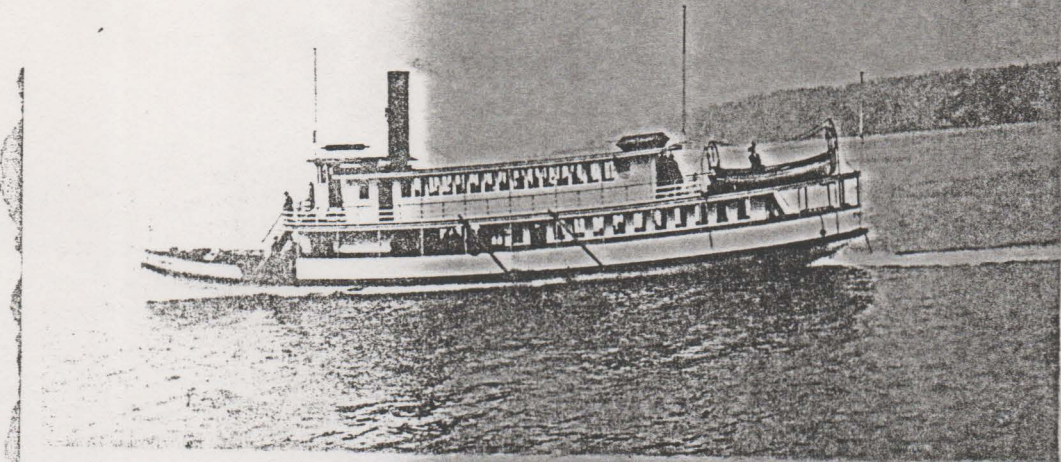
Lyndal died in Los Angeles in 1984.

1926 - Charles Greenhalge, (Kate Sadler Greenhalge's husband) was the first person to give voice to the idea of the Peninsula Light Company at a Good Roads Club meeting two years before its formation.

In Home's early days Saturday night debates held in Liberty Hall and later in Home Hall were a common form of recreation. A popular subject was announced along with the names of those who would defend each side. George Allen and Harry Edmonds were often adversaries. Both of them agreed that the greatest challenge was to be on the most unpopular side of the controversy. The audience voted to determine the winning team.

One of the most hotly debated and humorous subjects was: is the earth flat or spherical? The "flat earth" team won on debating ability only.

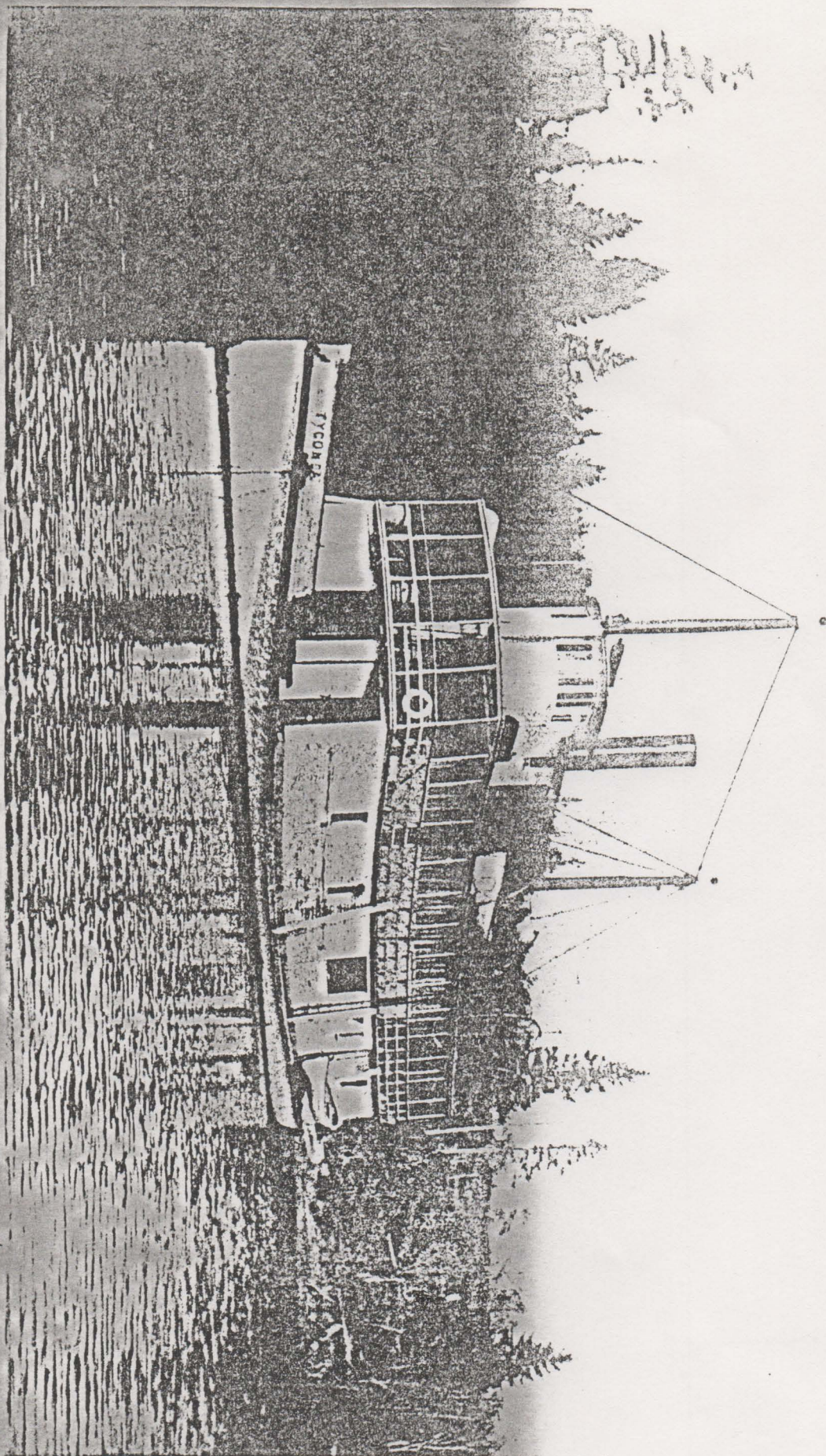
Typhoon - 1900



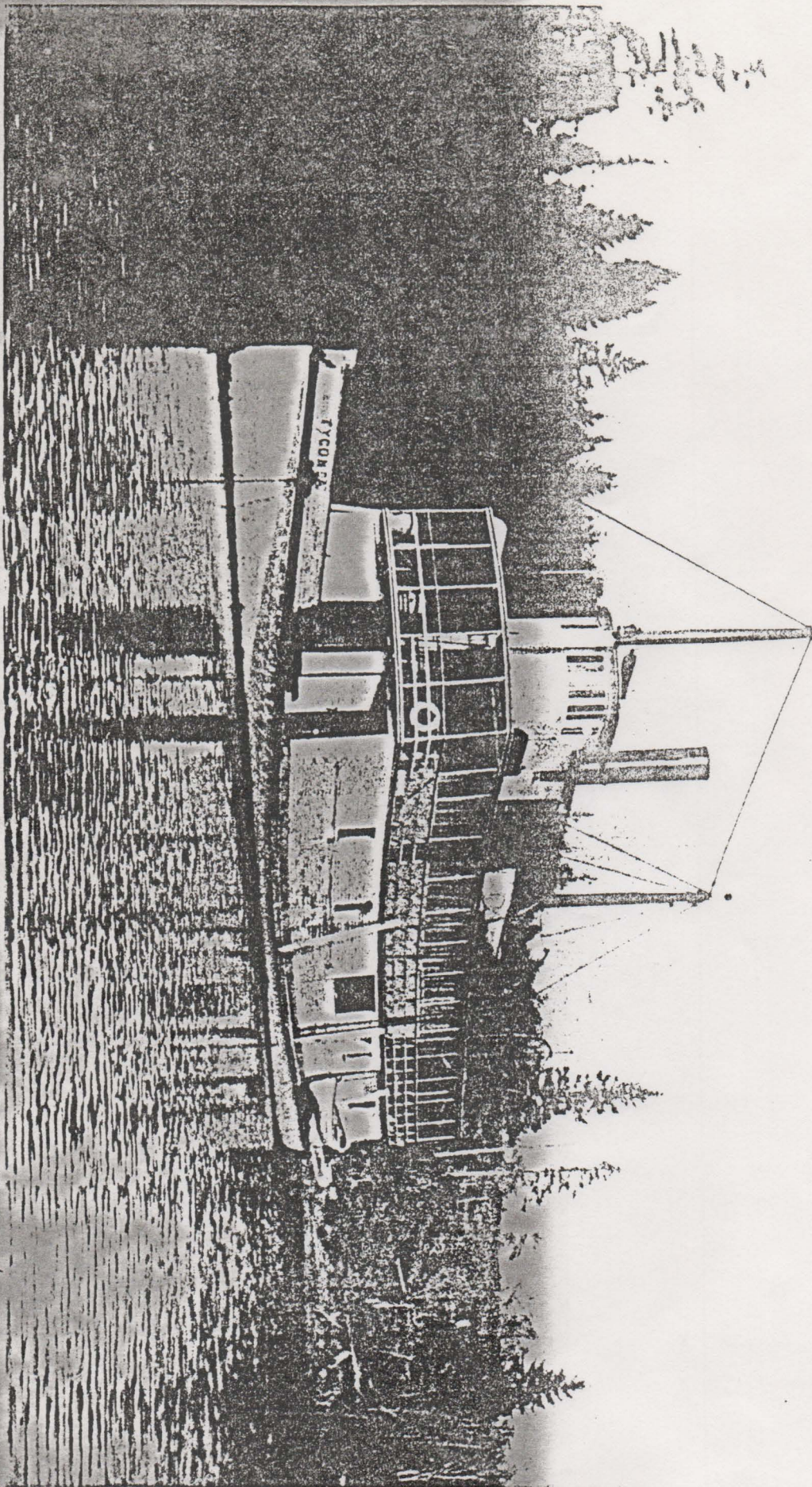
ANGELS CAMP.
AL.

E. W. Baker

Both are labeled
TYPHOON
was it rebuilt or were there
two of them?



M.S. Tyconda 1908



M.S. Tyconda 1908

Opeta K. K. K.



Clara Rubenstein 1911



Bill Cottrell



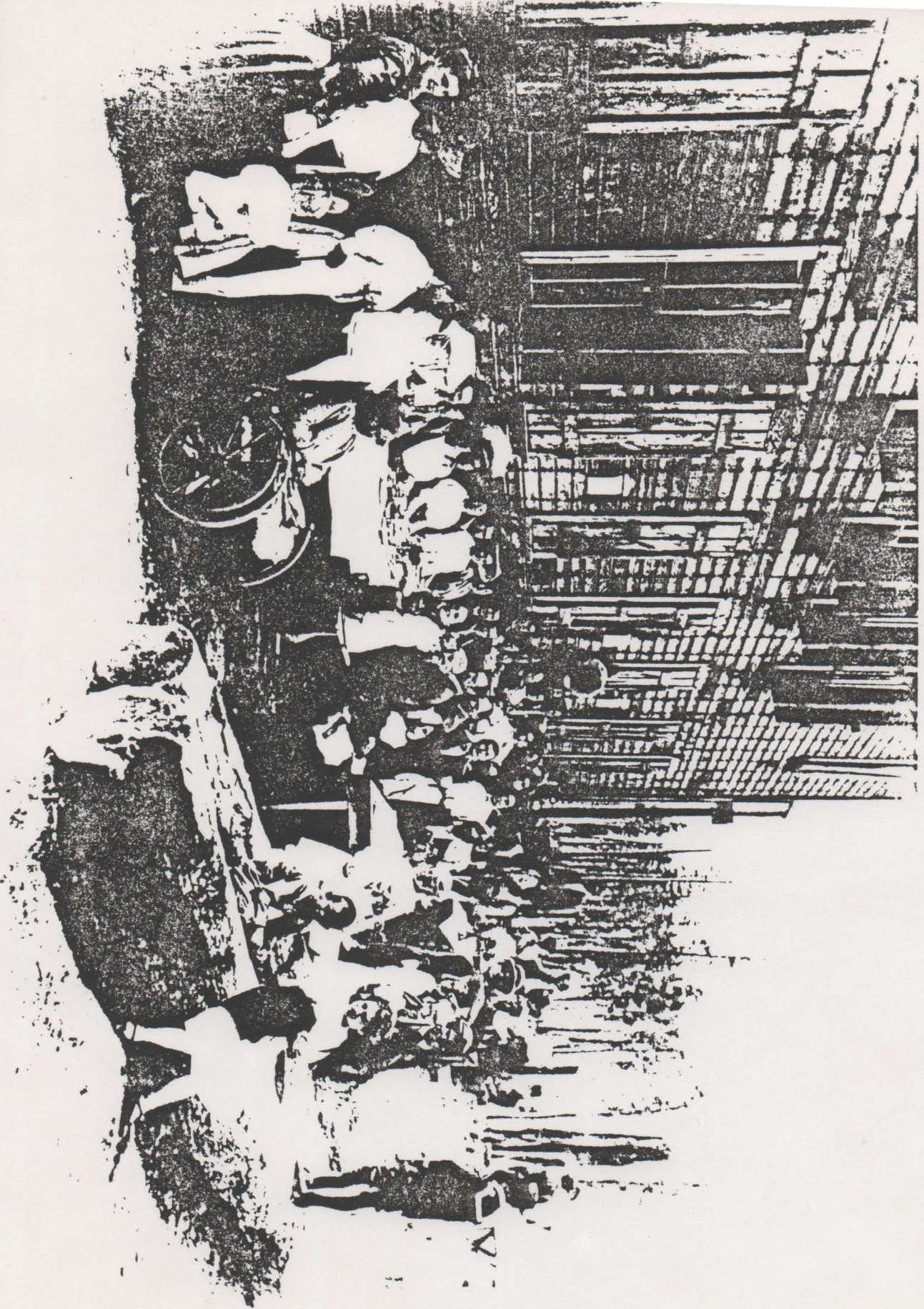
Marlinus
DeCrane
1910

Washington State
Historical Society

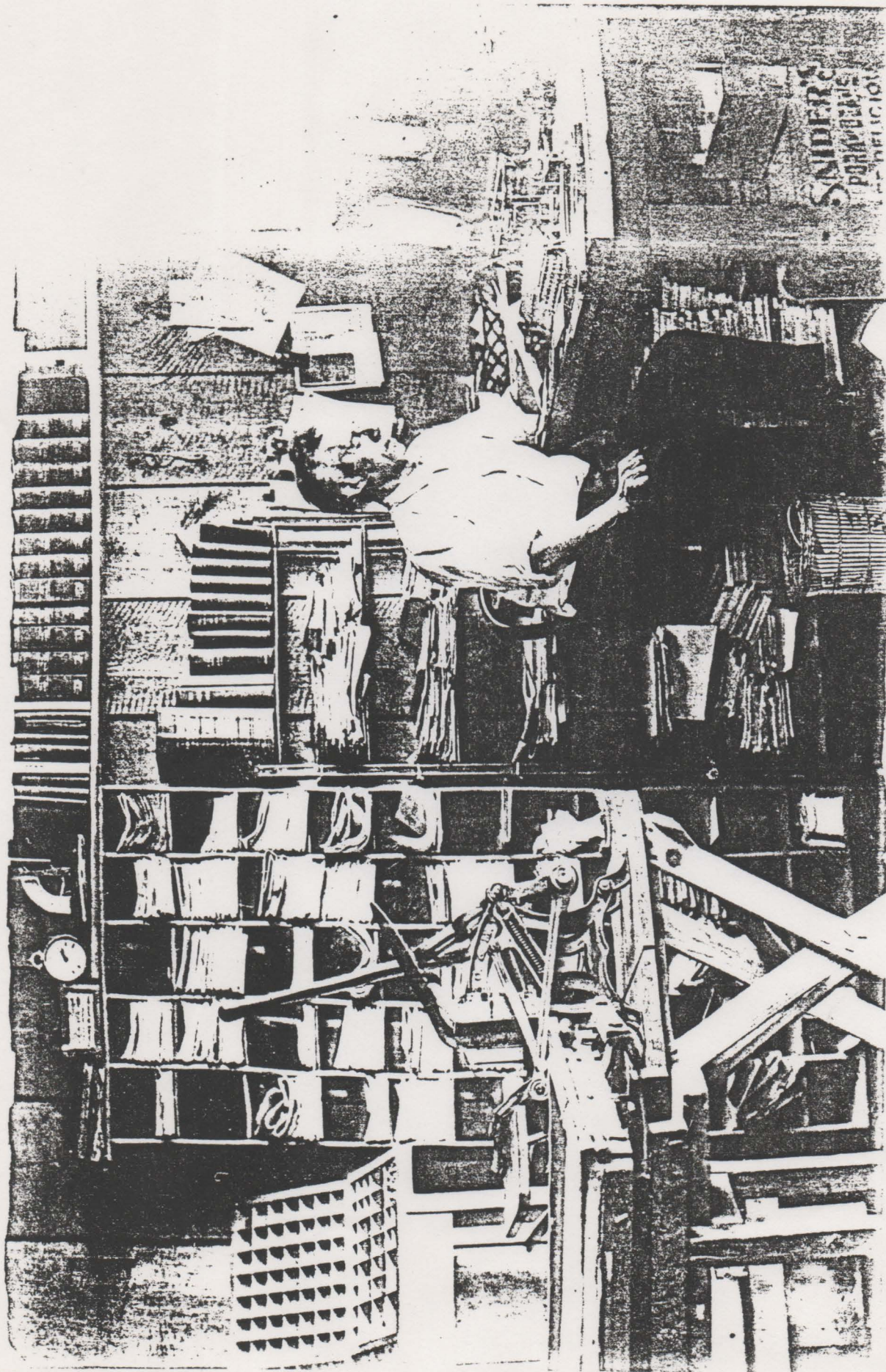
315 No. Stadium Way
Tacoma, Washington 98402



Picnic at Liberty Hall



Jay Fox in the print shop



Evadna De Crave

May De Crave

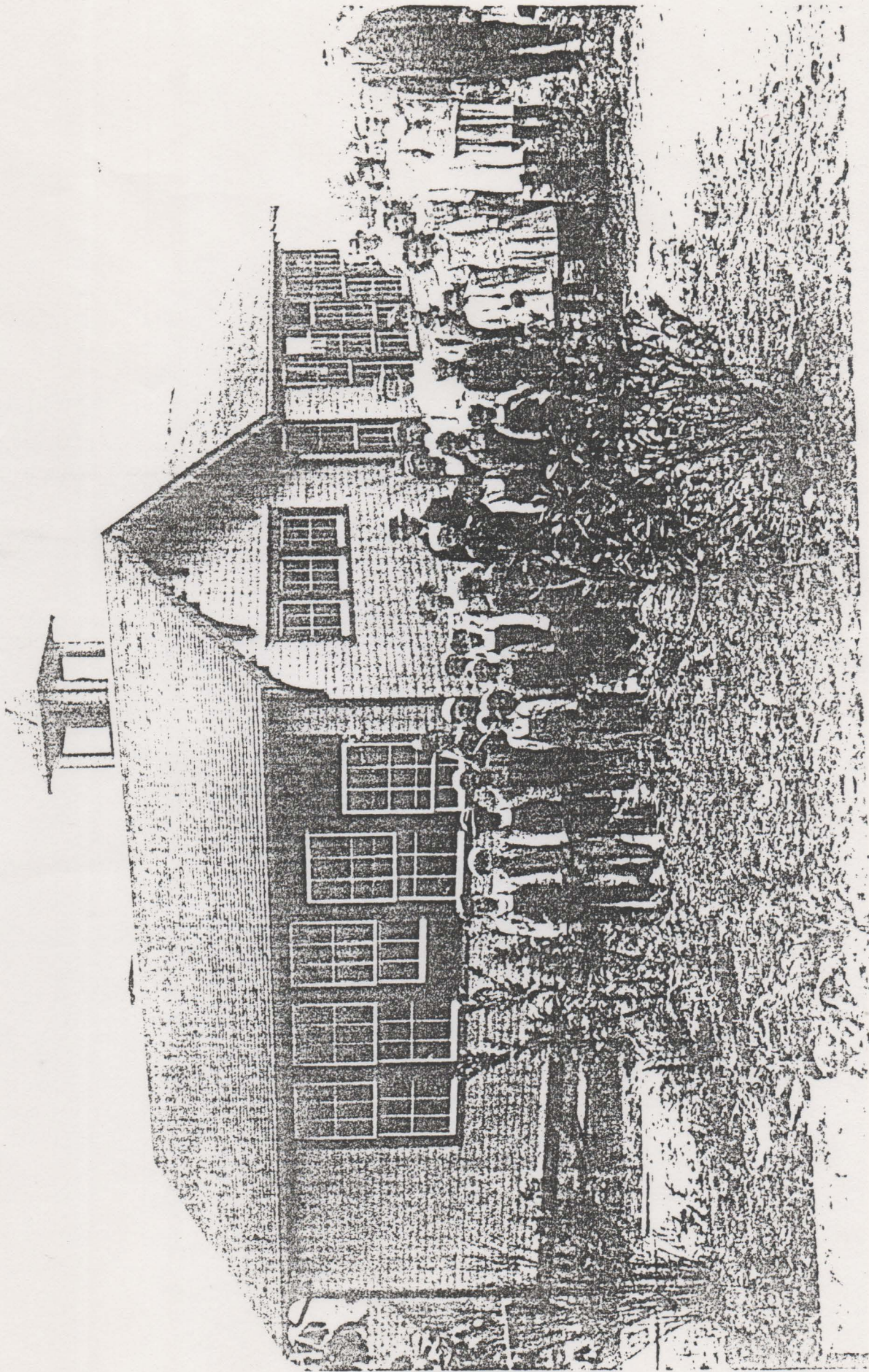
Fredrick C

Marie

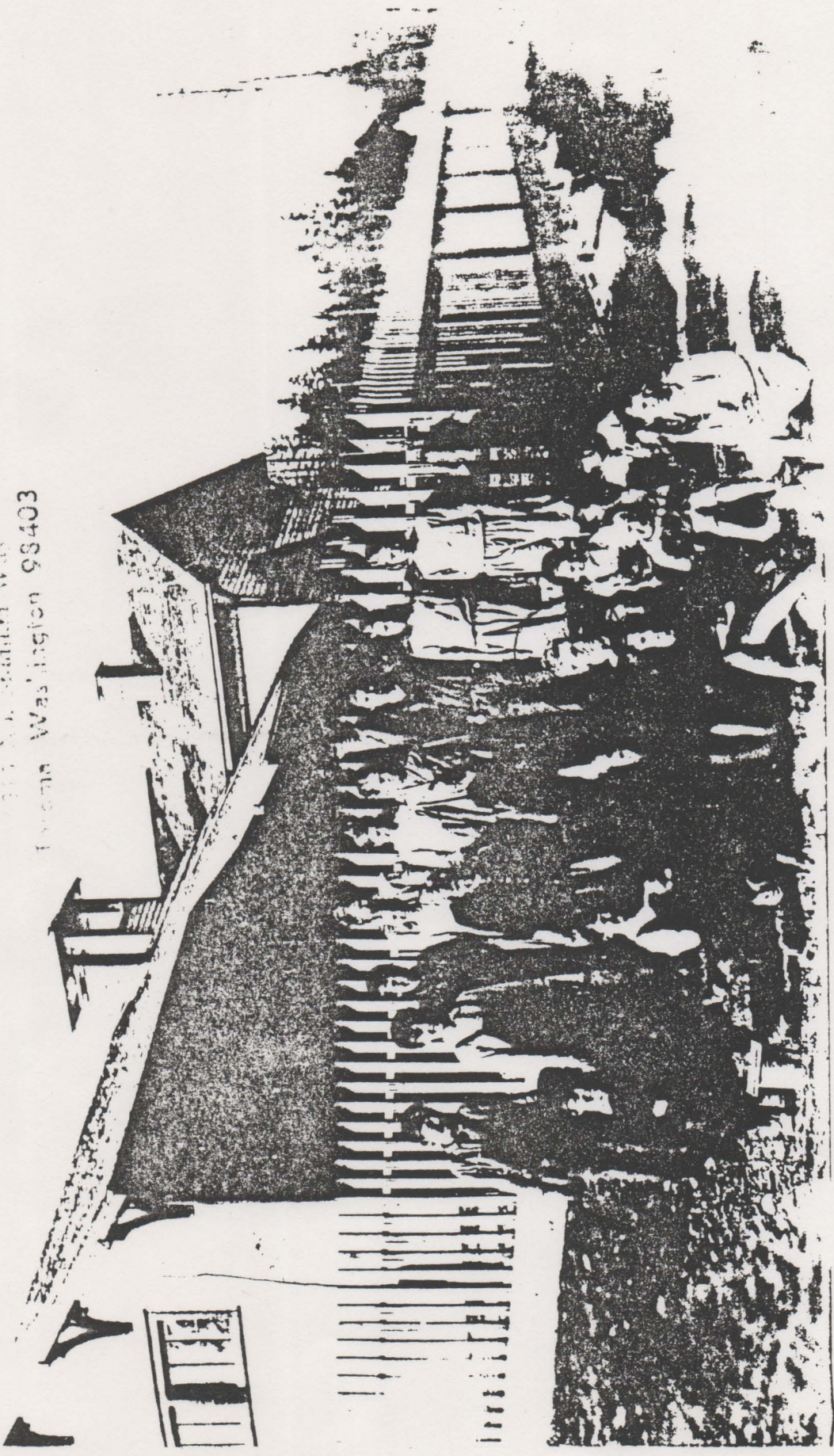
1910



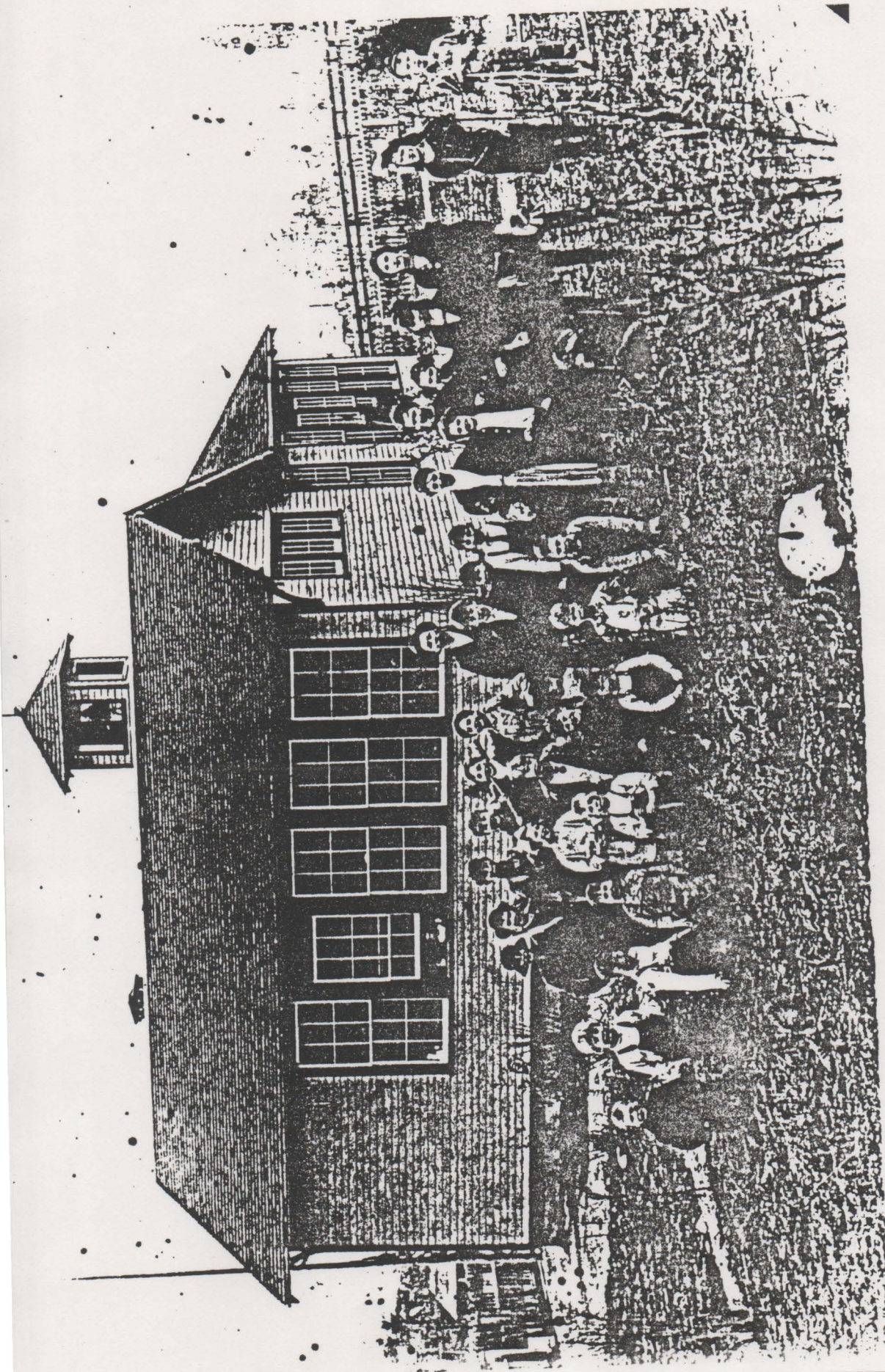
Home School 1911
Teachers George and Sylvia Allen



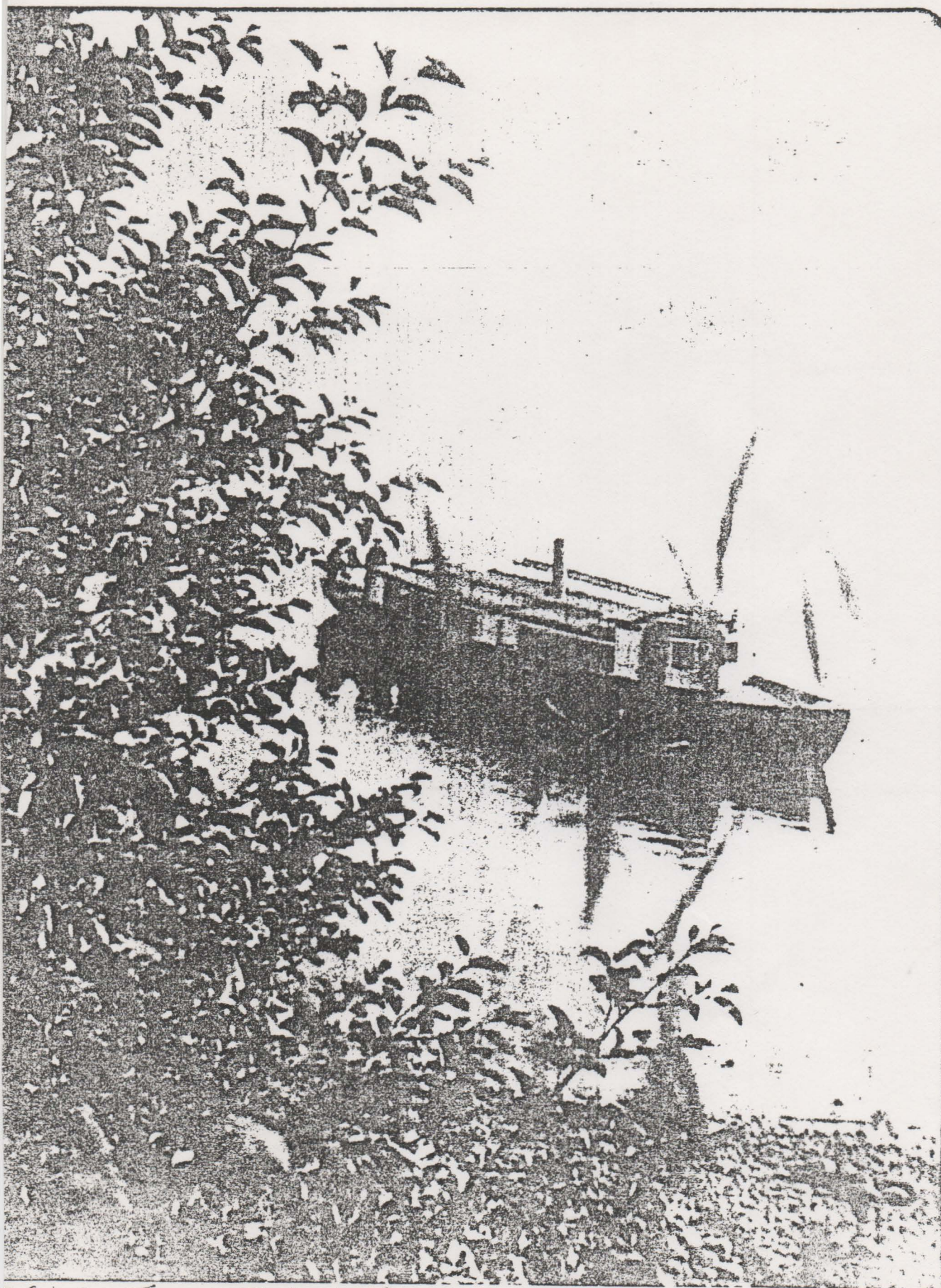
Home School
Sylvia Allen's class
Evans Washington 98403



Home school
Sylvia Allen's class

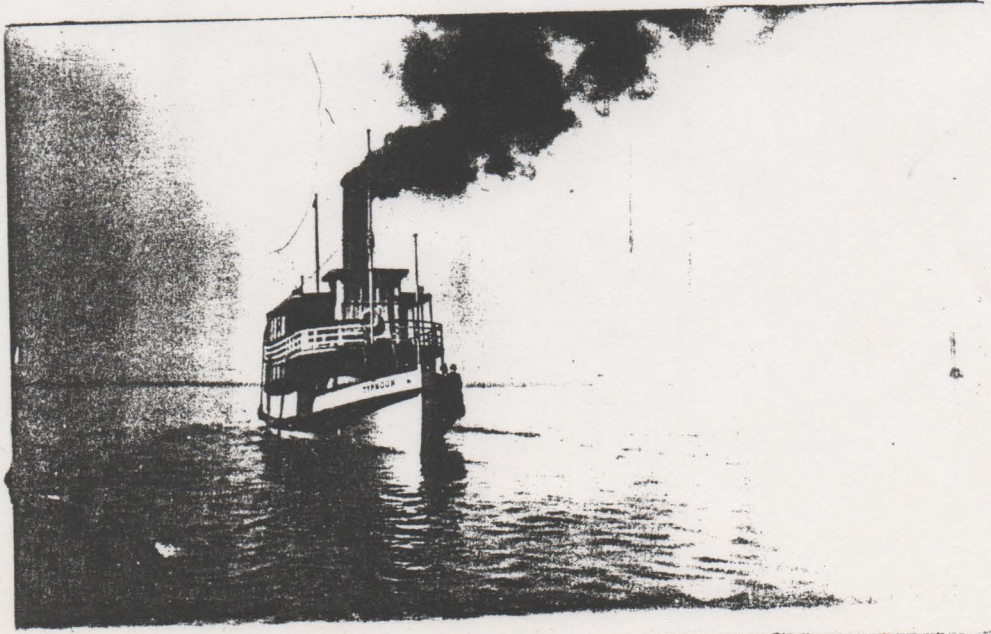
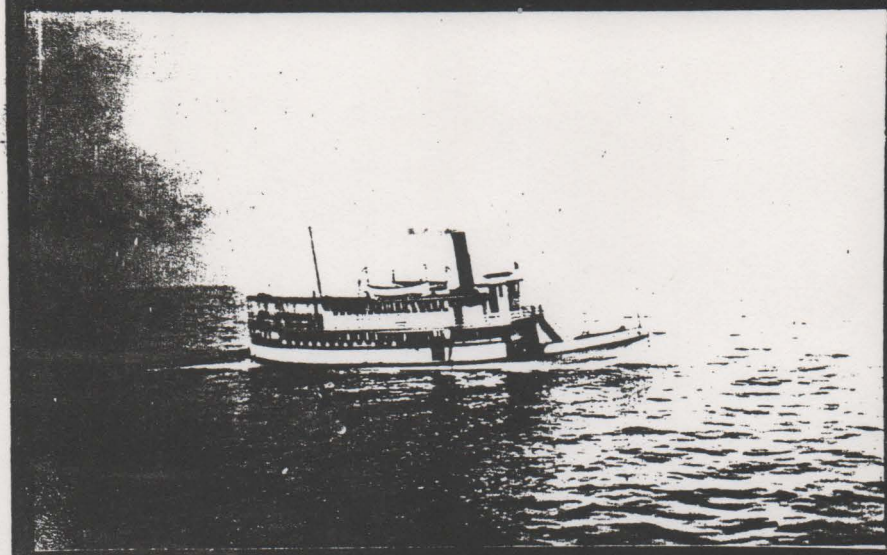


Home-School
Morton, Teacher



7816 II MAIL BOAT

TYPHOON



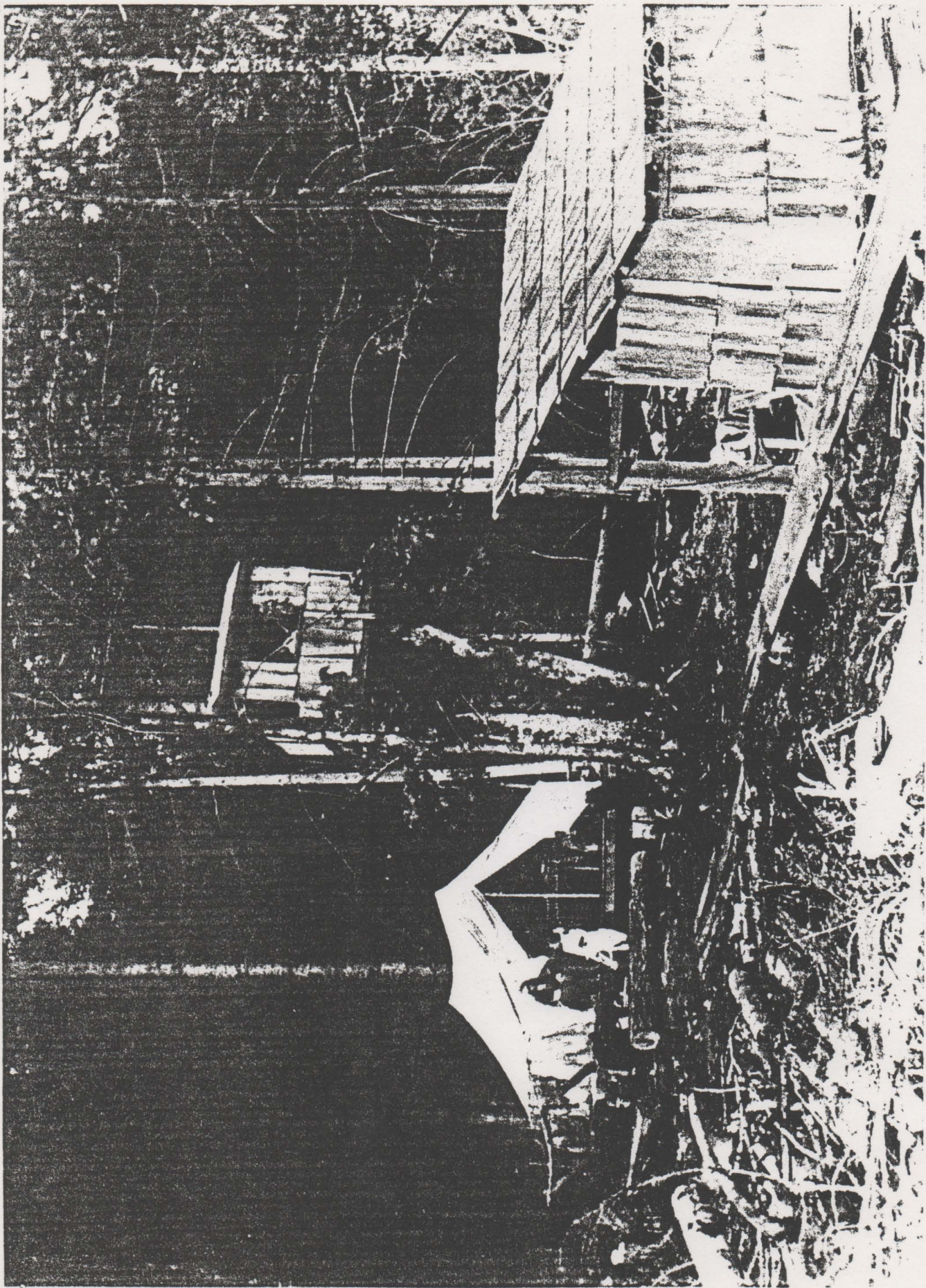
Kopells had arrived in home around 1908. He and a man named Franz Erkelens found a beautiful spot near a spring, but the ground was too soggy to hold up a house. Nearby was a giant tree trunk that had been broken off about twenty feet above ground, four new sprouts; each about sixteen inches in diameter, rose from the base of the tree.

Joe and Franz sawed off the new growth even with the main trunk. They laid a floor eight feet square across it. They put a roof, built walls, installed bunk beds covered with cedar-bough mattresses, and drove some nails for coat hooks. As the trunk leaned a bit, so they nailed boards to the upper side and made a stairway.

Downstairs, the kitchen was in a tent. One edge boarded the spring, which they used as an icebox. A stump served as kitchen table. Blocks of wood, sawed to different heights to compensate for the slope of the ground, were their chairs. The man at the head of the table could lean slightly and dip cool clear water from the spring. The man to his left could, without getting up, reach everything on the stove. Everyone like to eat with Joe and Franz, especially since there were no dishes to wash. The boys just put them in the creek until they were clean.

Franz moved out in 1910, but ^{he} stayed in the tree (except for a few years spent in jail after his conviction for nude bathing) until 1917. When the United States went to war Joe climbed down and took a job in the shipyards in Tacoma, of all places. He returned later, but he moved into a house on the ground. The dream was over.

Home was like any other place, except for its memories.

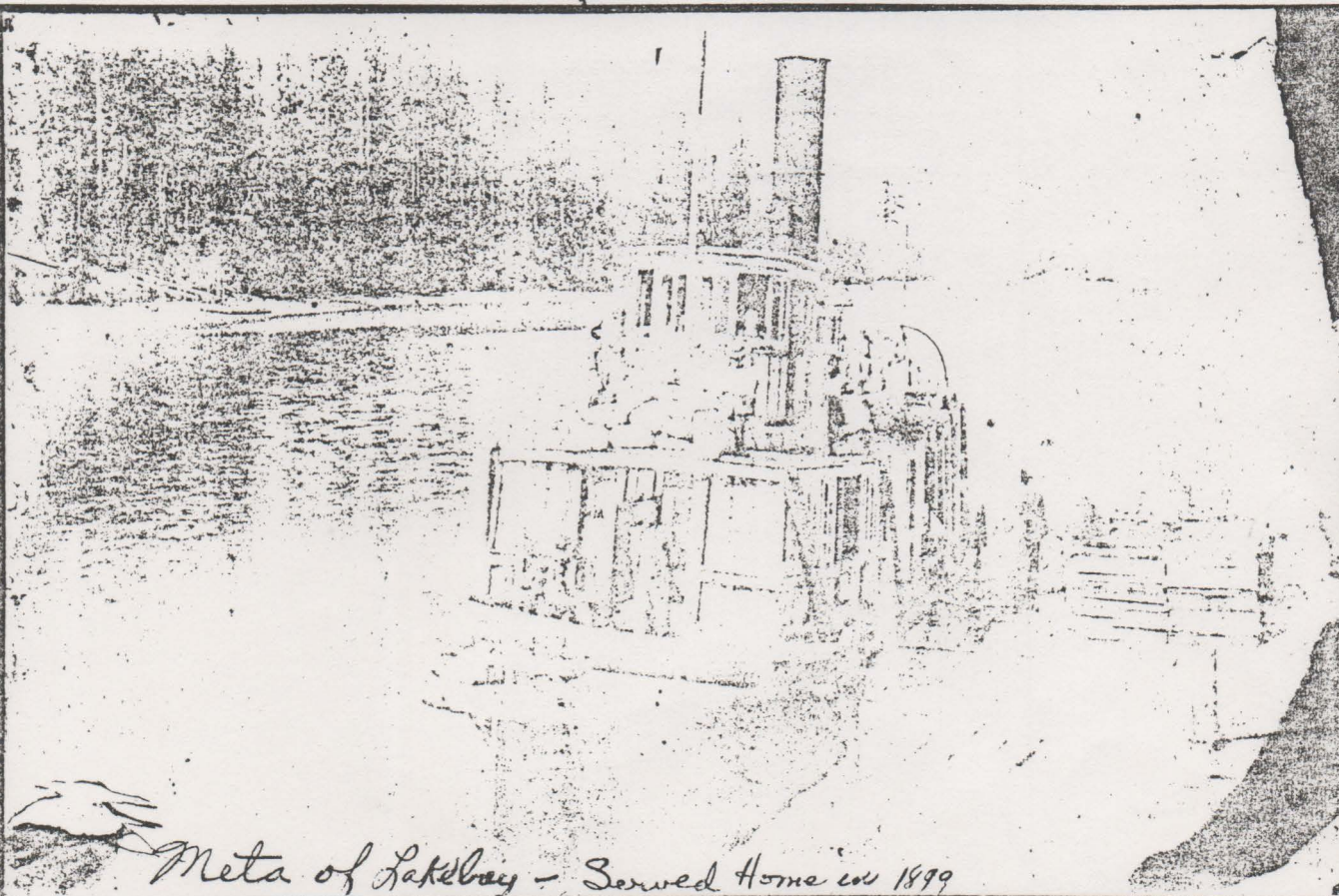


Joe Kuppelle and Frans B. Erkelens Tree house - early 1900's

Trans L. Kelens
and Joe Kopelle's famous Tree
house

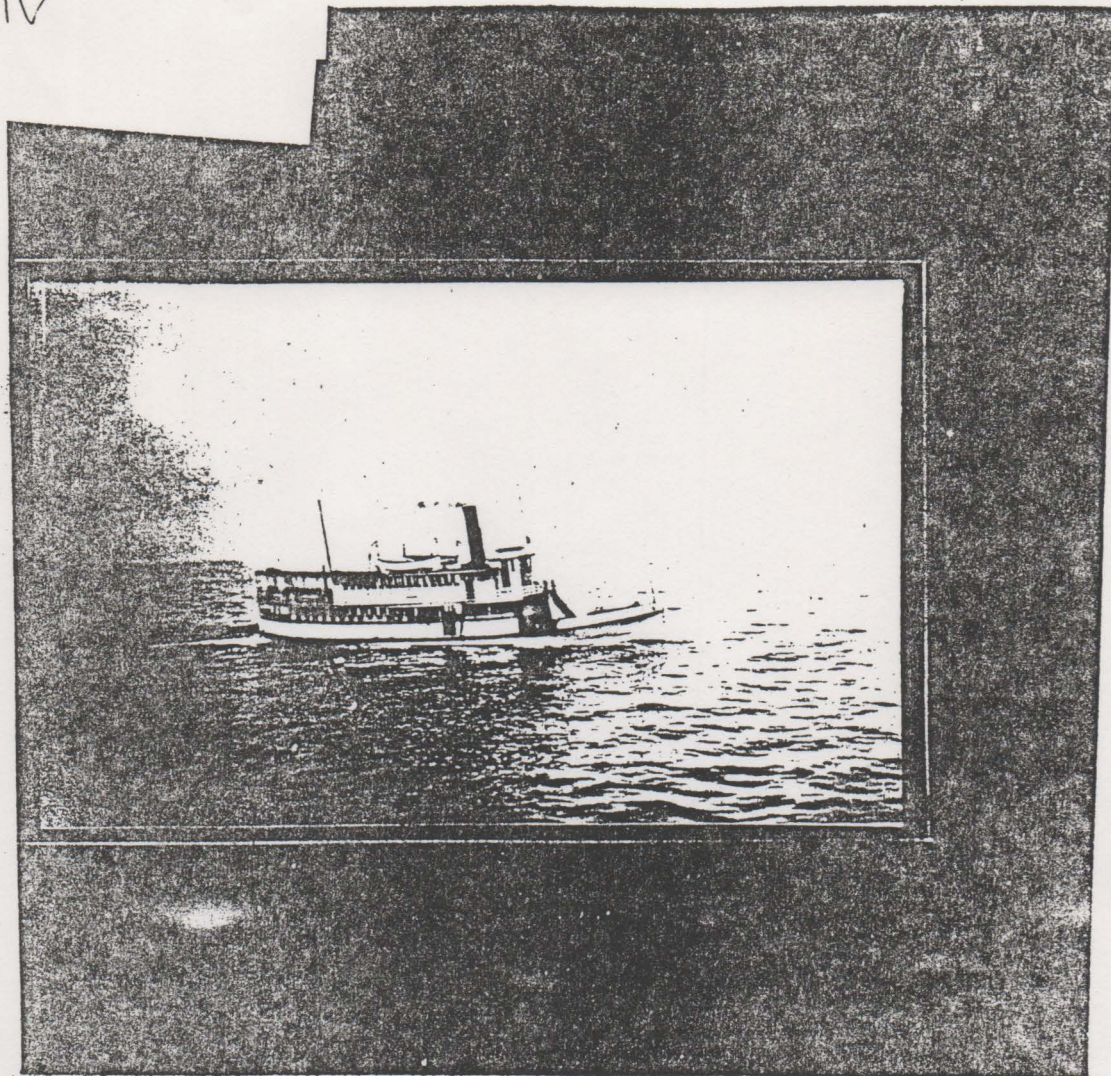


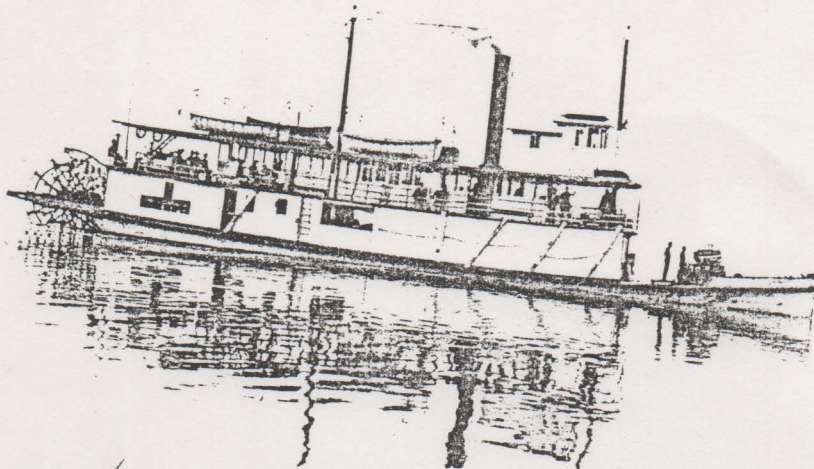
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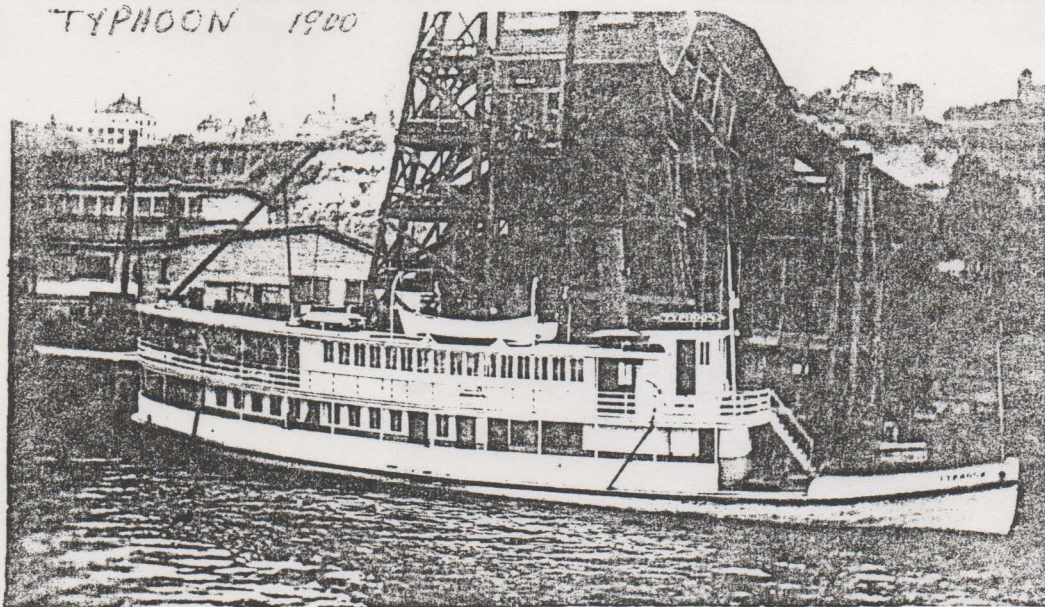
Meta of Lakebay - Served Home in 1899

TYPHOON

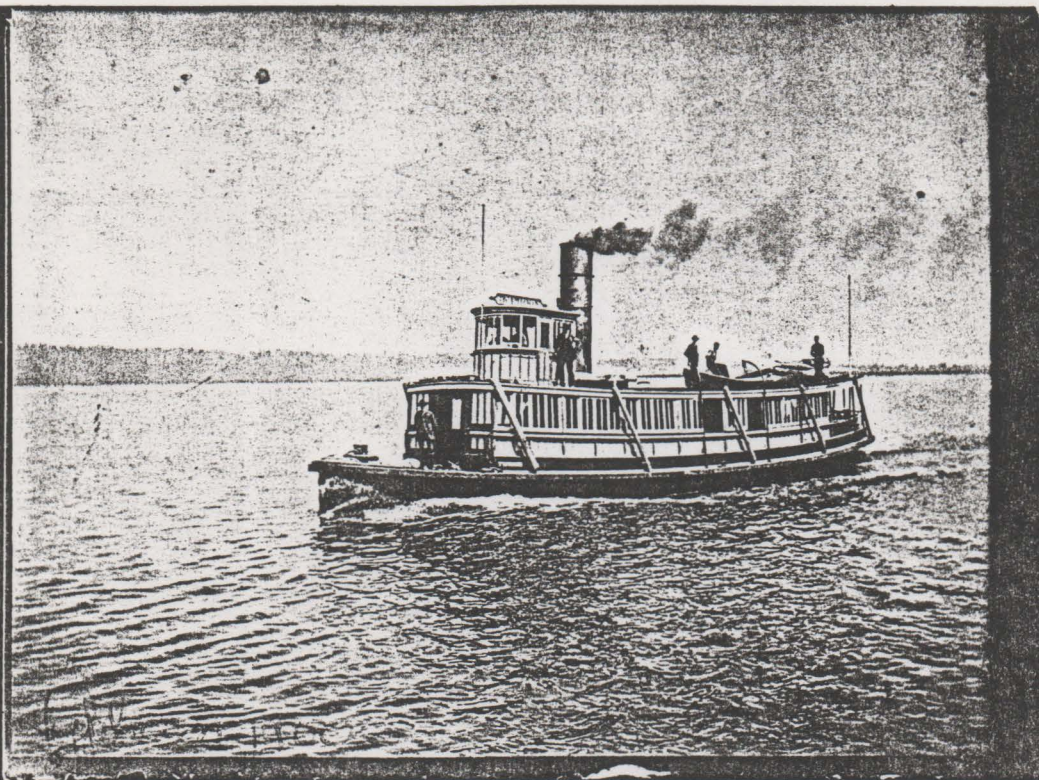
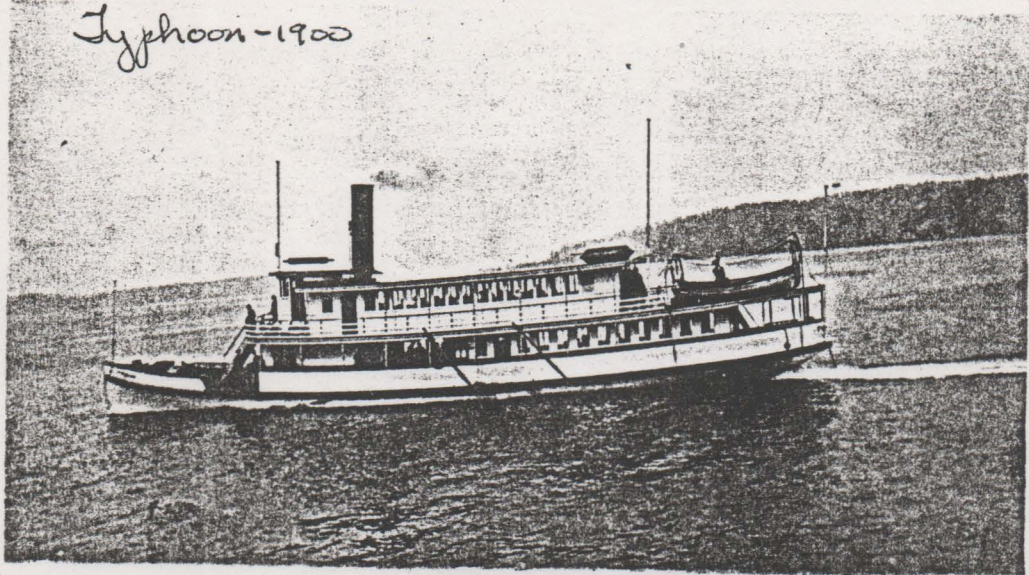




TYPHOON 1900



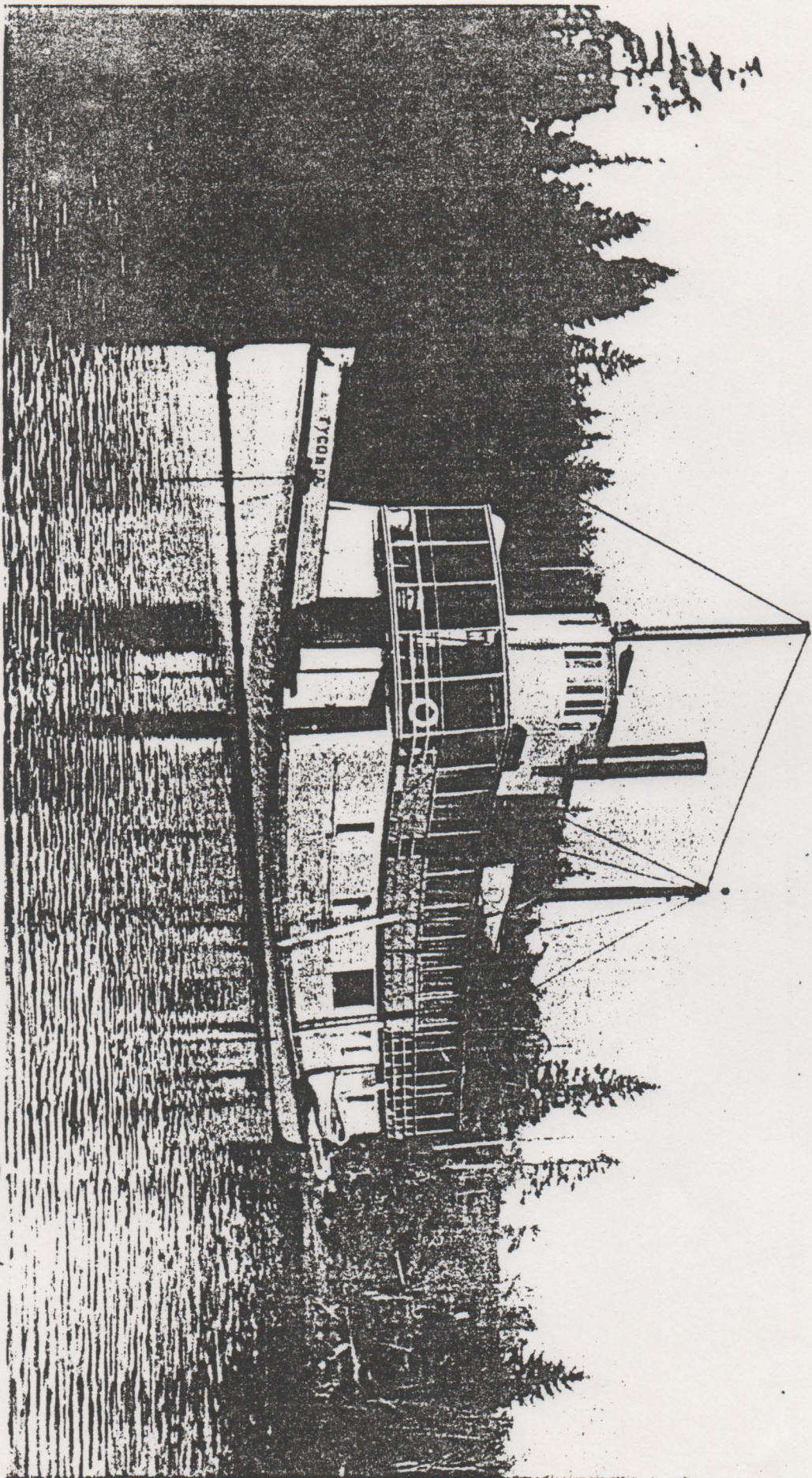
Typhoon-1900



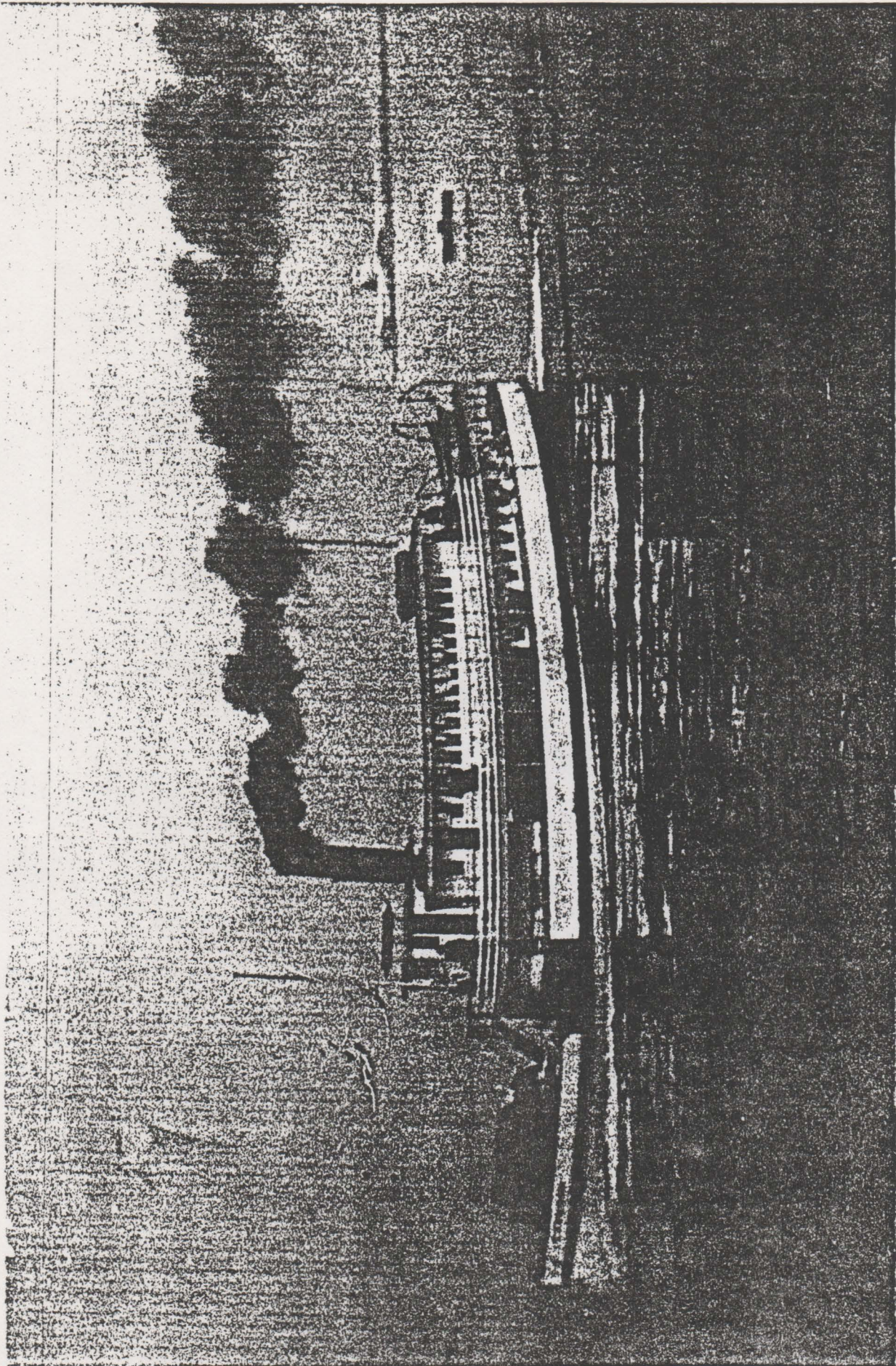
ANGELS CAMP.
CALIF.

E. W. Baker

Both are labeled
TYPHOON
was it rebuilt or were there
two of them?

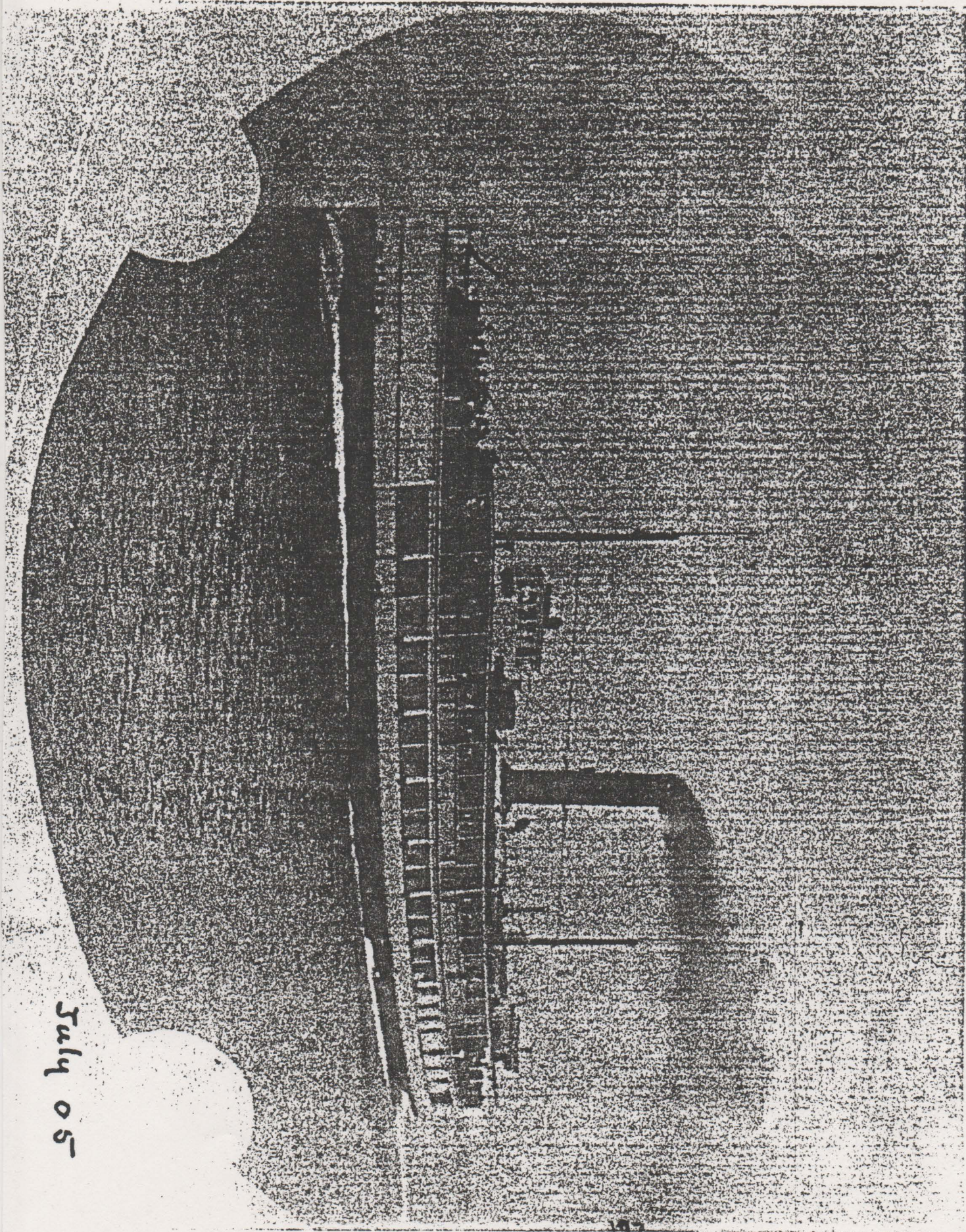


M.S. Tyconda 1908

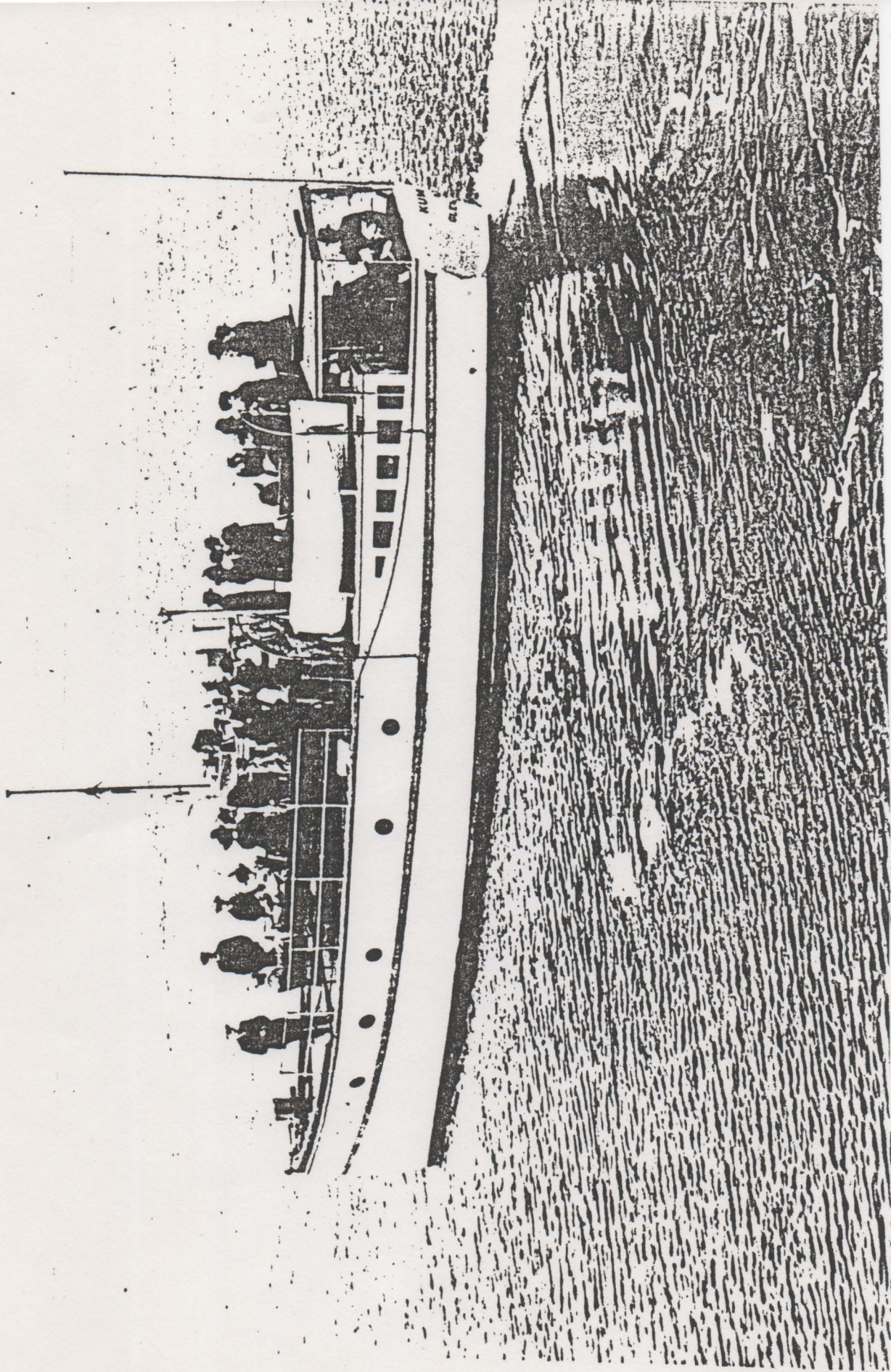


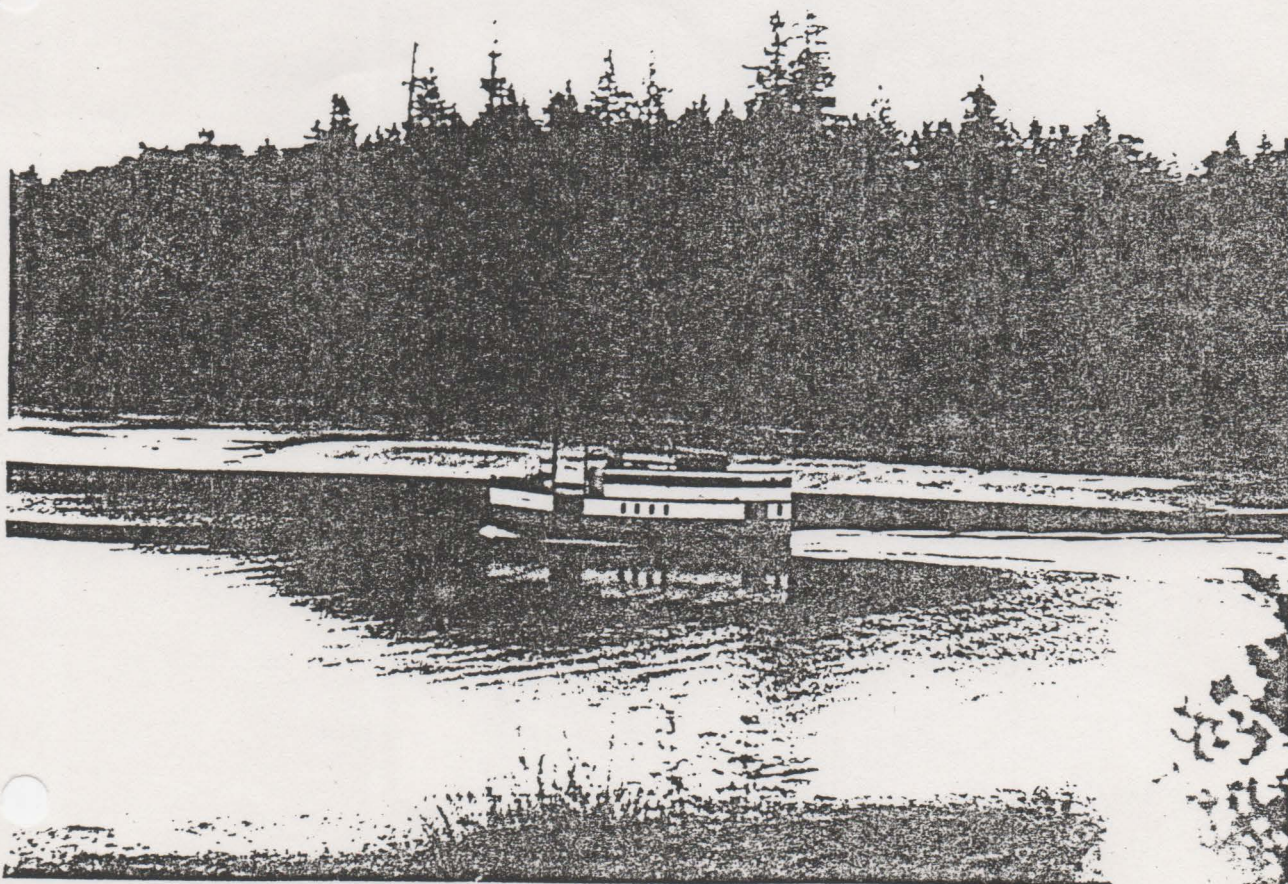
M.S. Typhoon 1905

July 05



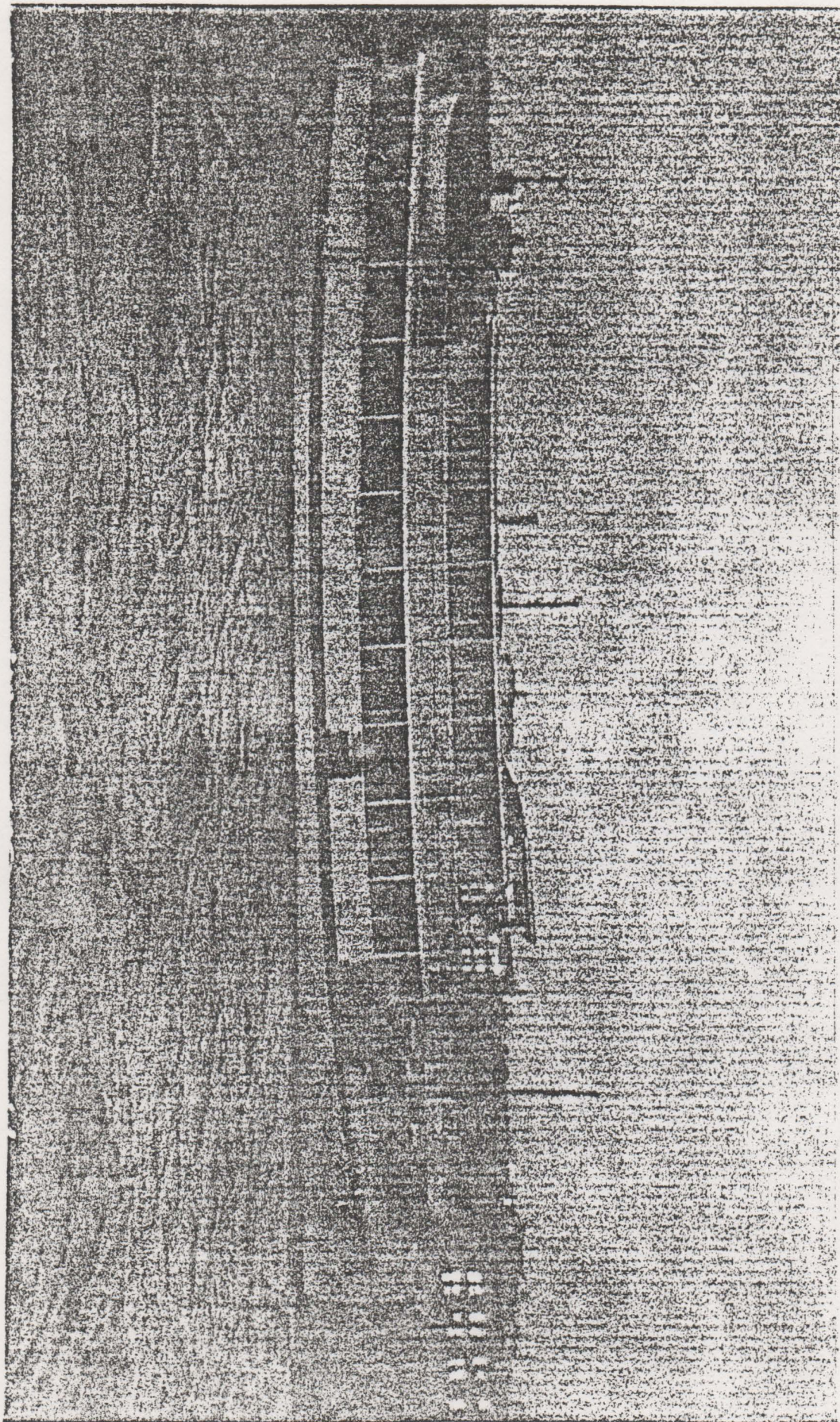
Kum-Back launch
To Home from Tacoma
© 1915

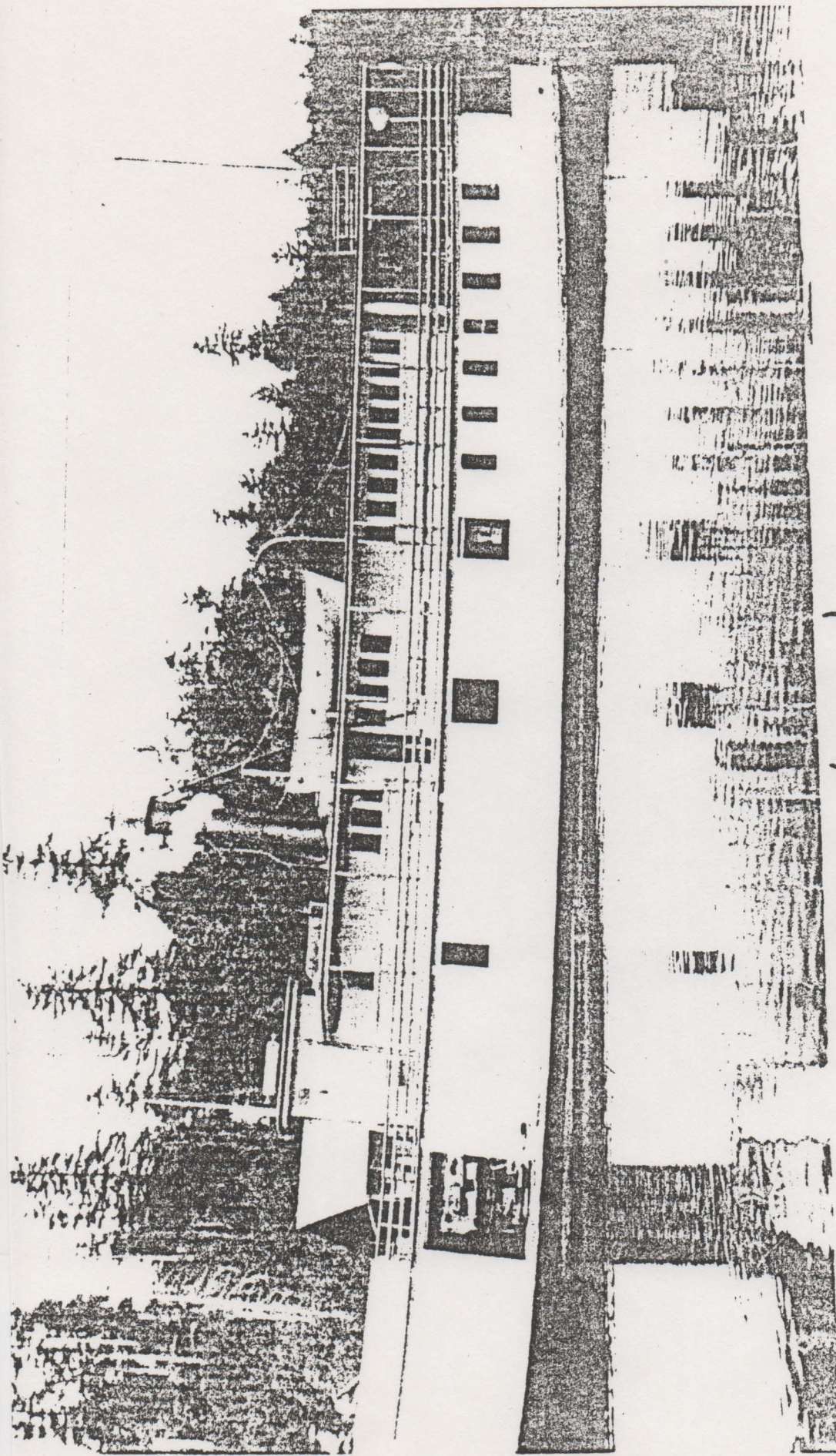




MS. Thoro

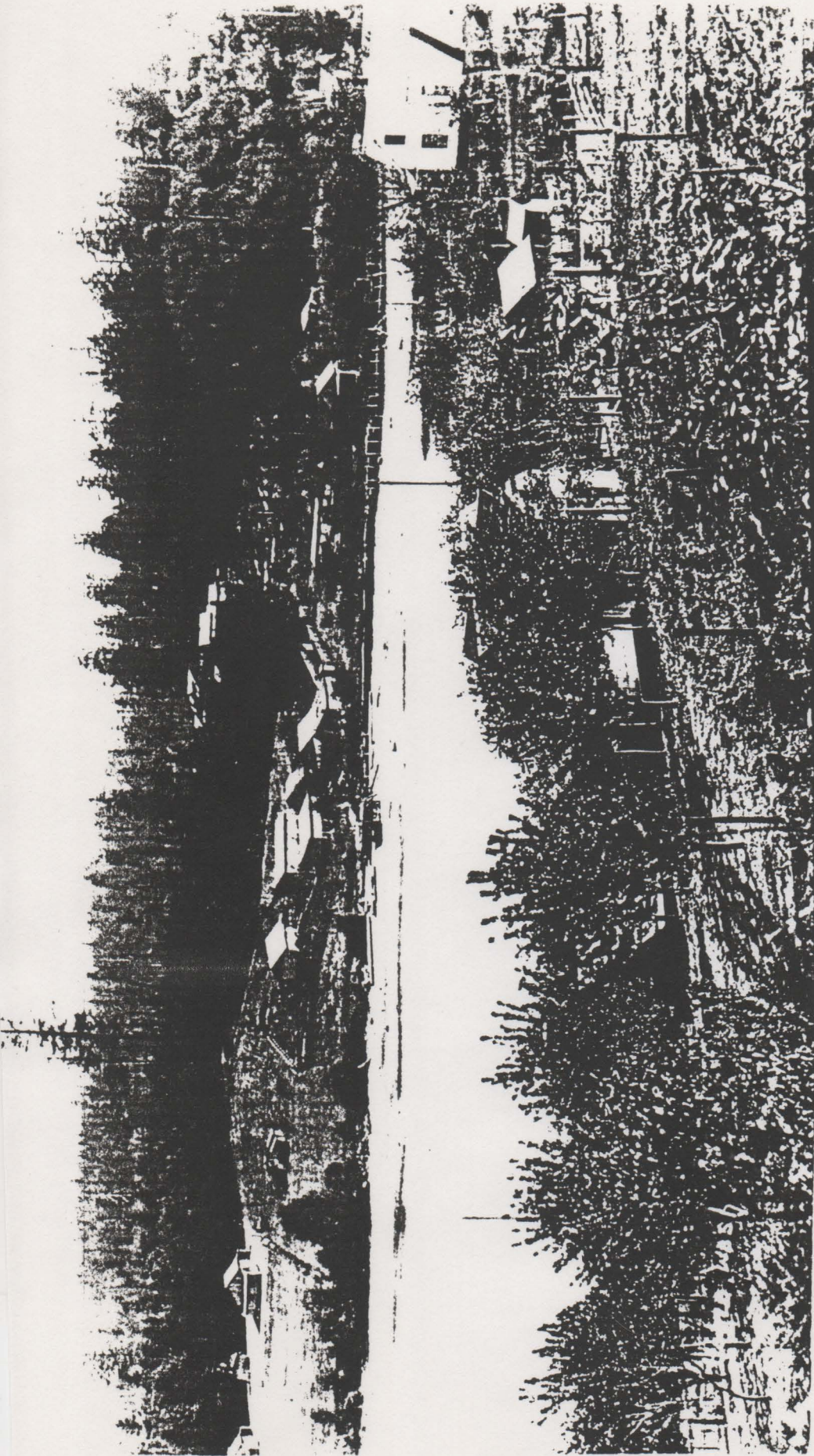
Ms. Tyvus





= Sentinel =

- Built in 1898 For Hunt Brothers -

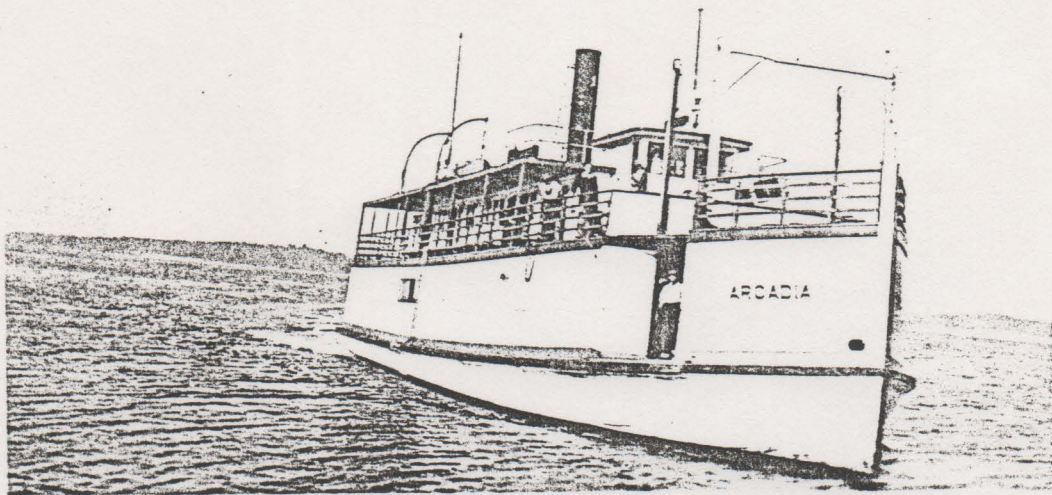


Varity Home Left Fore-ground

Brown Home Right Fore-ground

Krenz Farm Across Cove

Early 1900-s



The boat to Home in the 30's and 40's

Grandpa Adams
with family

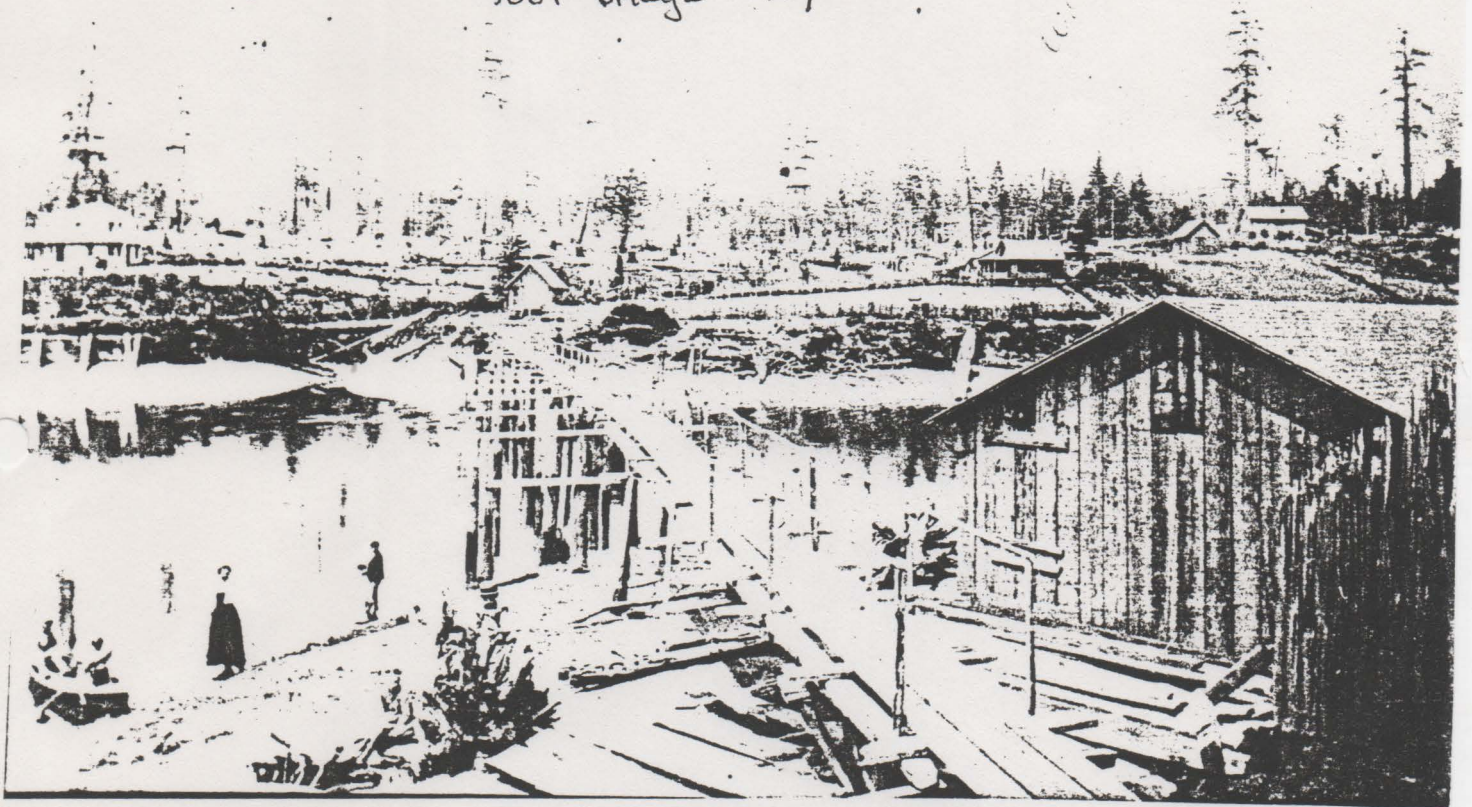
Sylvia Allen
- short brown
standing



Top row
Grace Allen, Lila Allen, George Allen Home Band 1911



Before the ^{auto} bridge across head of bay
foot bridge 1909



Herron Rd. bridge 1915



Home baseball team 1915



L. To R. - Back row

1	2	3	4	5	6
			Jonny Novak	Frank Novak	Camper

Front Row

1	2	3	4	5
				George Dorotich
			Clyde Thornhill	identified by Smith C. Snyder '88

Home baseball team 1917
Taken by Robert M. Snyder





Home Baseball Team - 1916



1926

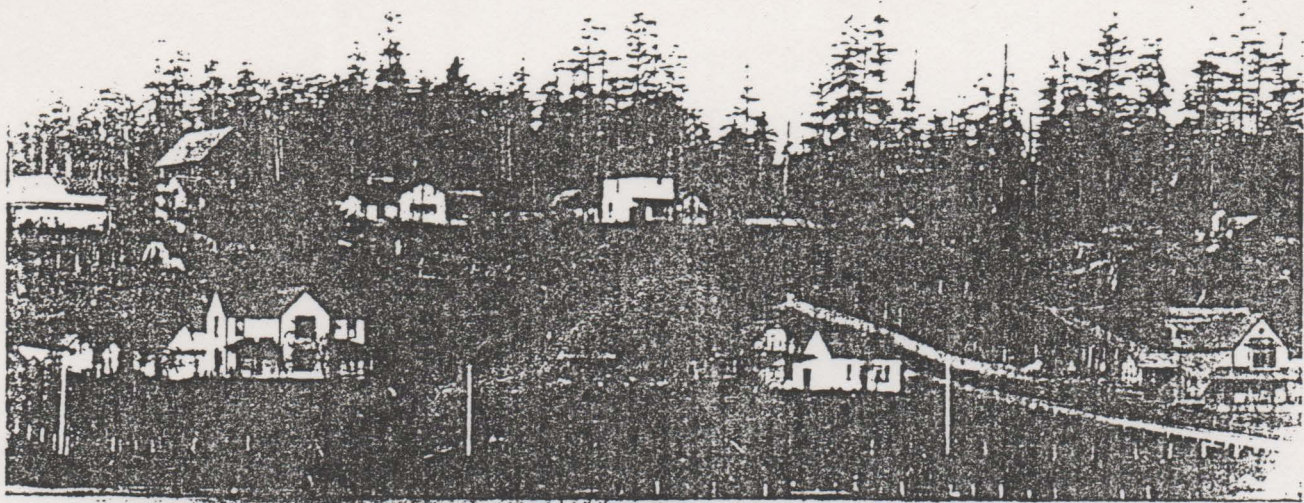


The Winning Team
1927(?)

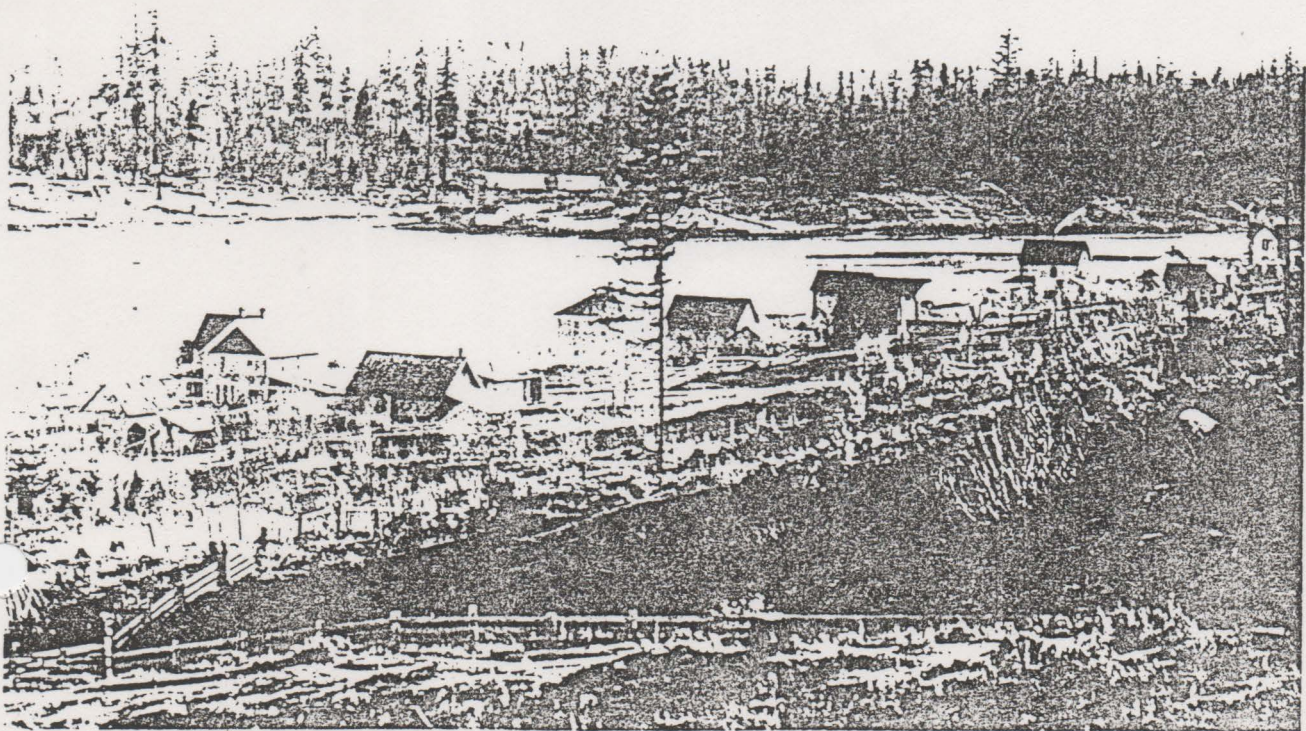
Leo
Loughlin
manager







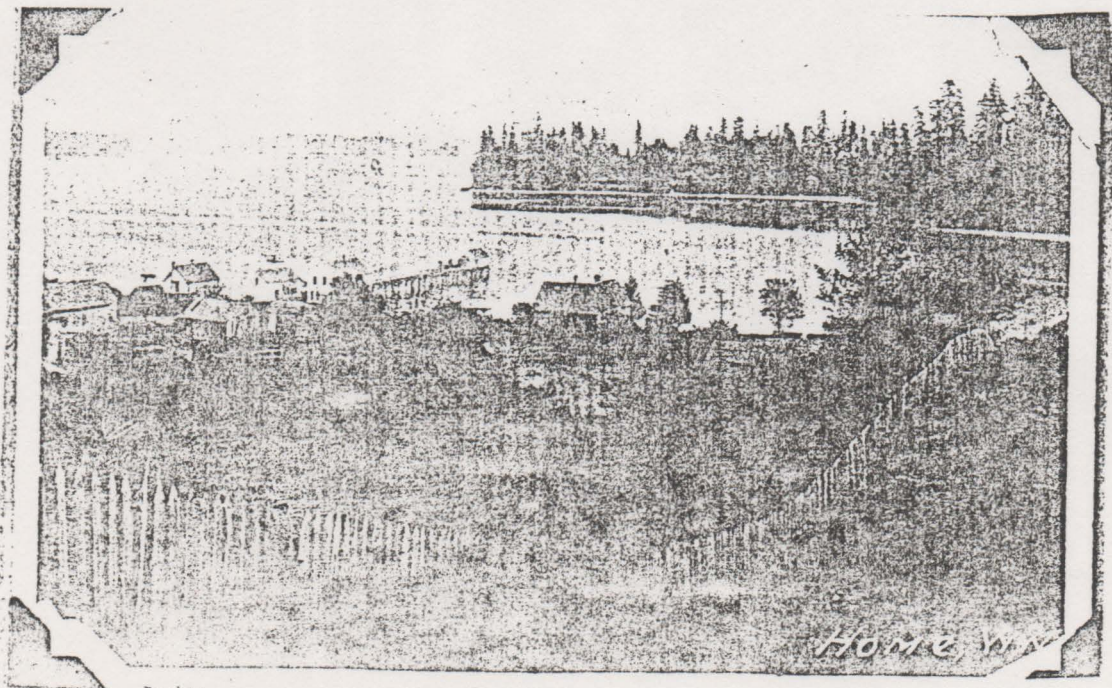
Home, WA.



Home, WA. 190 About 1910



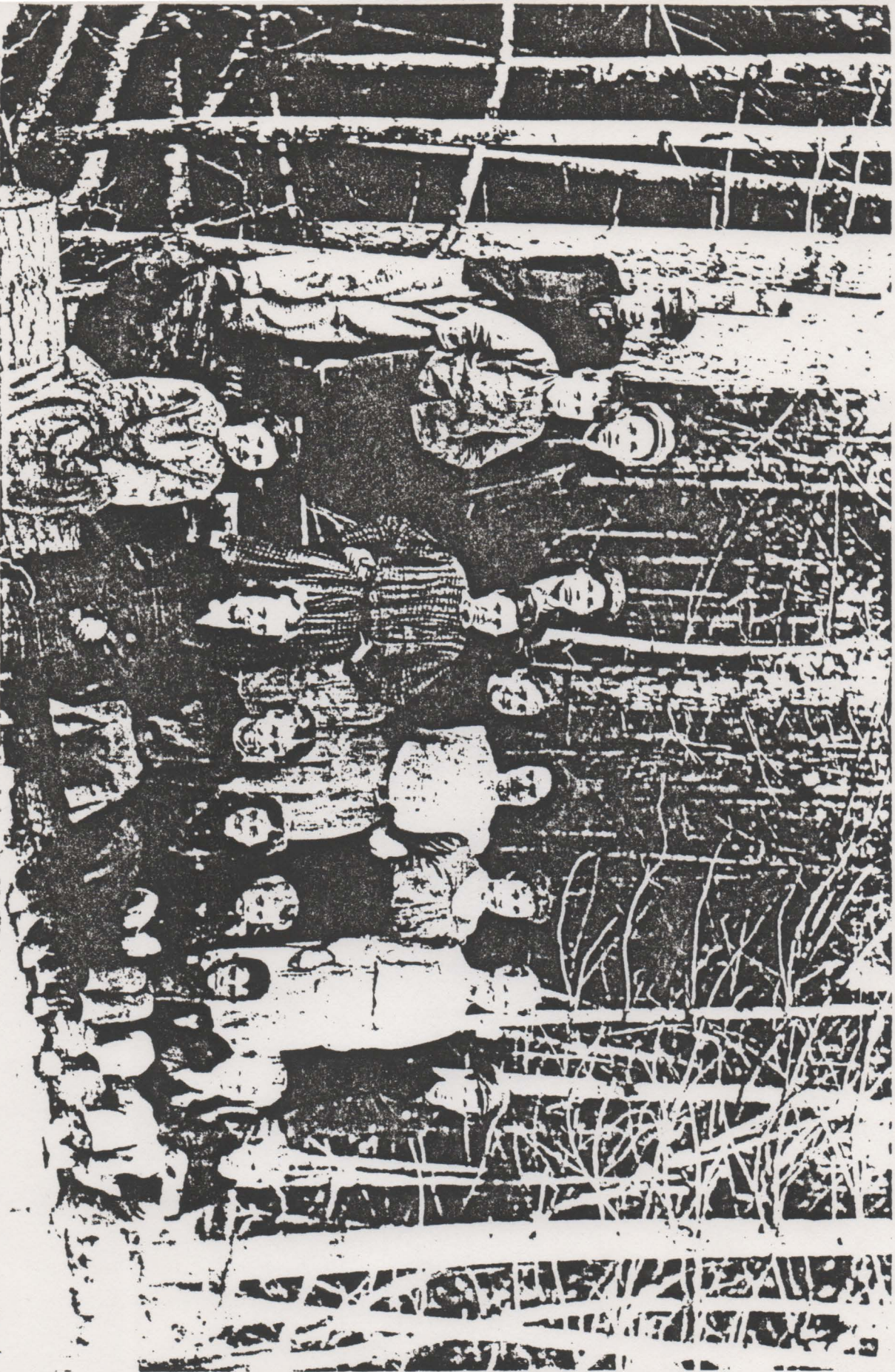
LAURA WORDEN
Mabel King



Home view



1261 Leqay 7



Louise Gross Ternstrom photo copy.

Home School

~~Fredda~~
Roscoe Larkin
Bob Mueller

Frank Worden

Rae Wells

Mabel King

Jessie Minor

Marian Mueller

Georgia Allen

Nellie Thornhill

Fred Worden

Florence Gross

Oliver Larkin

Glennis Allen

house Gross

Josie Legeri

Albert Gross

Mayon Larkin

George Cowell



MRS. CHRIS. PRITCHARD
(Leannette) About 1916

Daughters: Madeline Bruenner
and,
Emma ?

V. Jilman collection

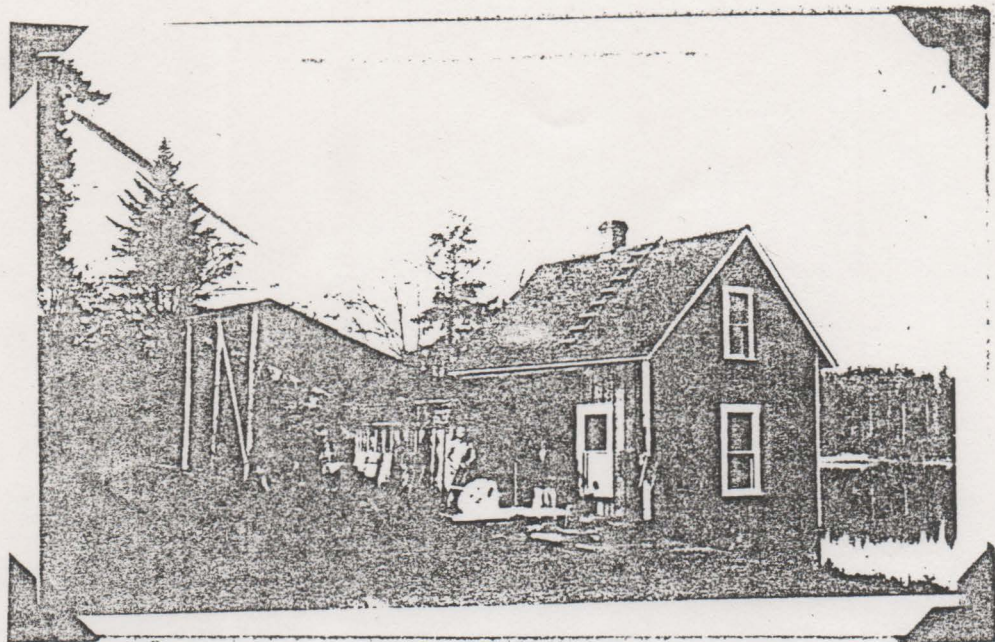


1902

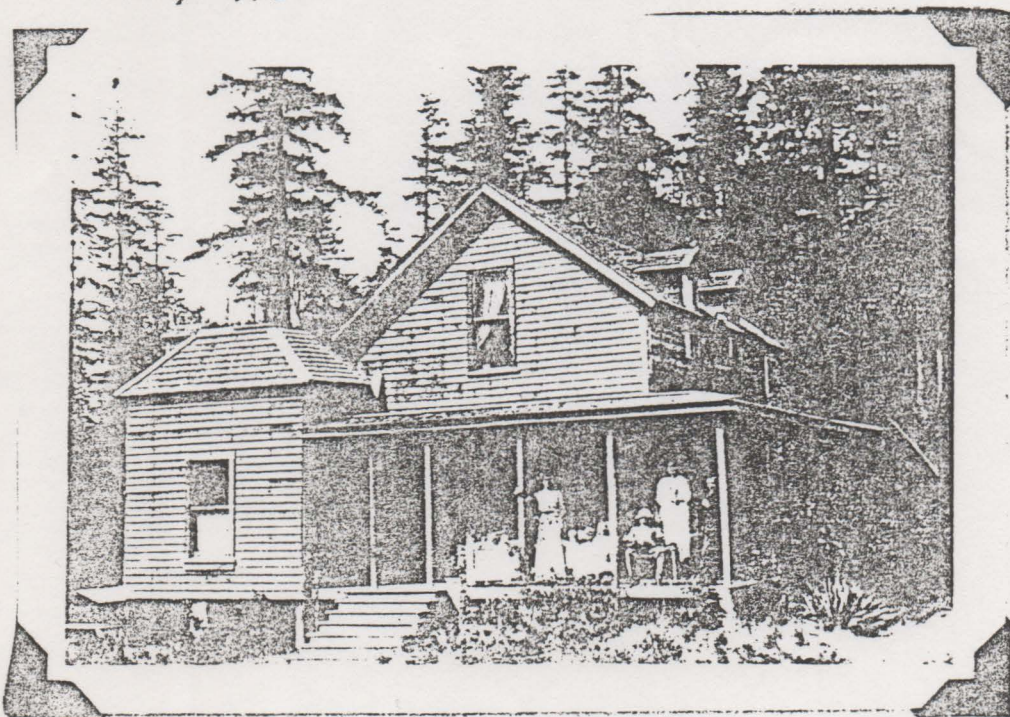
melissa gentis

mother of Anna Heiman wife of Louis Heiman

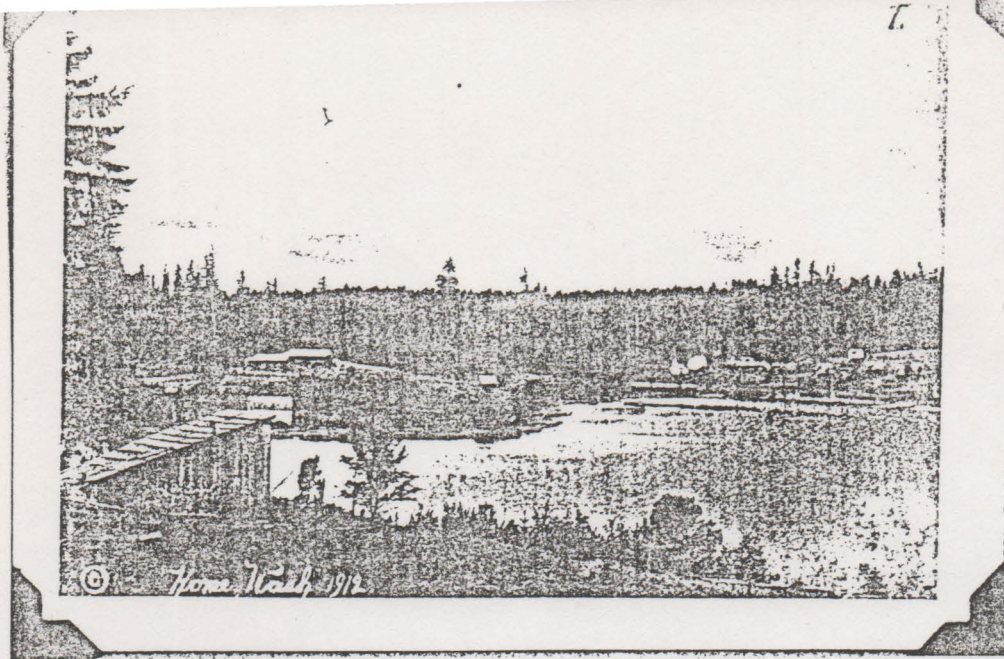
193



House "ACROSS THE BAY
THAT MADELINE BRUNNER'S
PARENTS BOUGHT IN 1911
C.N. -



Henri cuisinier house - about 1914
now owned by Geo. & Anita Snyder
pictured are - Lydia Thornhill
Henri cuisinier and brother
Leannette Chappell
195



© Home Wash 1912



Louis Marks Katie Halperin Nathan Rabin Glenn Allen Bessie Margolis Levine

Phil Halperin

Mrs. De Crane
na
are
e
ghelle
Trans
E. K. K.

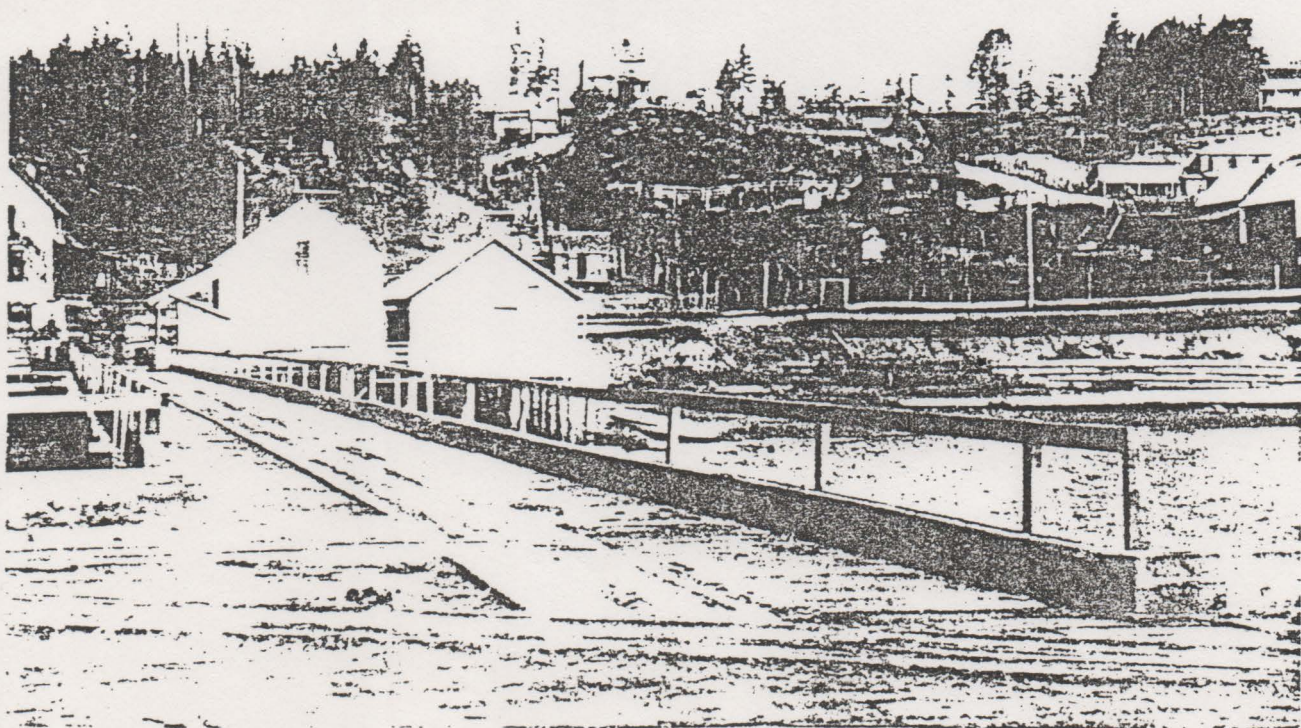
Raplan
Rabin
Lorraine Bessie
Minnie Halman
Ferner Levine

About 1912



Home, Washington

1905



1908



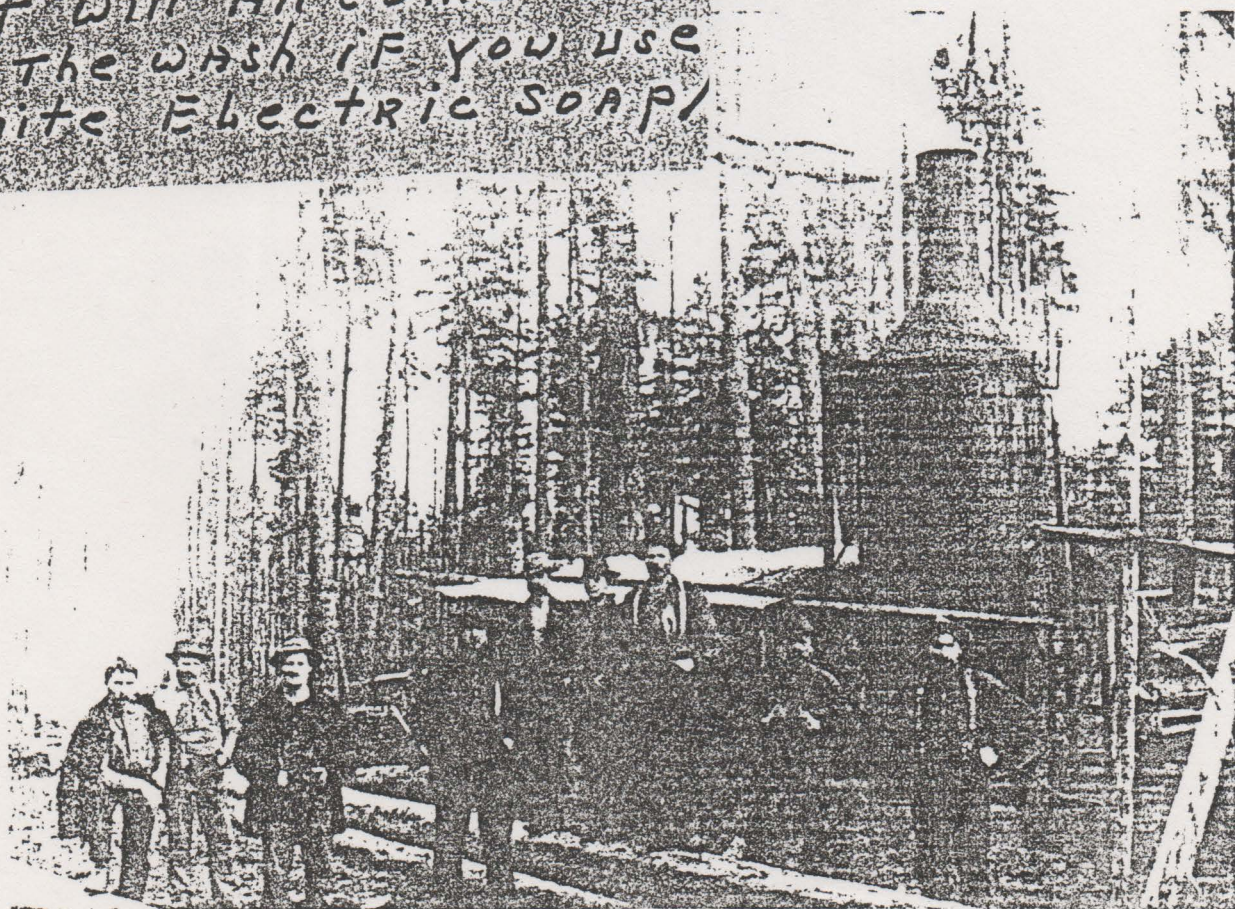
MEMBERS OF the Home Cooperative gather for a picture in Liberty Hall. Descendants of these pioneers still live near Joe's Bay. (Photo courtesy of Sylvia Retherford)

1977
The named for founders' friendship



1905
Elwood Wayson
Advertising for White
Electric Soap Co. at
Home, Washington.

(It will all come out
in the wash if you use
White Electric Soap)



Logging - Vancouver - Early - 1900.



Home



Home



1915
 Bill cottrell's WAGON
 - Home Kids -

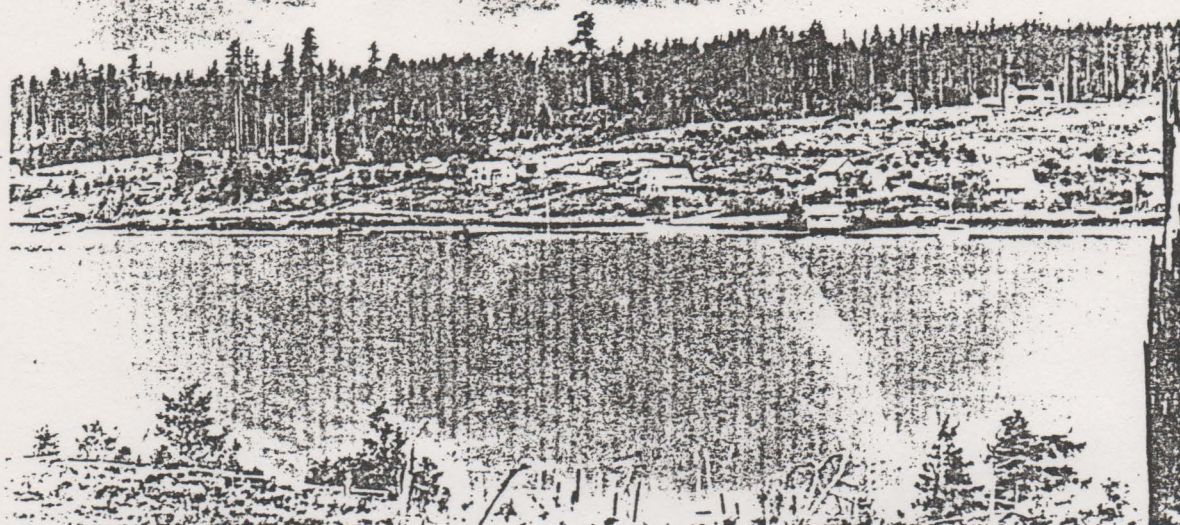
Verna Hansen
 Mildred "

Josie LAZZARI
 CLARA Rubenstein



Joe & Anna Koppelle

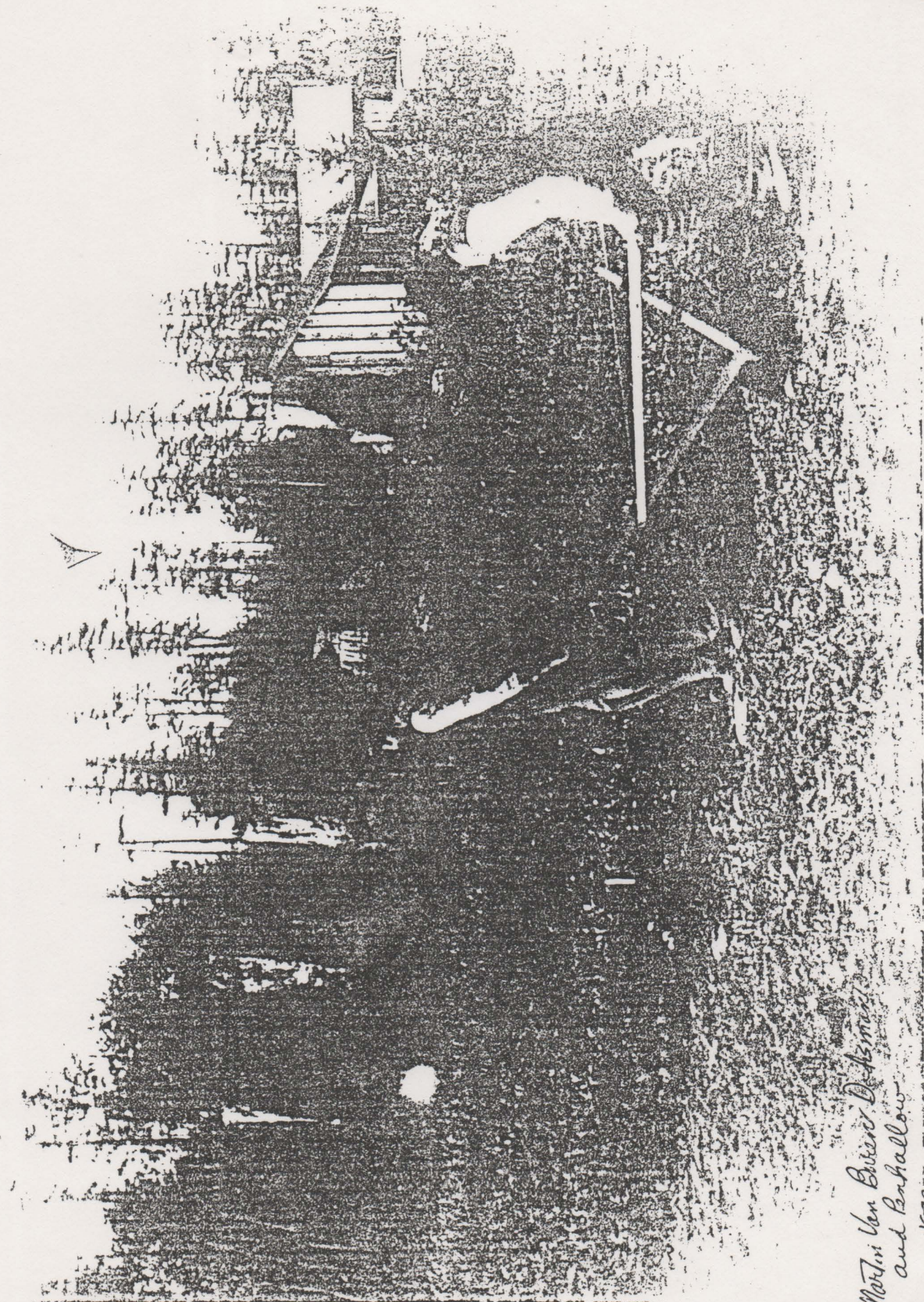
Joe & Franz Erckens
Built Tree House in Home
in 1908.



Home 1912



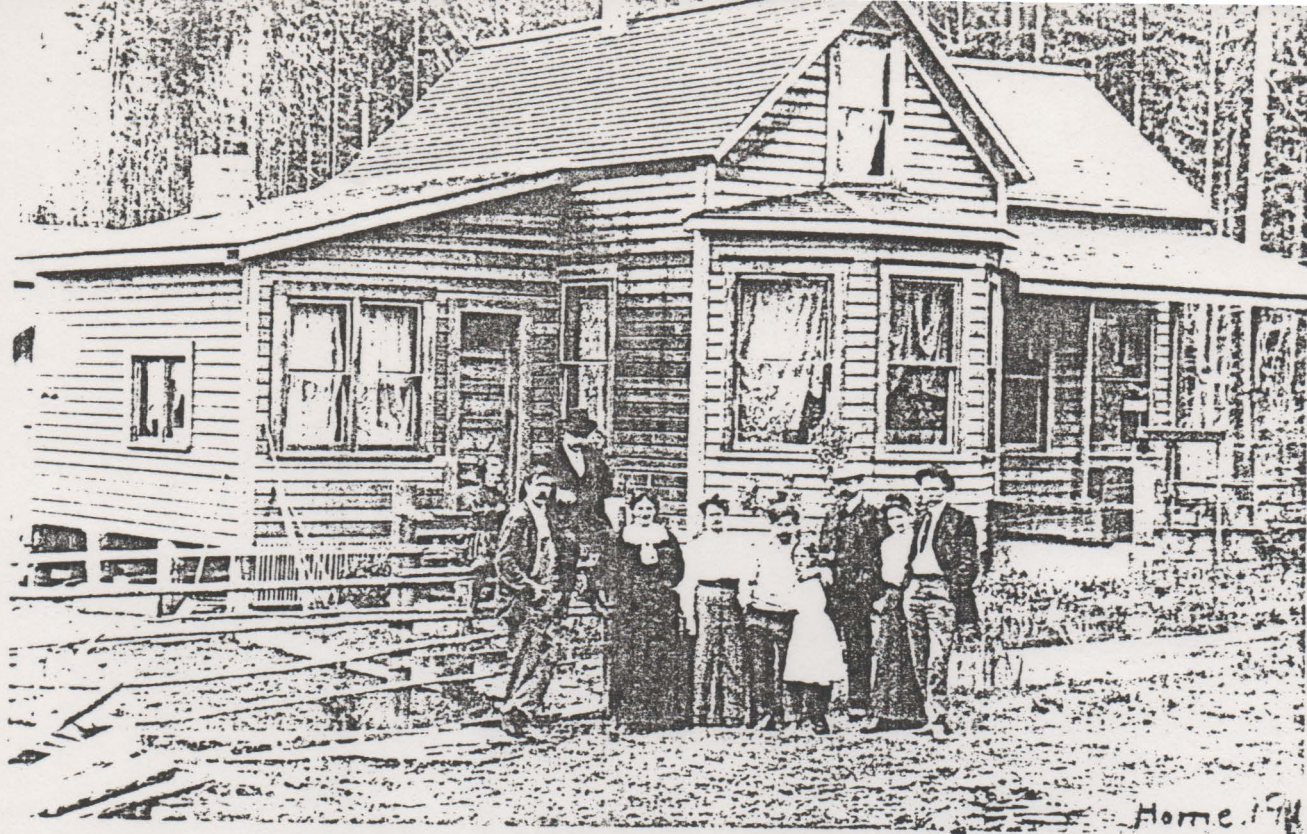
204 Home 1912



203

Martini Van Buren D. H. H. H.
and B. H. H. H.

1899 V. H. H. H. collection



Home 1914

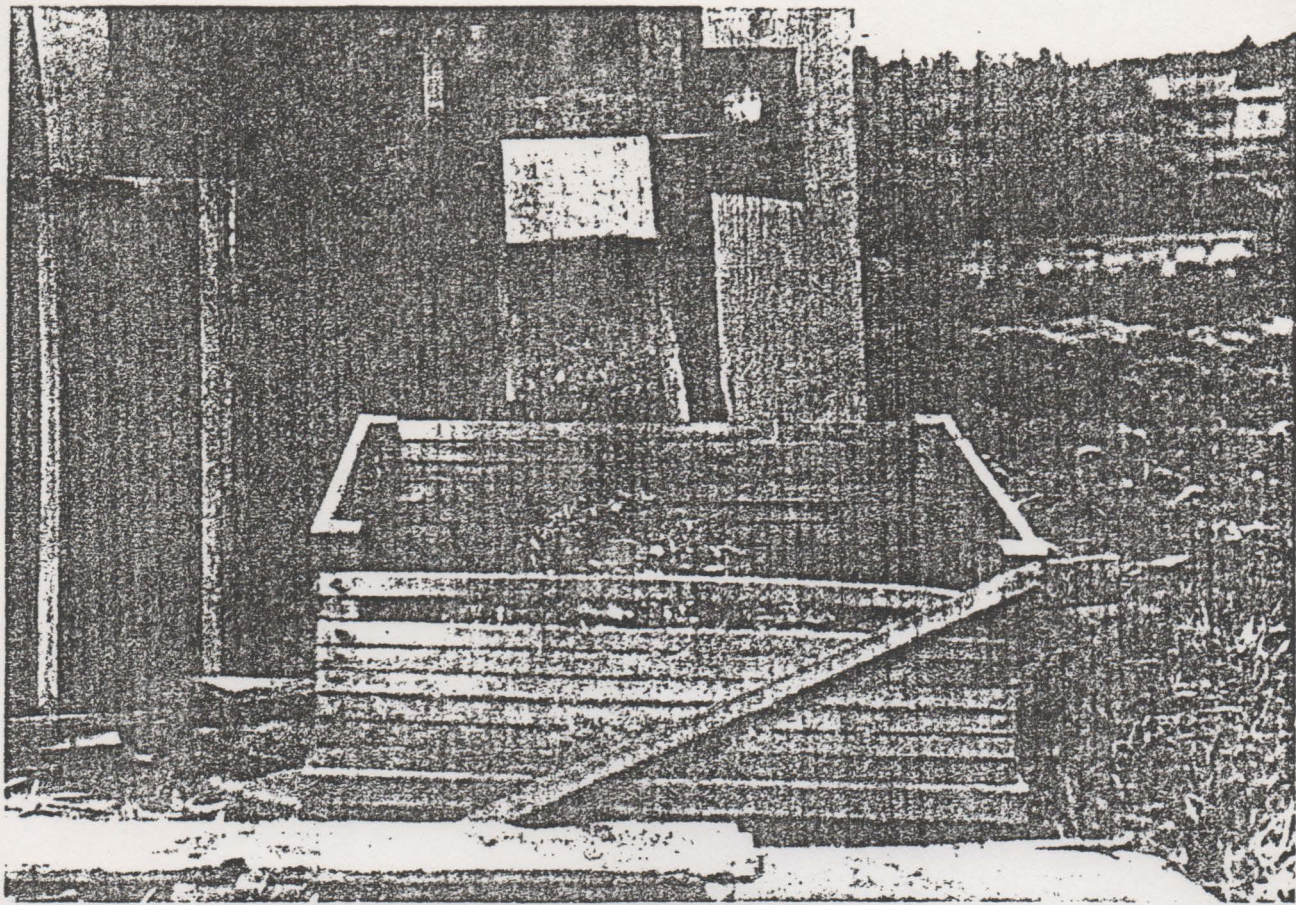
Decrane Home

From Left

Henrietta VAN Beek
Decrane
T. VAN Beek
Matilda VAN beek
RUNT Freddie Decrane

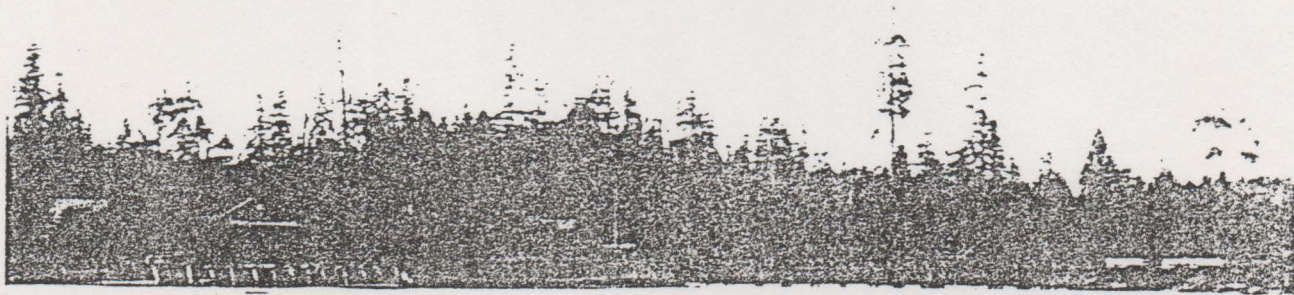
Joe Koppelle
EVAHNA Decrane
Alex Snellenberg
Sophie Erkelens
Harry Erkelens, SR.



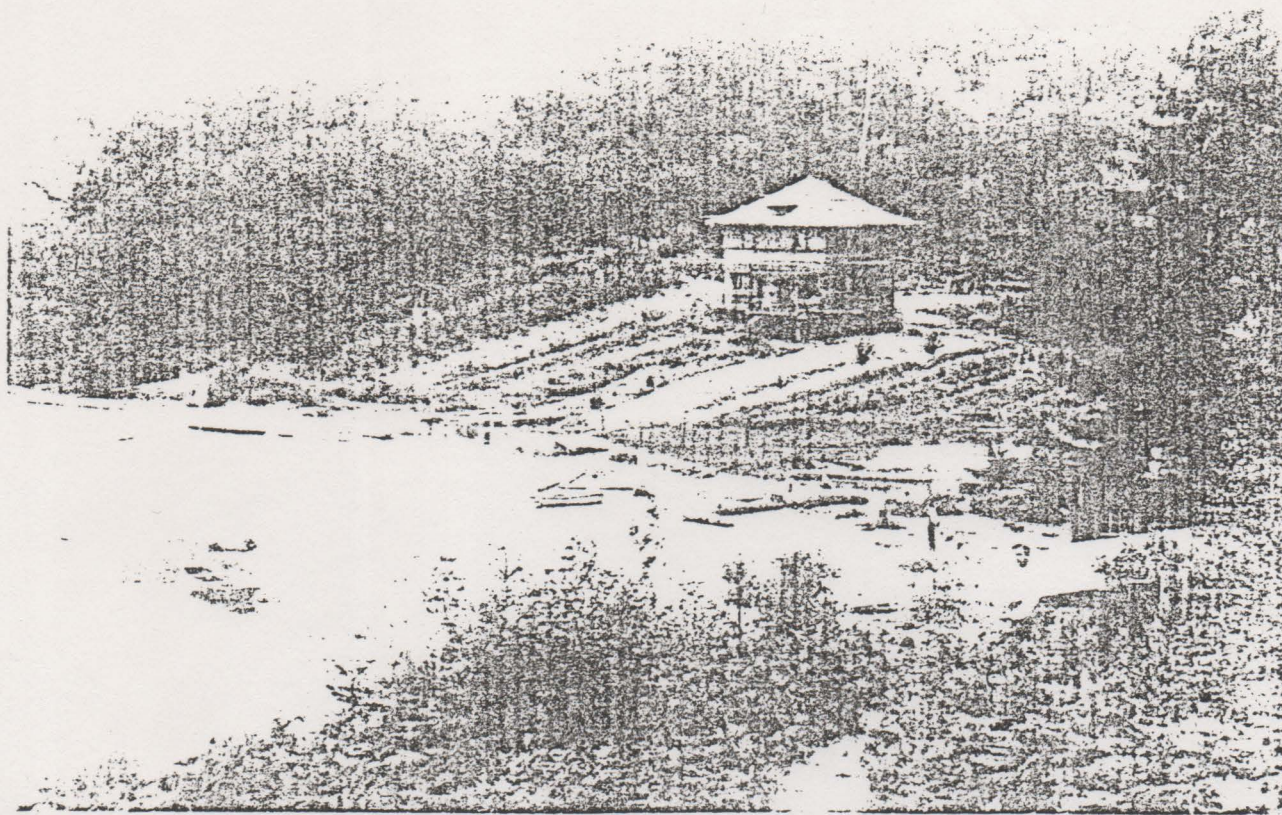


Kale Cutter

1918

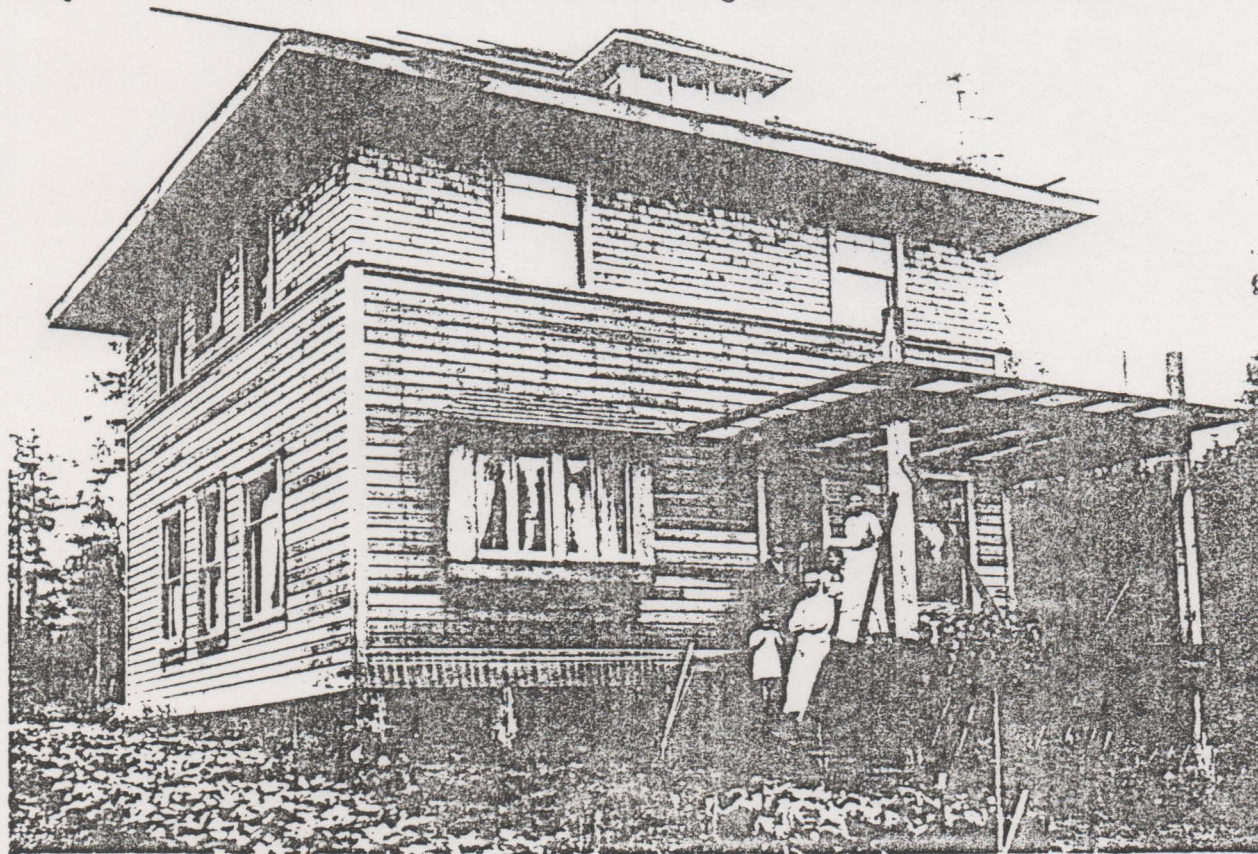


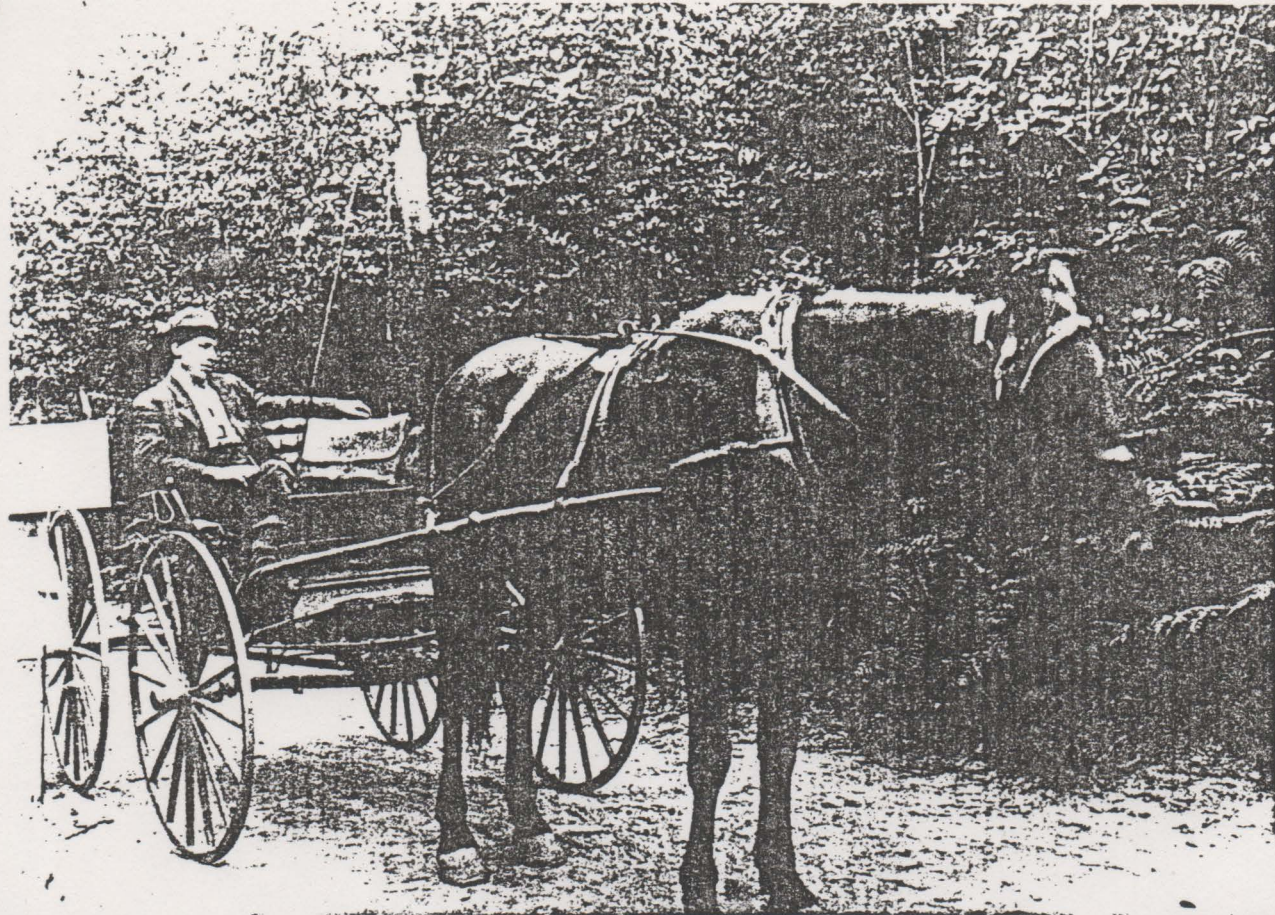
Home Bridge 1912 206



Gaston Lance home 1913

Gaston Lance & Leah Lance home 1913
on porch - Gaston, Leah, Jeannette Clerc, daughter Madeline (Brenner)





Albert Sorensen First mail carrier 1908

HOME. Established January 10, 1900, Elum C. Miles;
Mrs. Mathe D. Penhallow, January 7, 1901;
discontinued April 30, 1902, mail to Lakebay.

Location: On Von Geldern Cove of Carr Inlet of Puget Sound two miles north of Lakebay, five miles south of Vaughn (SE Section 26, T21N, R1W).

* Home settlement was made up of a few survivors of a socialist colony which had failed at Cooniss. The post office was reported to have been closed because of the radical activities of the Home Colony. Stewart Holbrook, Northwest author, in a series of articles published in the *Oregonian* in December 1937 links the closing order of the post office to one barring the Colony's publication *Discontent* from the mails. Mr. Holbrook dubs Mrs. Mattie D. Penhallow as a "noted radical," who, following the closing of the post office, was arrested along with Lois Wainsbrooker "author of a strange work *My Century Plant*," for using the mails to transfer "unmailable matter" after "the two maidens" had got out "an odd periodical, named *Clothed with the Sun*."

The area is now served by Lakebay Rural Route 1

* Some of the controversial material included writings about labor troubles, disagreement with prevailing social and political thinking and commentary on religious and sexual matters. *Foundation Principles*, another periodical mailed from Home dealt with women's rights and contributed to mistrust of Home by non-residents. The assassination of President McKinley on September 6, 1901, by an avowed anarchist provided the opportunity to remove the post office from Home. Following a series of damaging comments in the *Tacoma Ledger* the post office was closed in April 1903.

The source of this information also dates the establishment of the post office as February 21, 1901.

From commentary by Sylvia E. Retherford.

- 69 -

From Ramsey: Post Offices

GLENNIS. Established July 8, 1893, Arthur Devore;
George L. Atkinson, December 18, 1897;
Julius Fromberg, June 20, 1898;
discontinued November 15, 1898, mail to Benston.

Location: About 6½ miles north of Eatonville, 5 miles southwest of Kapowsin at the southwest tip of Tanwax Lake and about 600 feet from Tanwax Creek on property owned by Arthur Devore (SE Section 22, T17N, R4E).

Arthur Devore erected a small, split-cedar shake, eight-foot-square room onto the south side of his log cabin for the post office. It was never moved from there, continuing through the tenures of the two postmasters who followed him.

William Reed, a native of Ohio who had first settled in Puyallup in 1883, where he worked for Ezra Meeker in the hopfields, homesteaded the southwest quarter of the same section as Mr. Devore and the two men helped one another in erecting their cabins.

An organization known as Glennis Colony formed a socialist community here. Meetings were held at the Devore home. Mrs. Rebecca Reed, wife of William Reed, was secretary. The Colony broke up after her death in 1894. Some of its members formed a new colony known as Home Colony and had a post office named Home. Glennis had a small store and a factory for hand-rolled cigars.

Mail for Glennis came from Tacoma on the narrow gauge railroad to Spanaway and Lake Park and there transferred to a stage drawn by a team of four horses bound for Eatonville. The road in those days was just a narrow way, rough and through timber, but it served all the settlers as far out as Ashford and Mineral until the railroad was built in 1902. The old road has been black-topped and in 1956 was well used.



George Venable Smith
(Photo courtesy of Bert Kellogg)



G. E. (Ed) Pelton (Photo courtesy
of Florence Pelton Clark)



James F. Morton, Jr.
(Photo courtesy of Radium LaVene)



Jay Fox, *ca.* 1919
(Photo courtesy of University of
Washington Libraries)

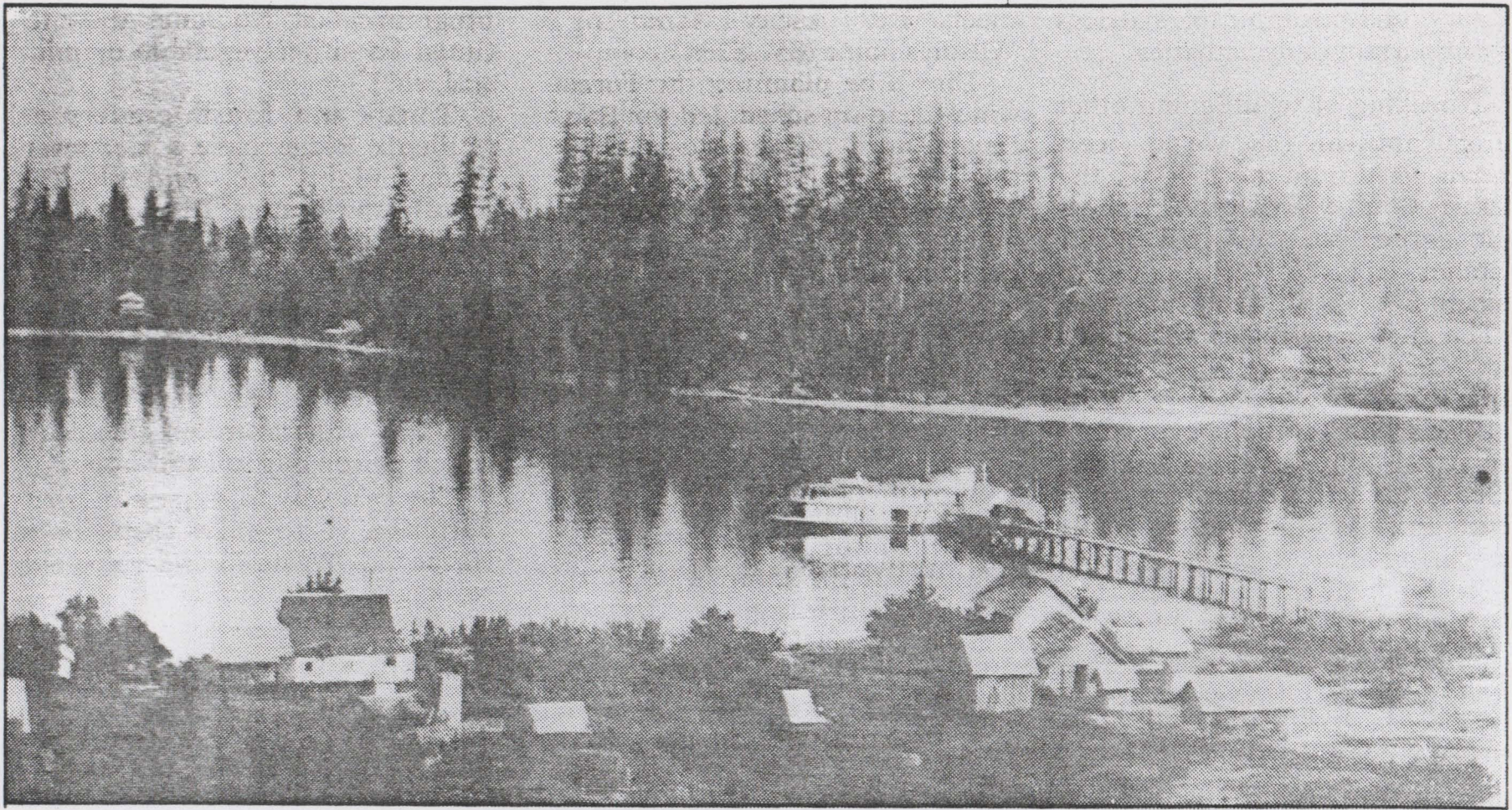
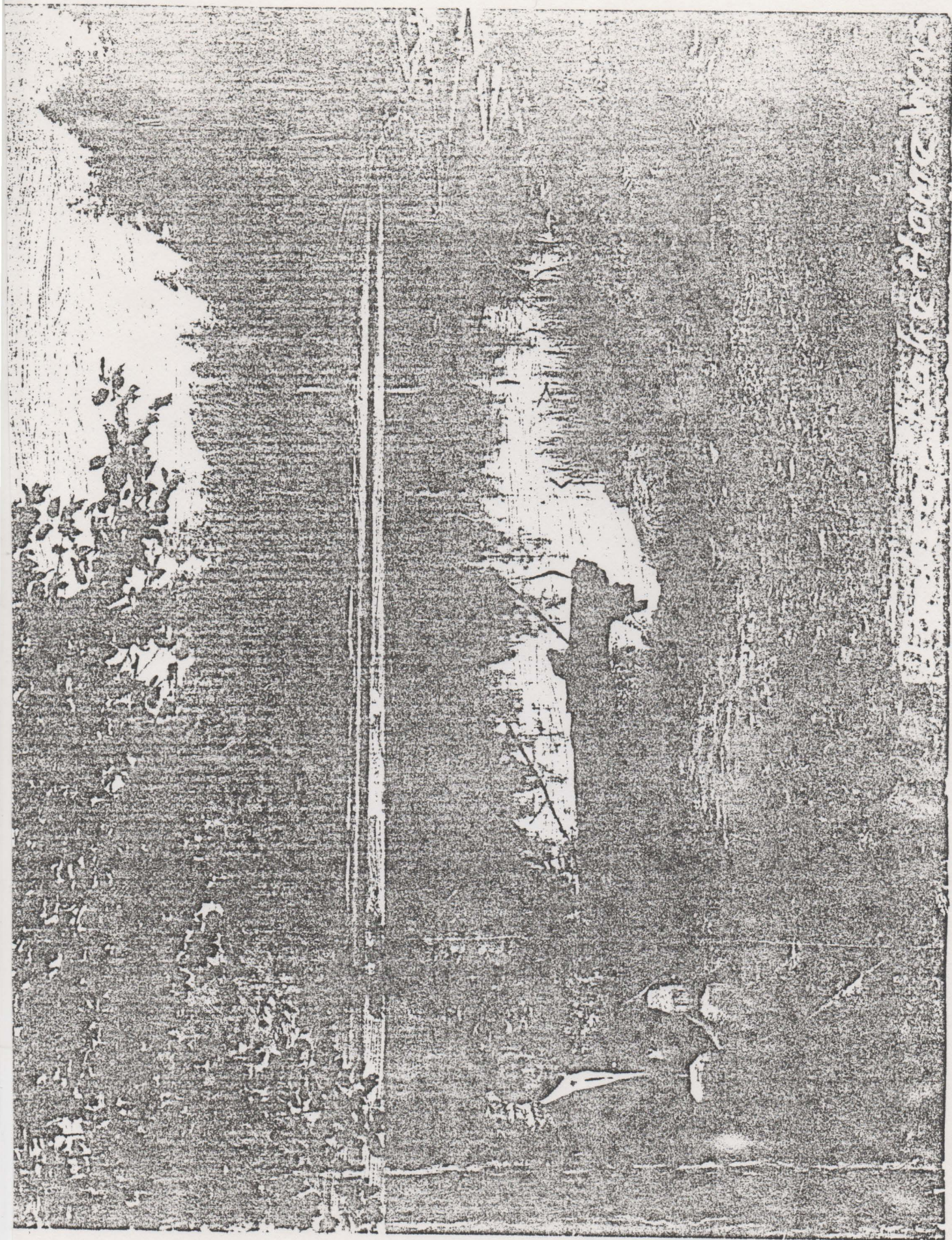


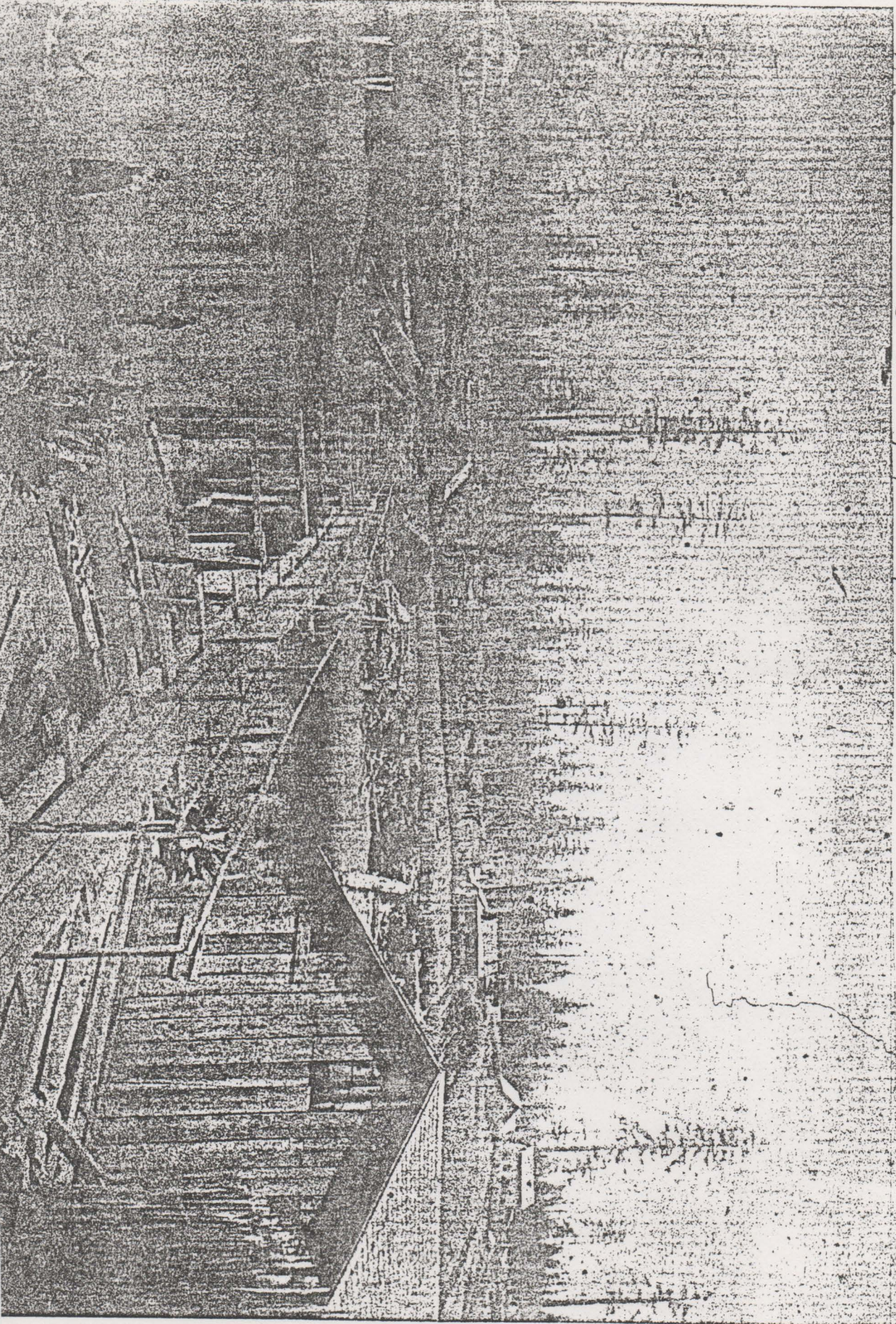
photo courtesy of Pearl Johnson

The Puget Sound boat Tyconda sits at the Home Dock, circa 1905. A new dock is under discussion.



Black and white photograph of a landscape

LORRA & FRANK WARDEN on old STUMP in Front
FRED WARDEN & MARCUS COWELL in Boat
NICK THORNTON Fishing
Anna Marcus standing

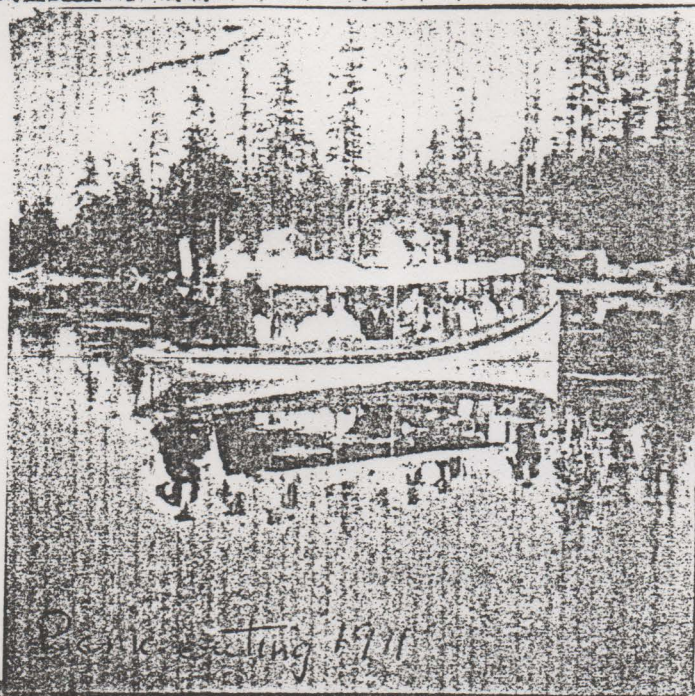




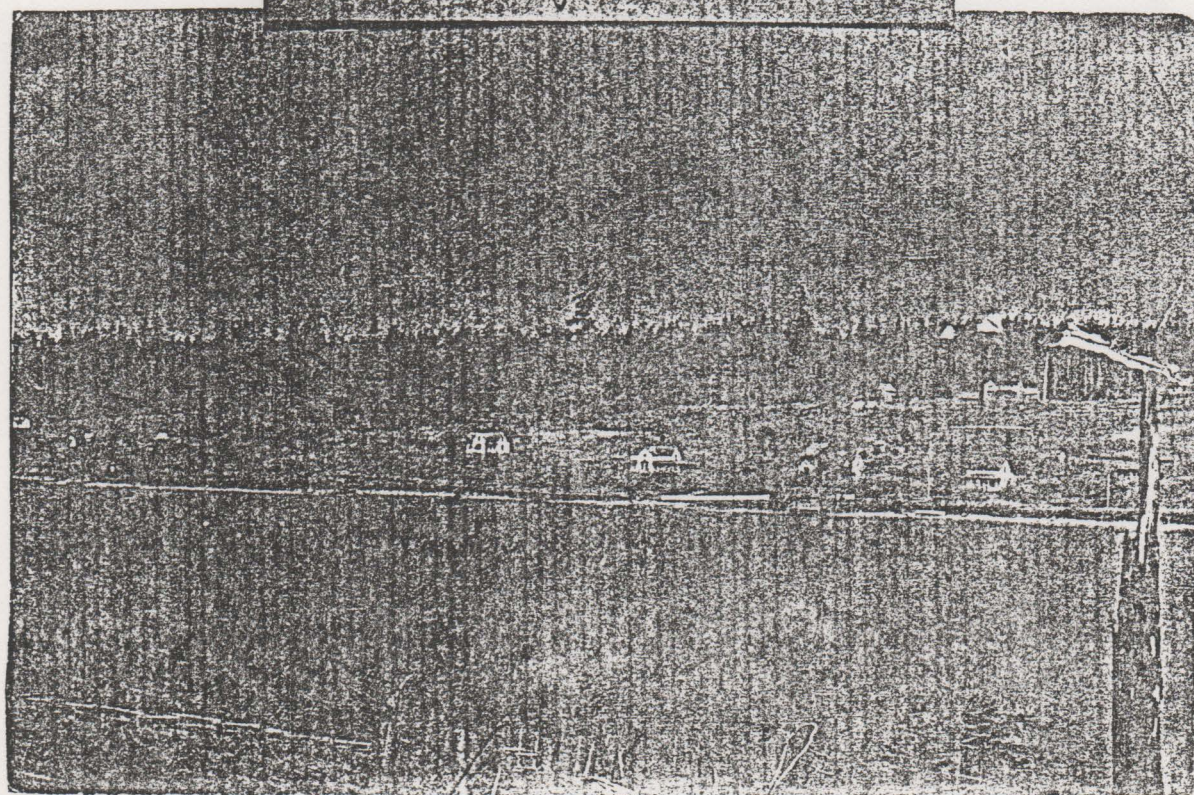
William Tillman

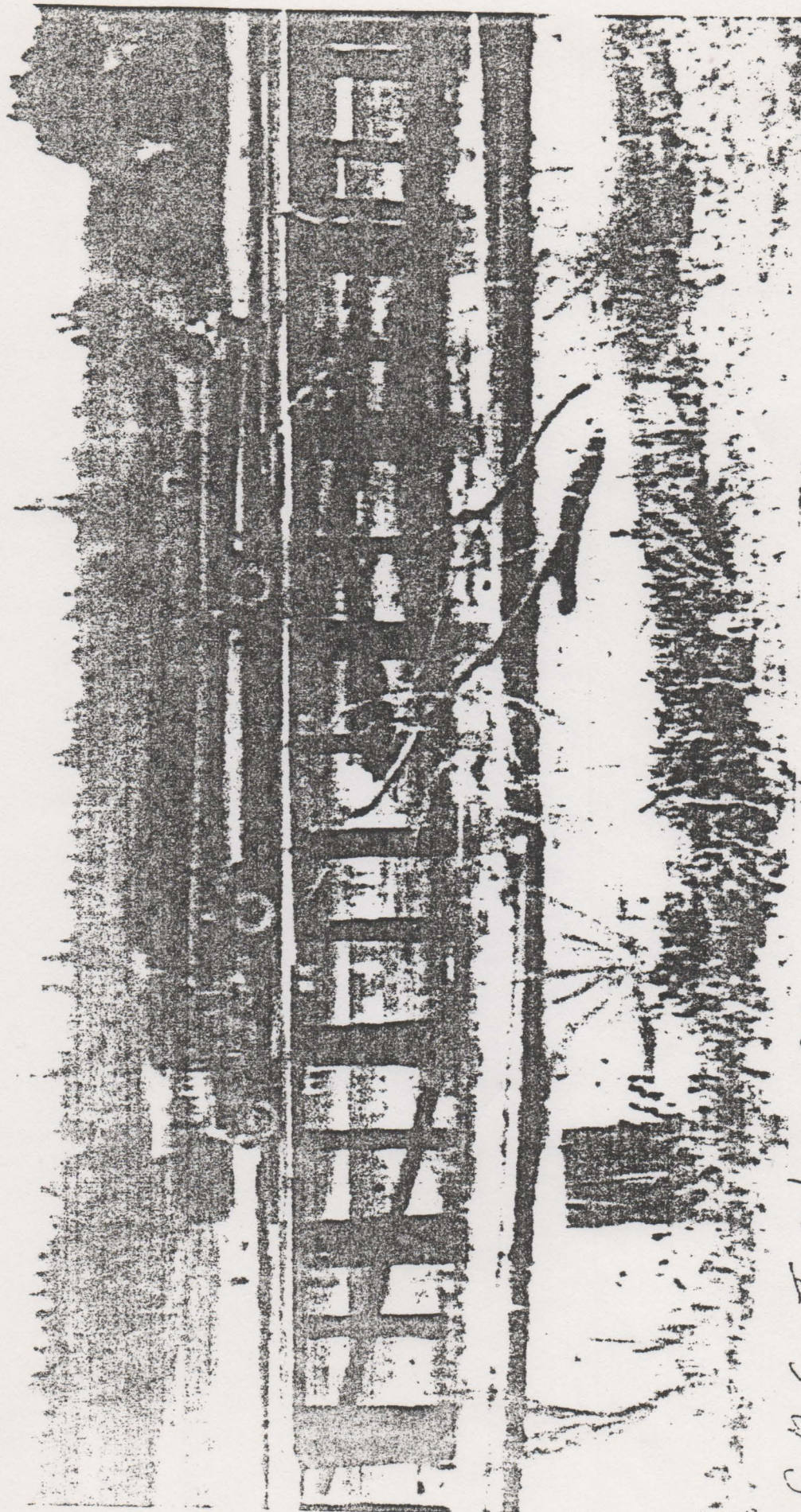
Jim Tillman

Wallace Tillman



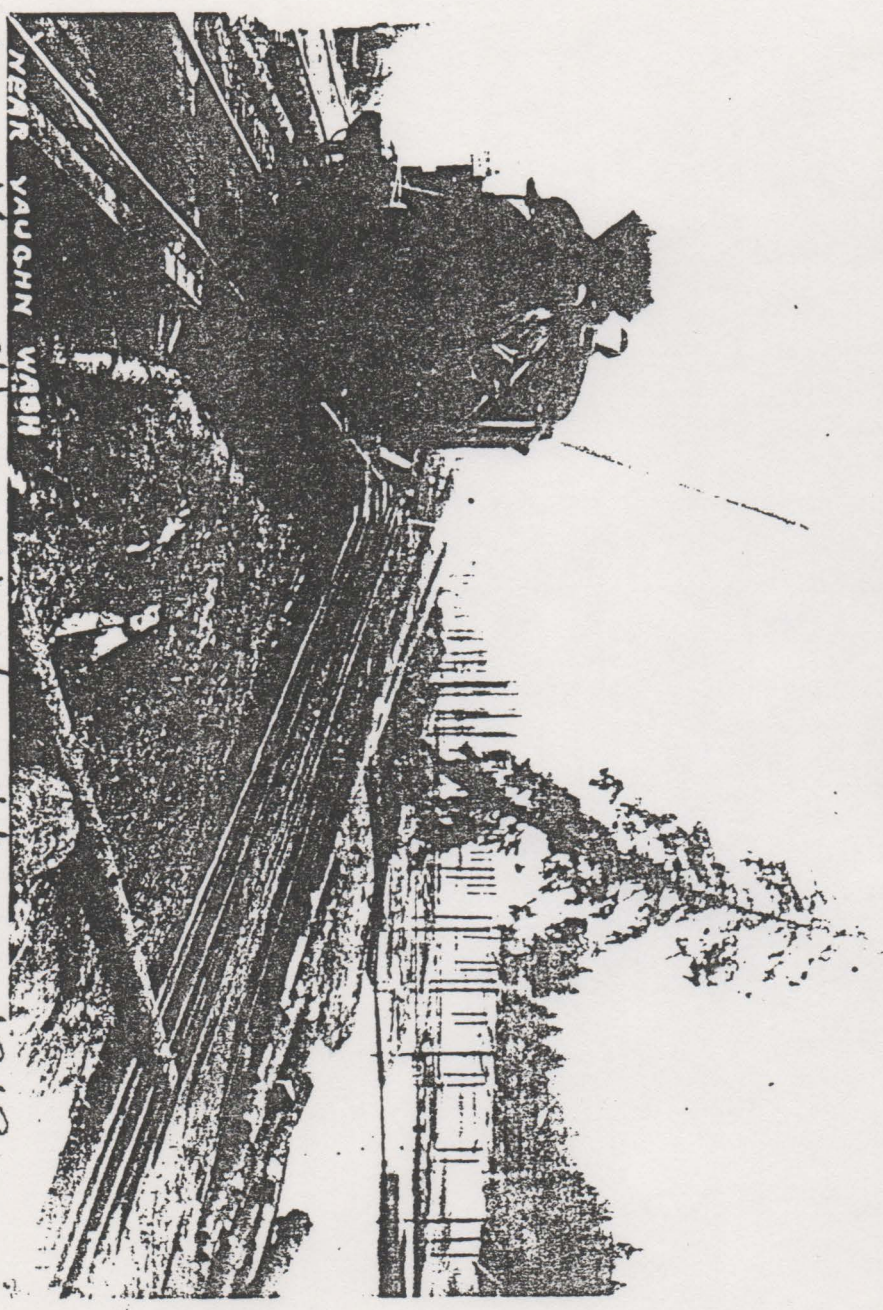
Boys' eating 1911



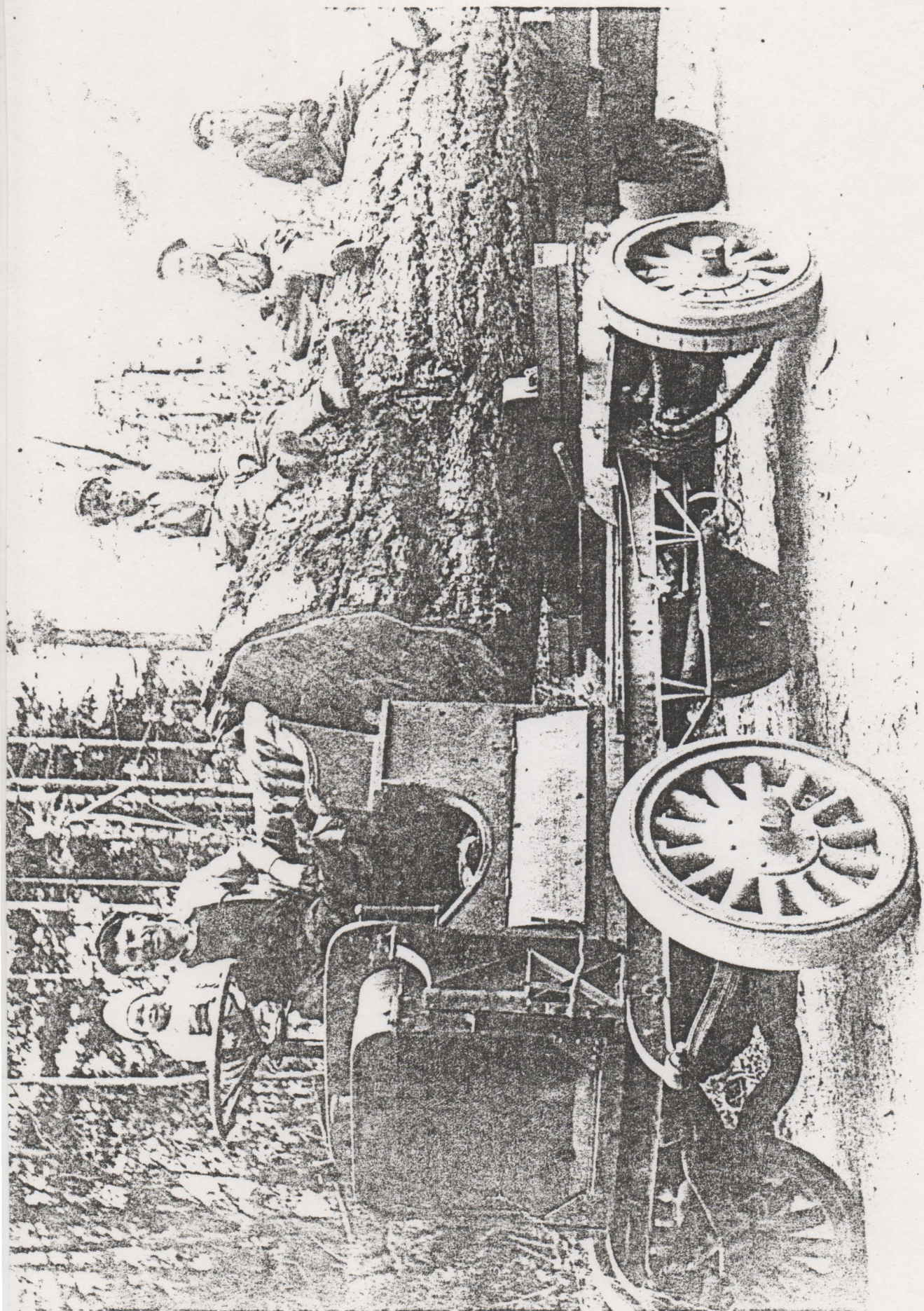


C.M.C. Timber Co. Home, W.B. EARLY 1930 - 35

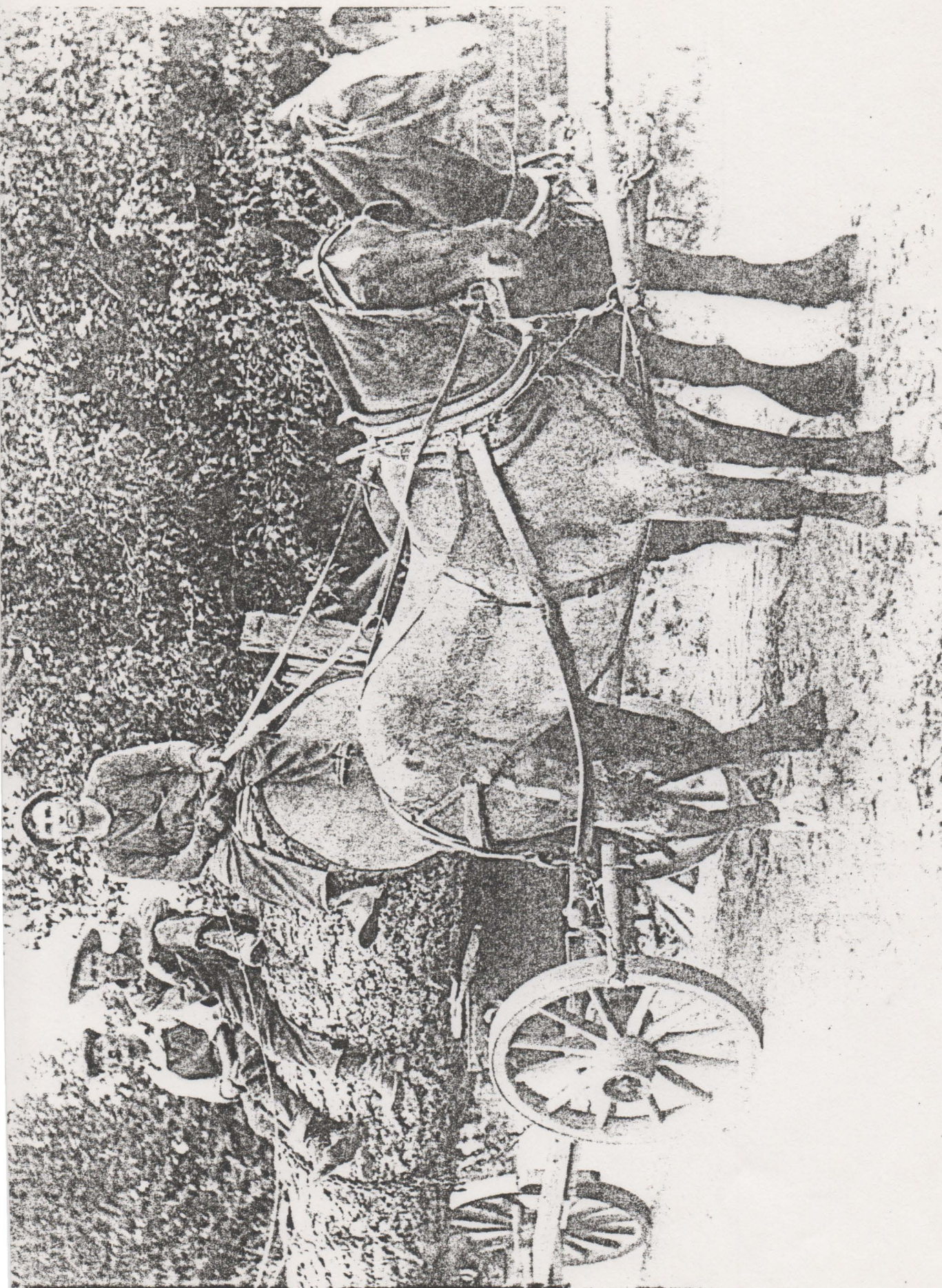
Upper Sound Logging Co.



Vaughn, Washington 1919

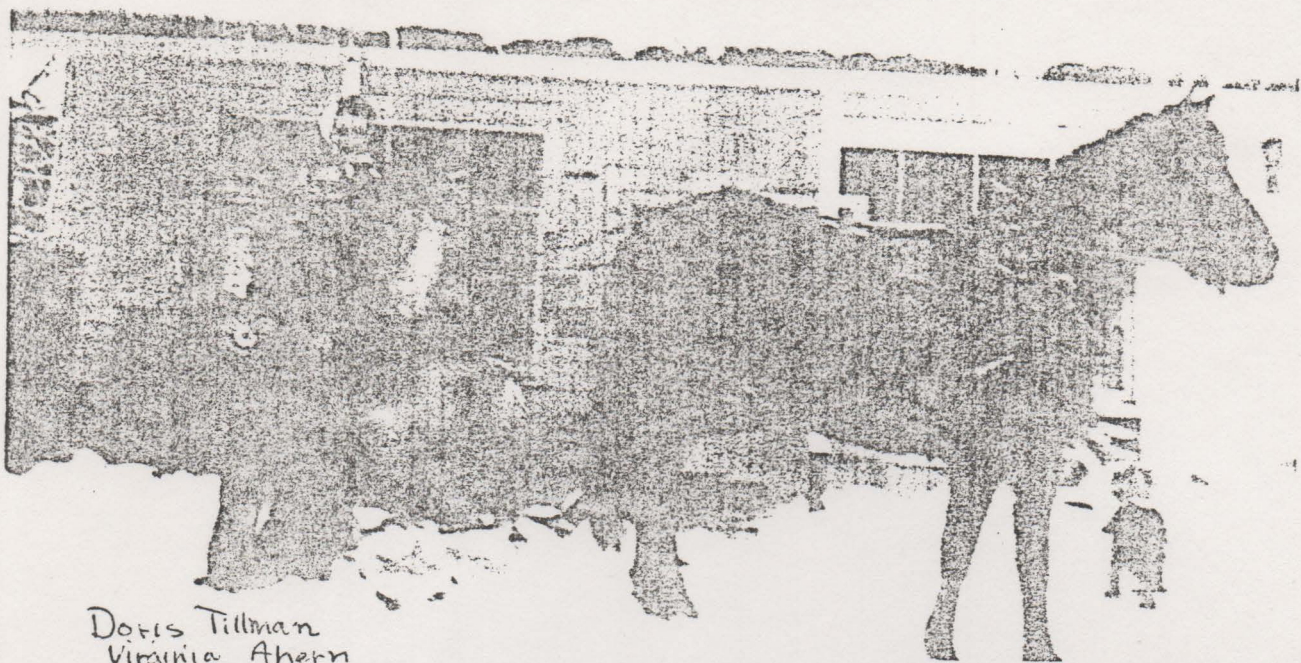


KING & DADISMAN Logging 1910(?)



KING + DADISMAR LOGGING - EARLY 1920-S

RECEIVED



Doris Tillman
Virginia Ahern
George Hoinkle

AL Tillman store

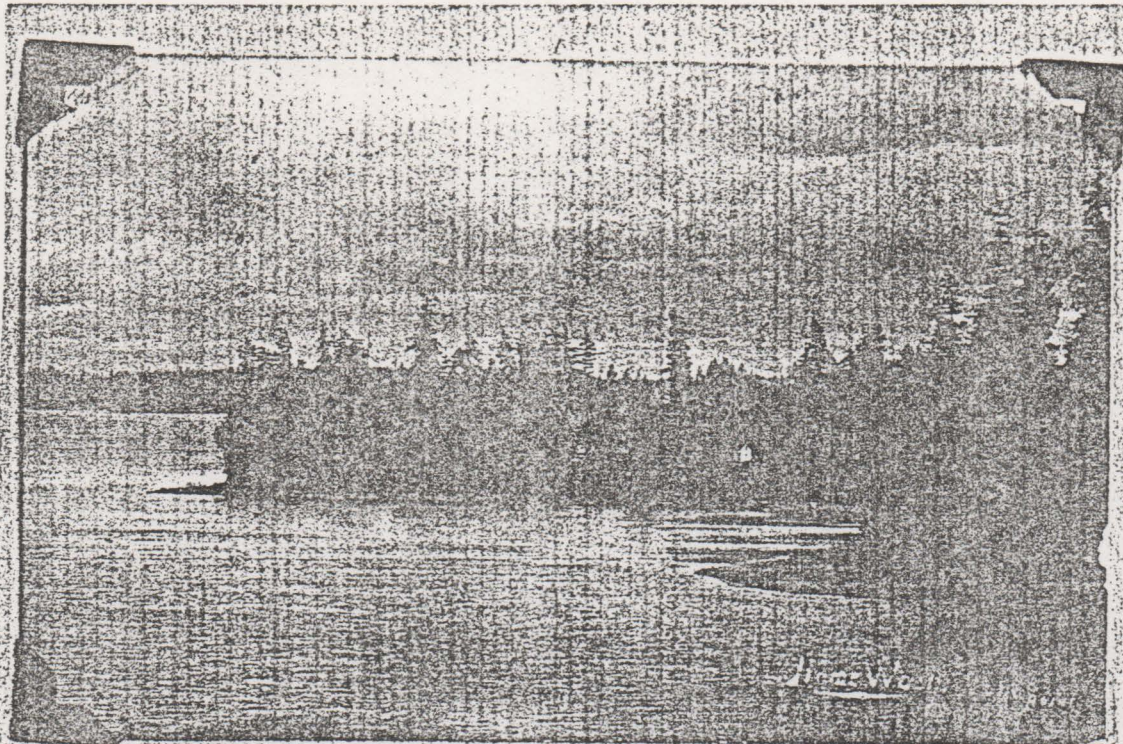
1943



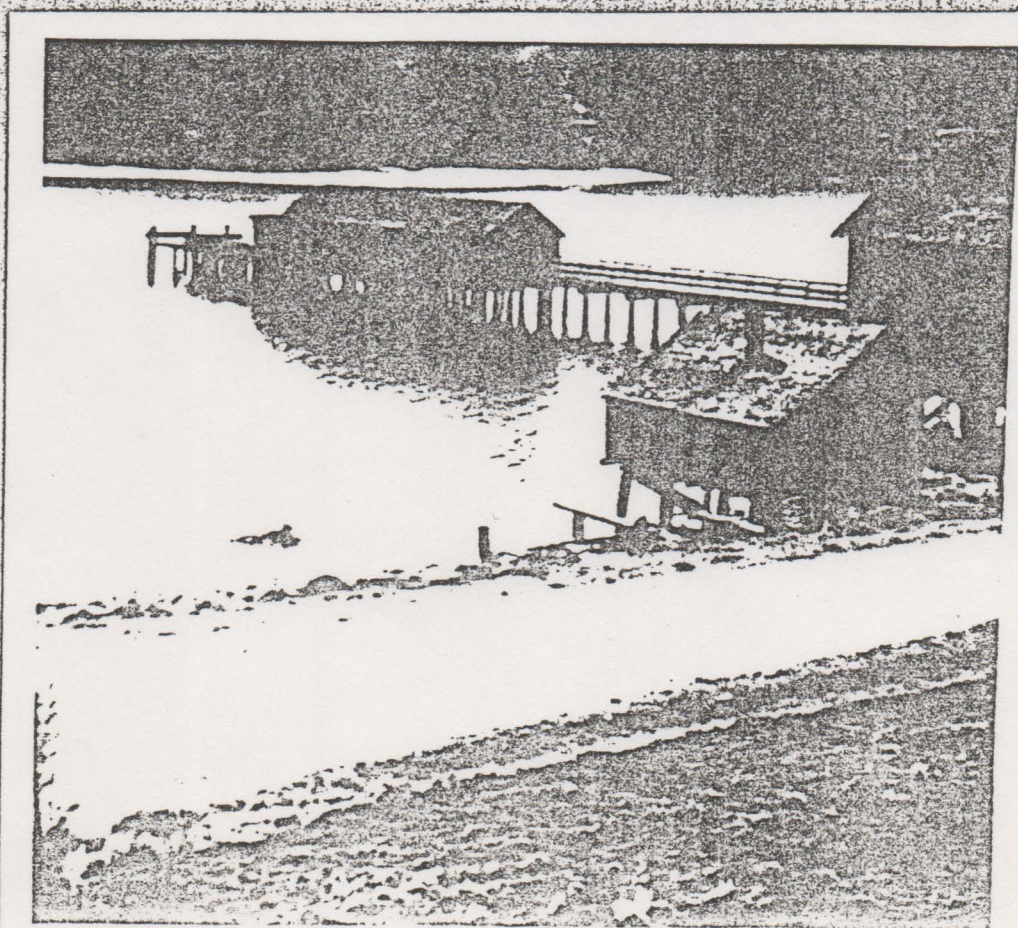
Lynette, Virginia, and Doris in Home 230



Fanny Neusbeck - 90 yrs old 1948
an early settler.



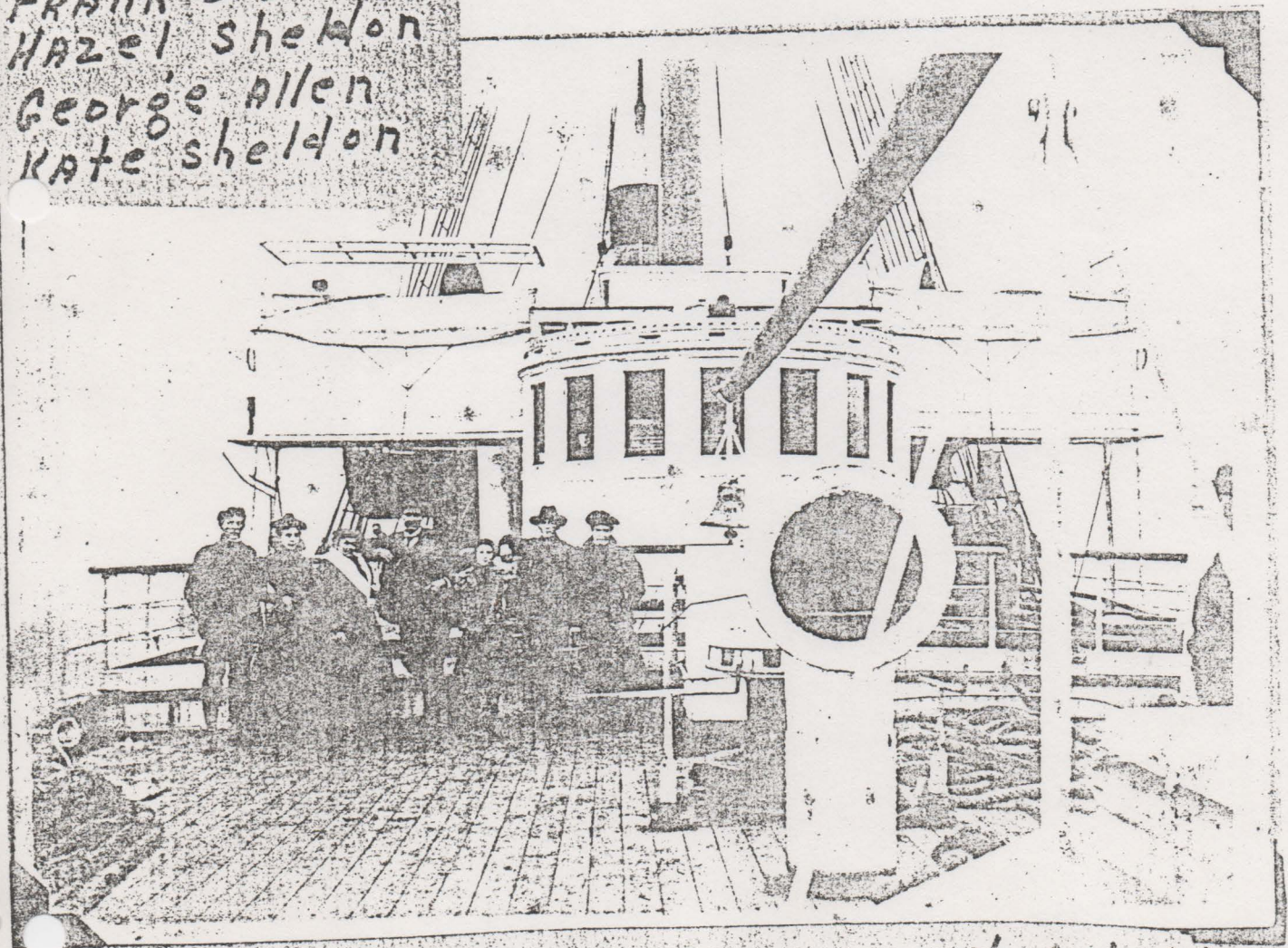
Home 1911





Left to Right
 J. L. Adams
 Ida Allen
 Nellie Mastick
 Frank O'Dell
 Hazel Sheldon
 George Allen
 Kate Sheldon

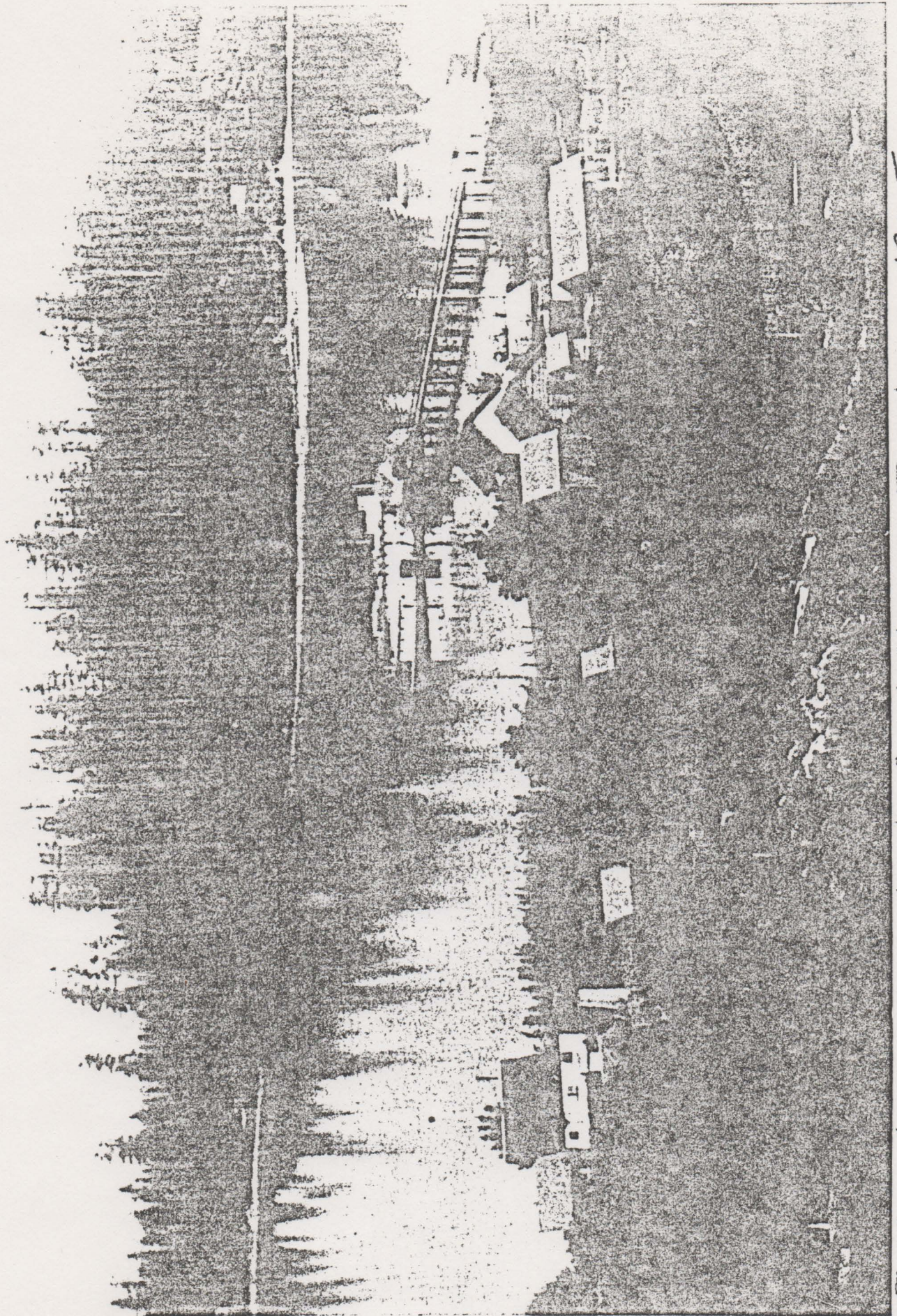
Richie Bowles
 Frank Pease
 Donald Vo



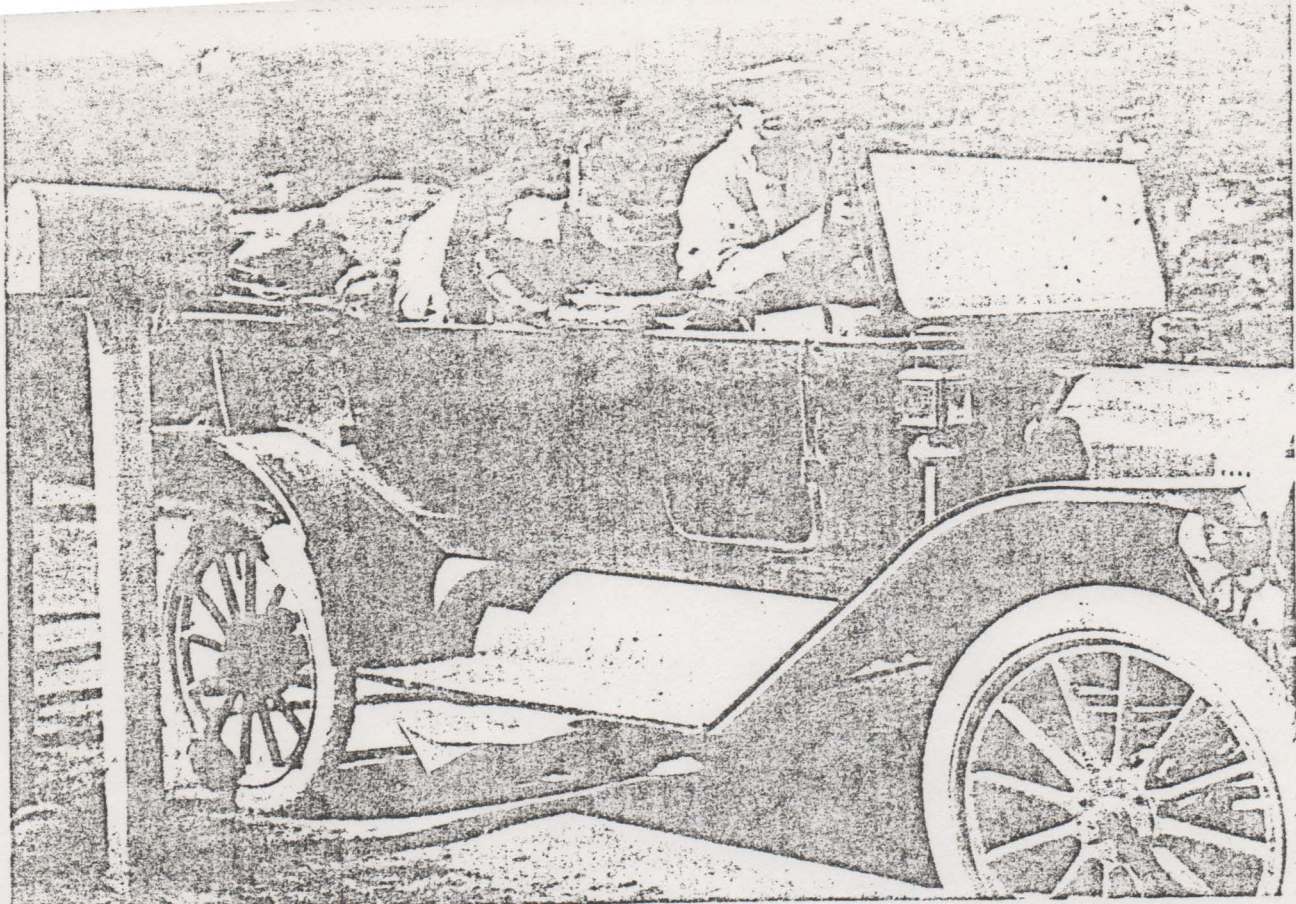
Oct. 6, 1901
 ILLIAMA BAY OFF COOK INLET, ALASKA
 226

Built by Fox 1878
Owned by Bessie Brout - rooming house.
became home of Edward Siegfried Clyde





Tycondoga (Stern wheeler) At Home Dock 1905

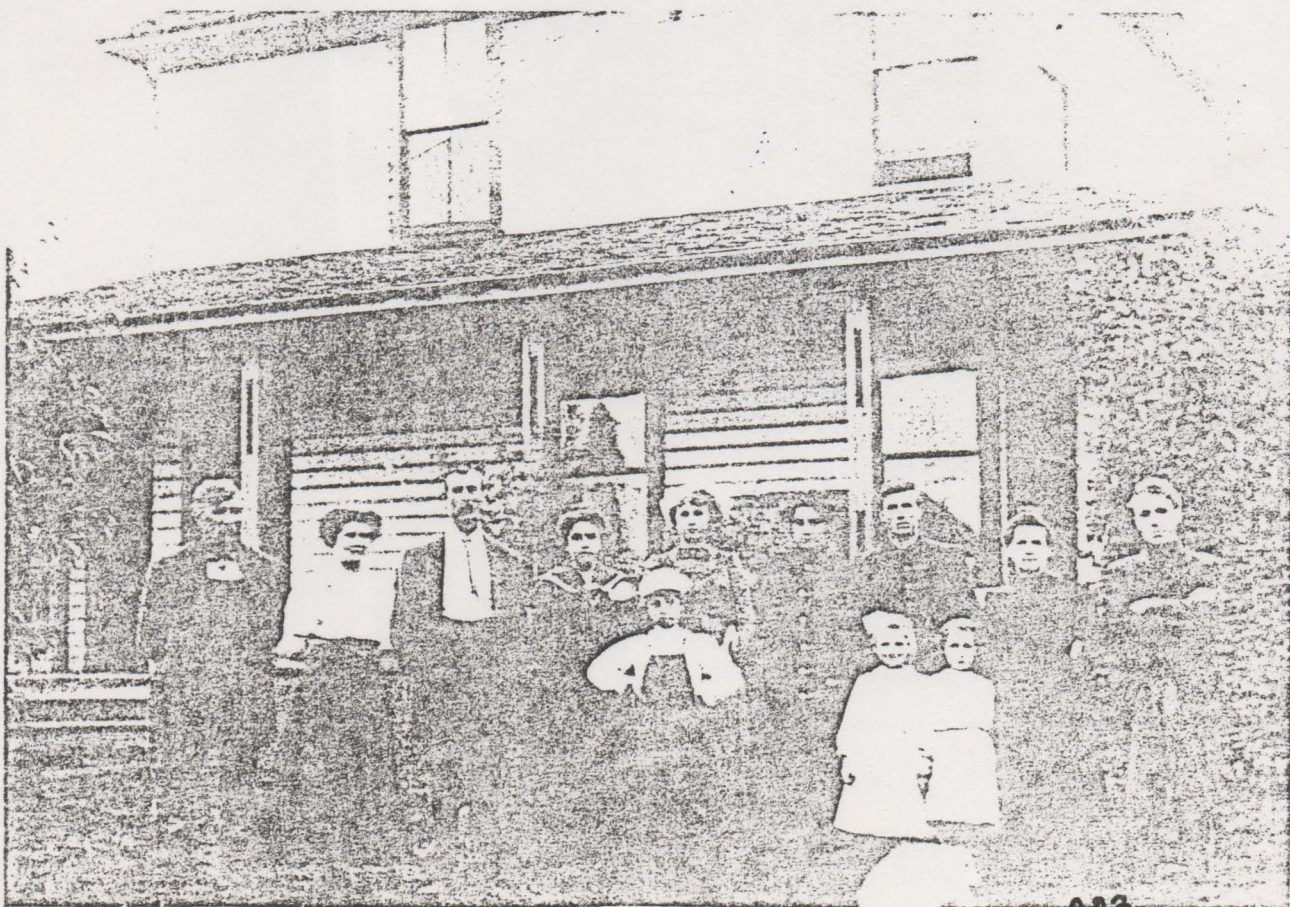


ALBERT SORENSON

FIRST MAIL CARRIER

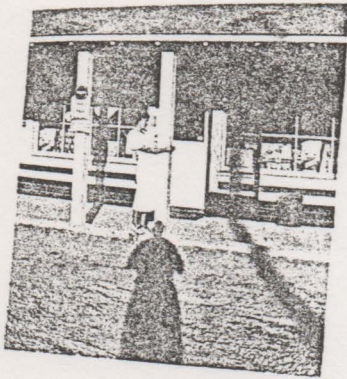
Albert Sorenson

First mail carrier

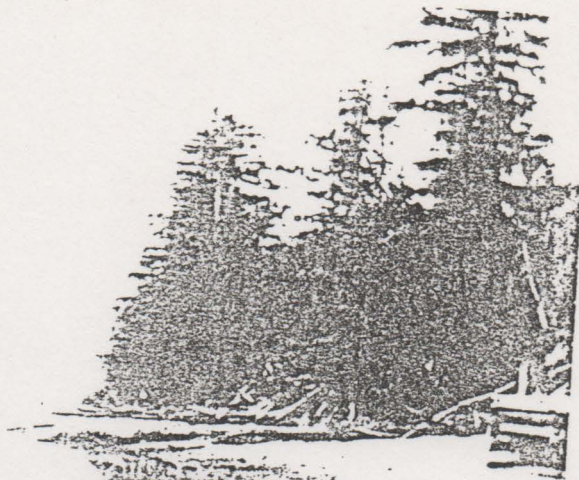
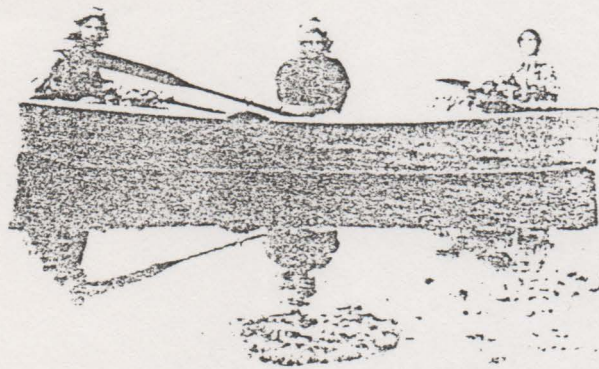


King house - Home - First telephone exchange 1911

HOME FEED
GROCERY CO.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE



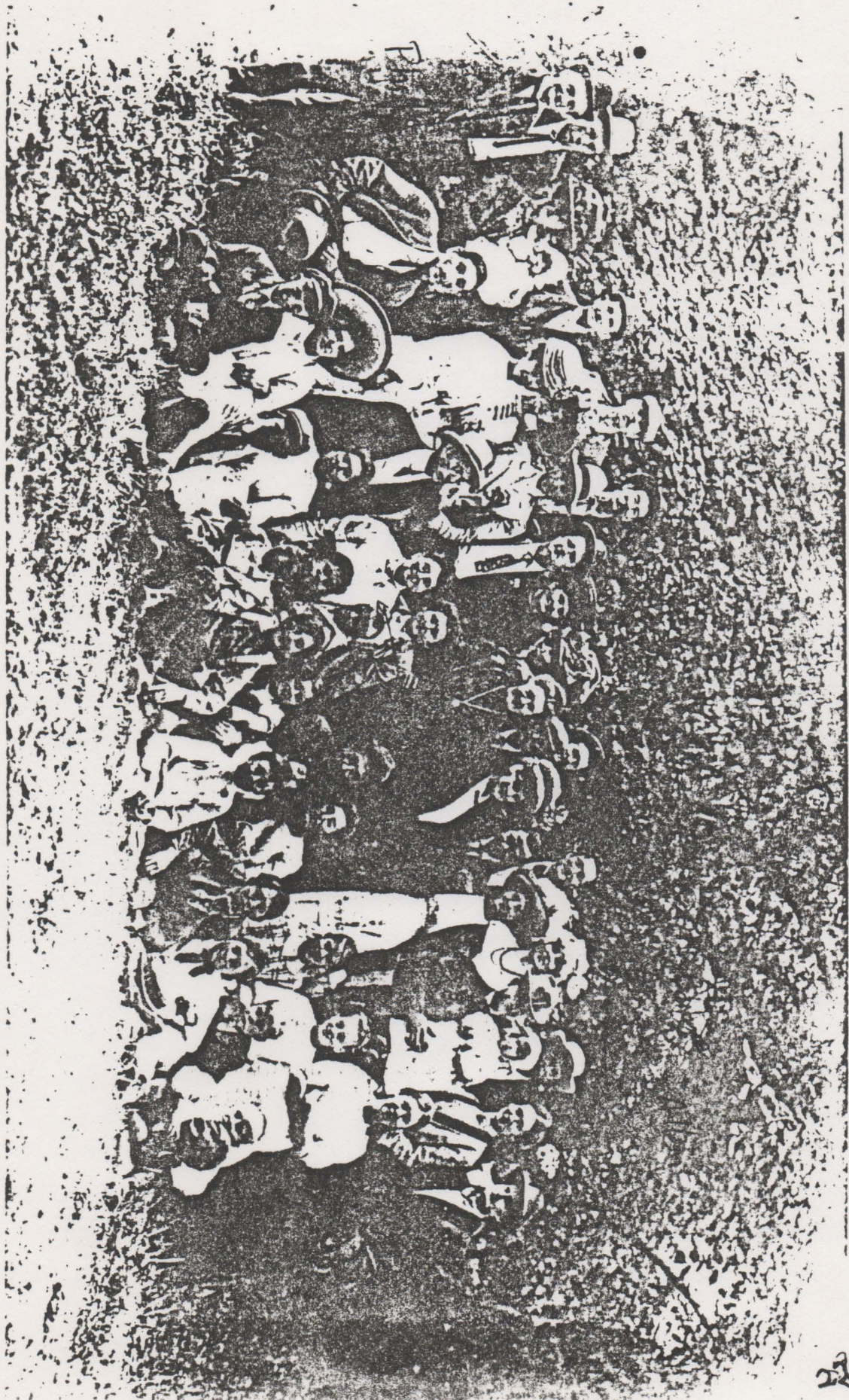
1922



(L.) Dadisman home - Minor home (r.)

1

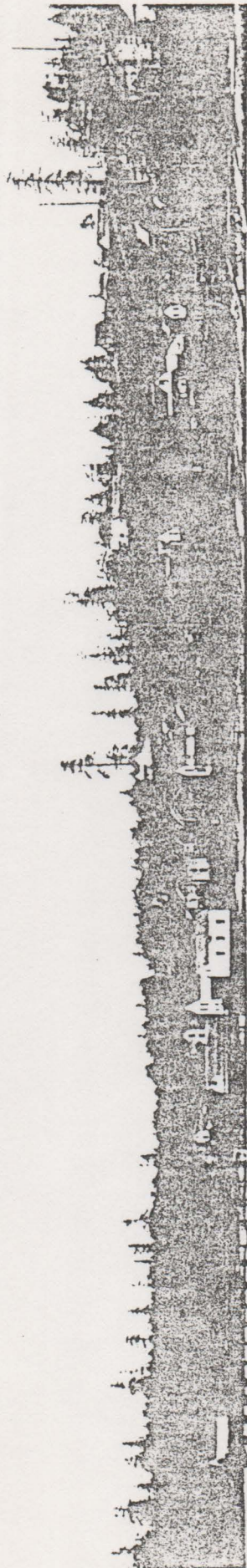
PLEASE CREDIT
WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



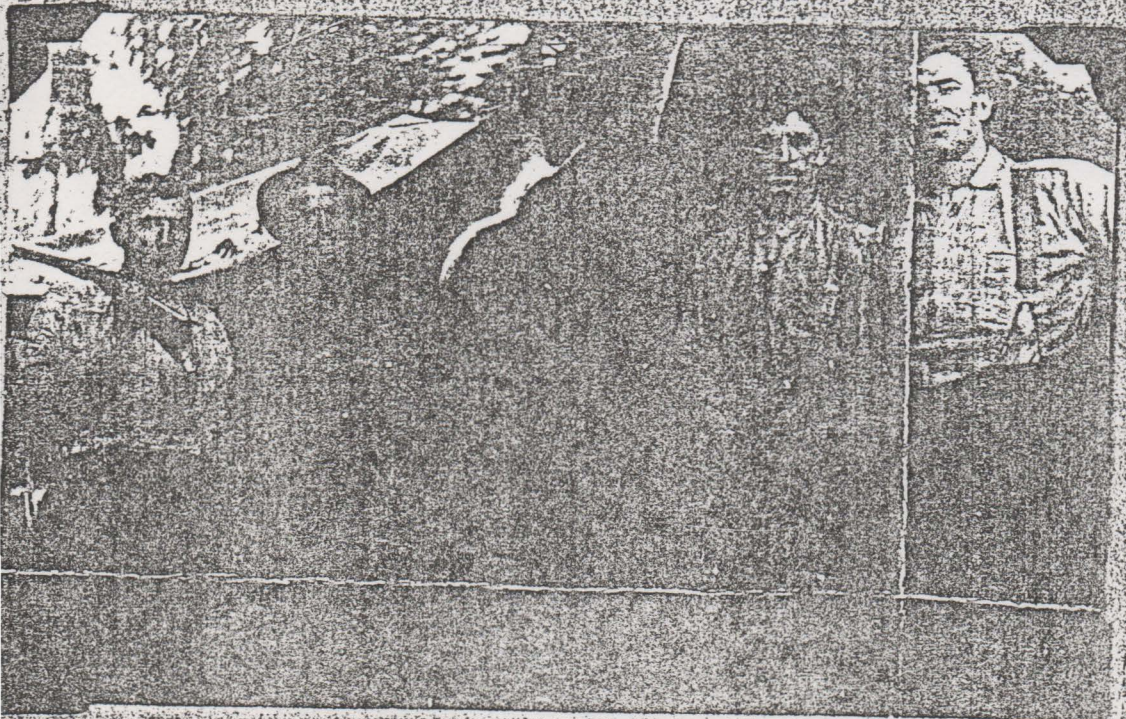
Verna Hafer photo

Charles Kranz 1920?
near bridge

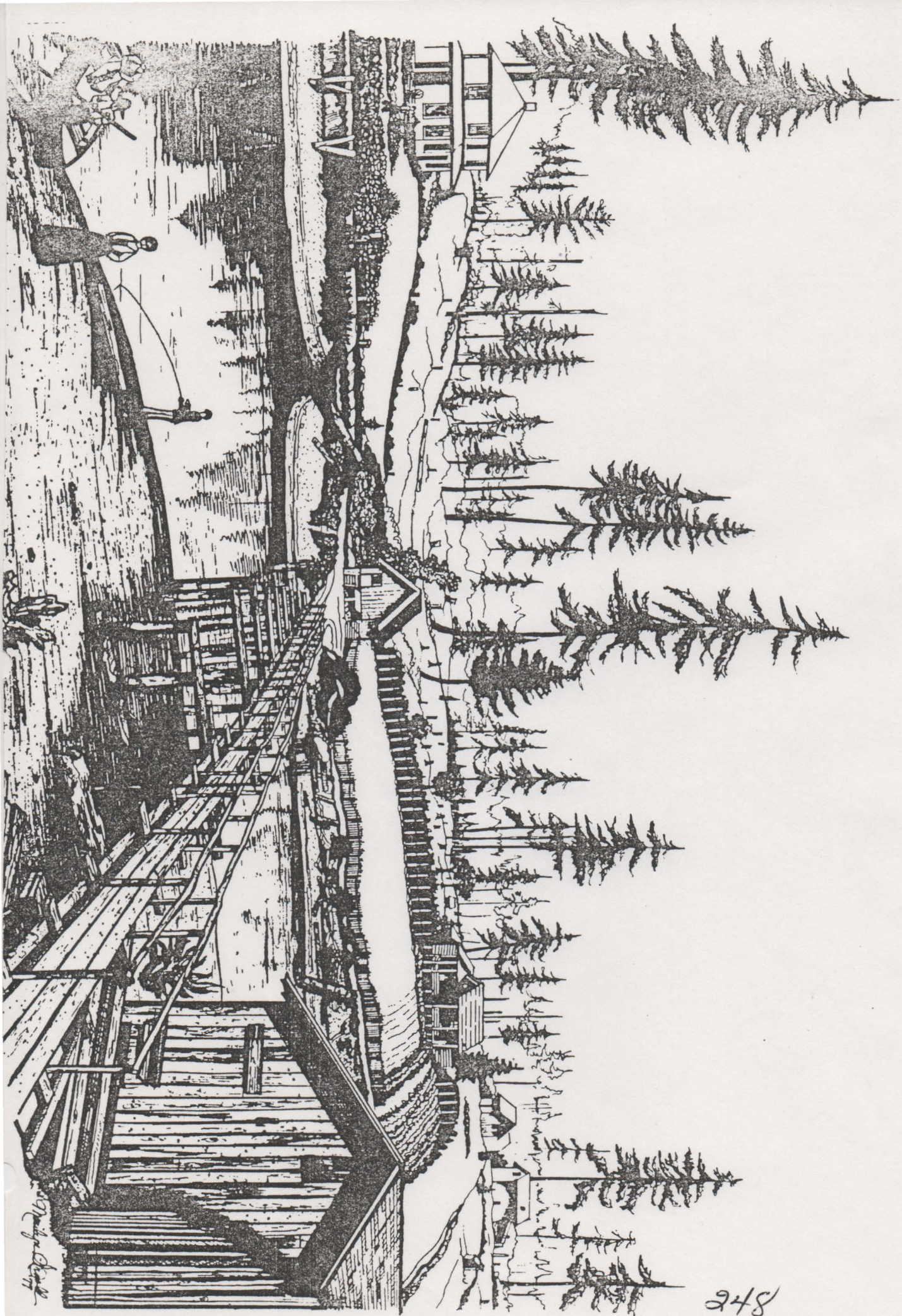


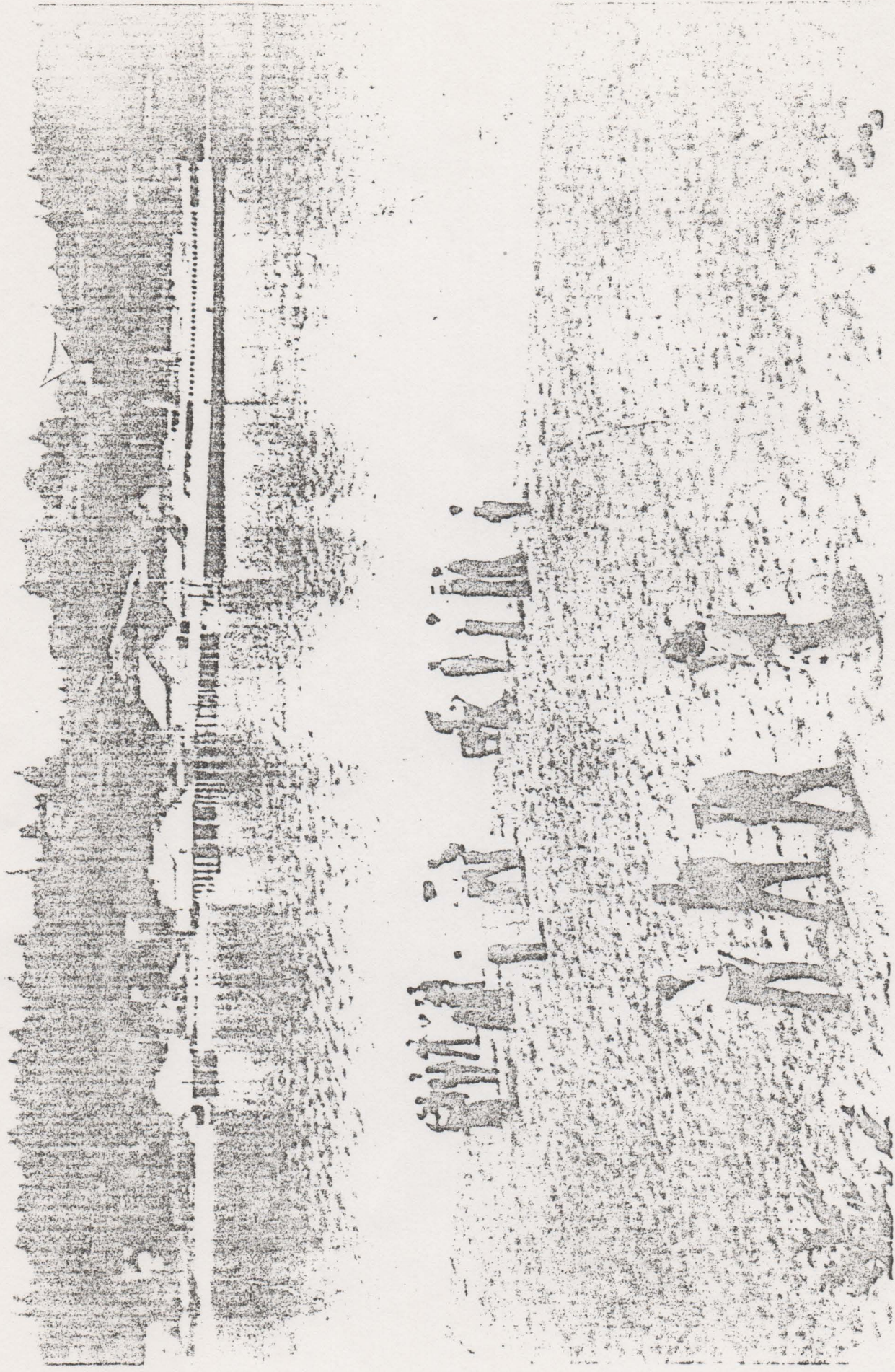


Home - 1903

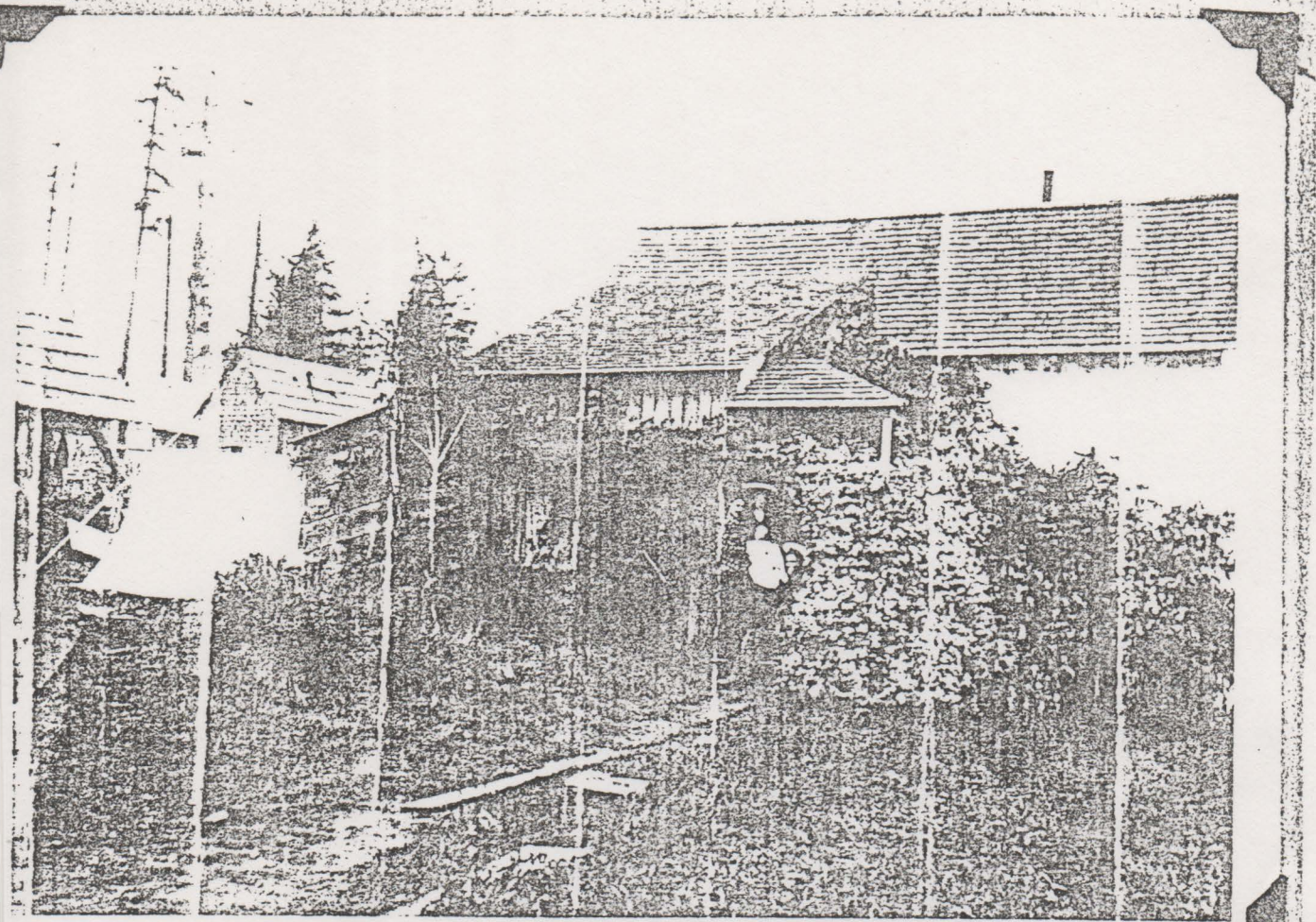


Home
MR. King
WALT King 232
Kenneth V. Pitt





Steamer Indianapolis at Home dock 1930



M. V. DADISMAN FIRST HOME

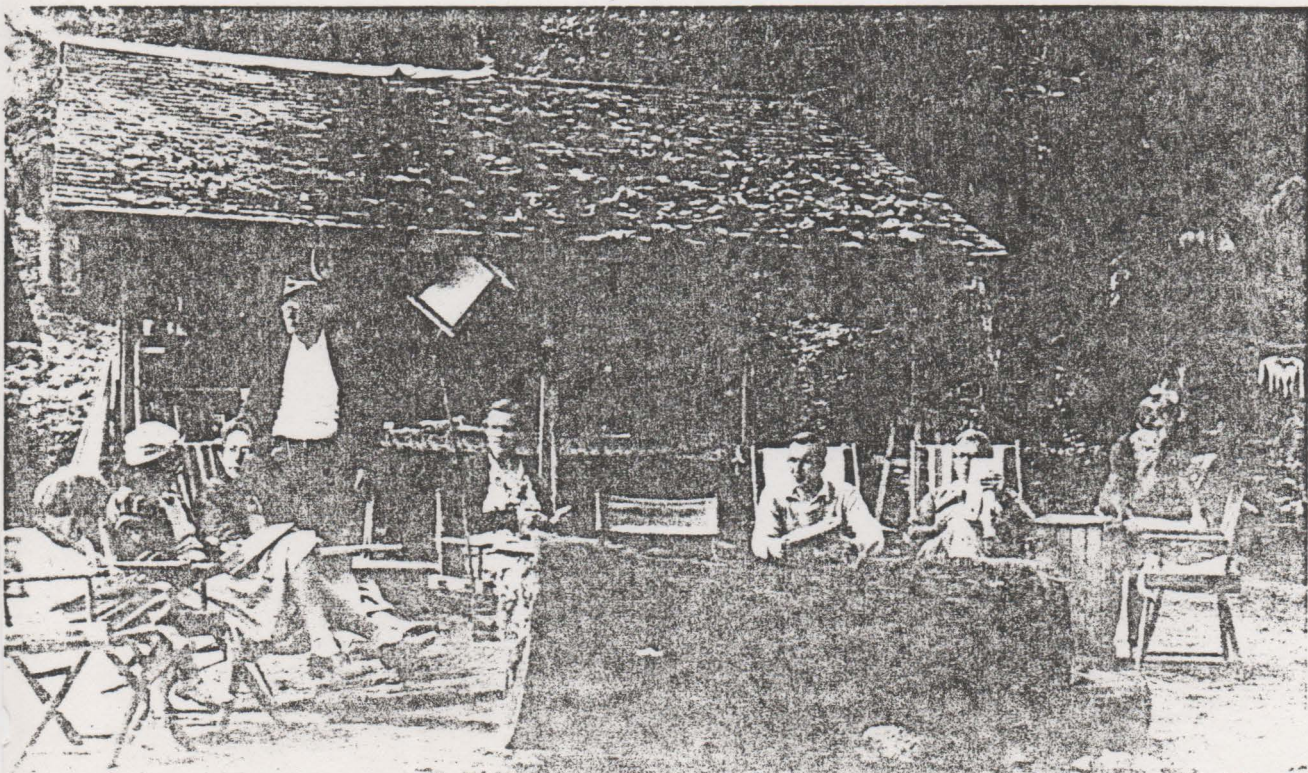
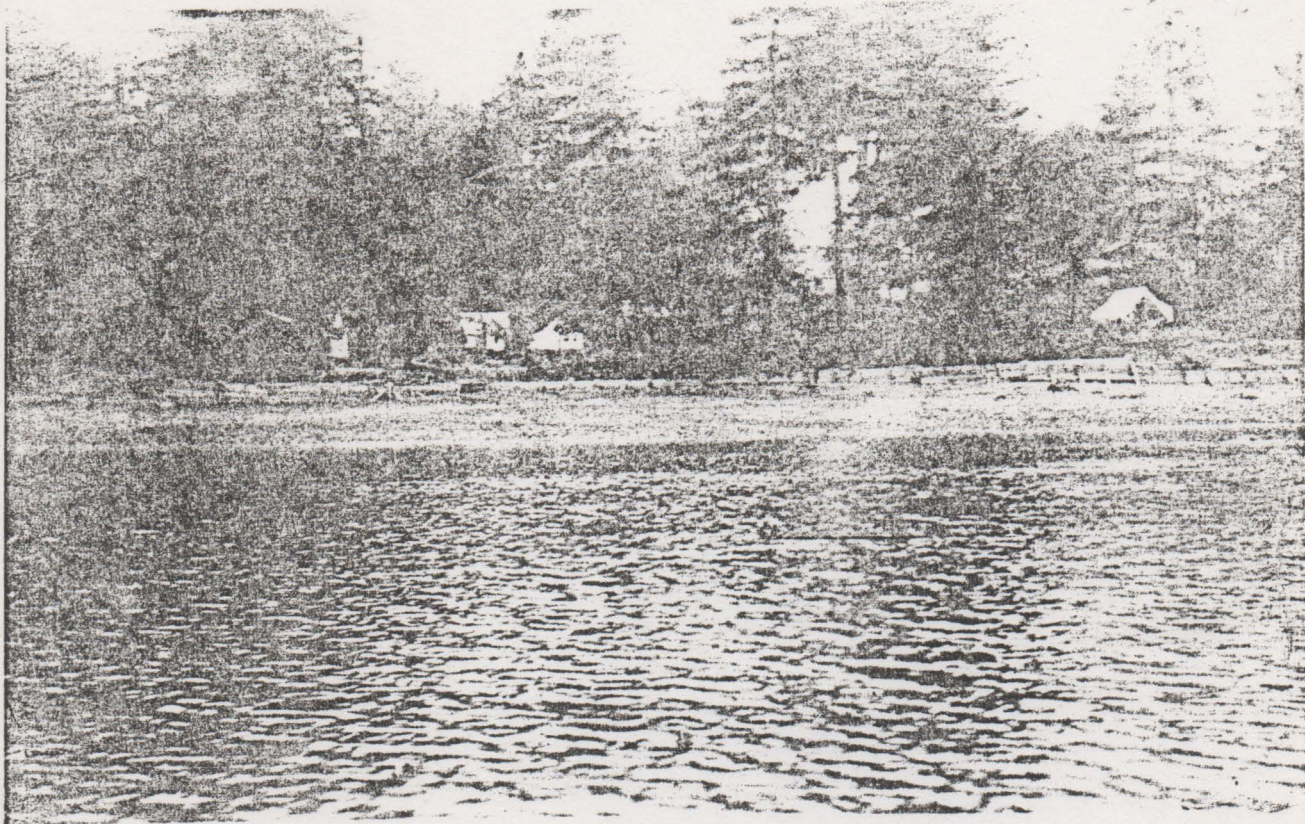


Mr. Penrose
and Mrs. Penrose made it possible for
the state to buy the land for
Penrose State Park.



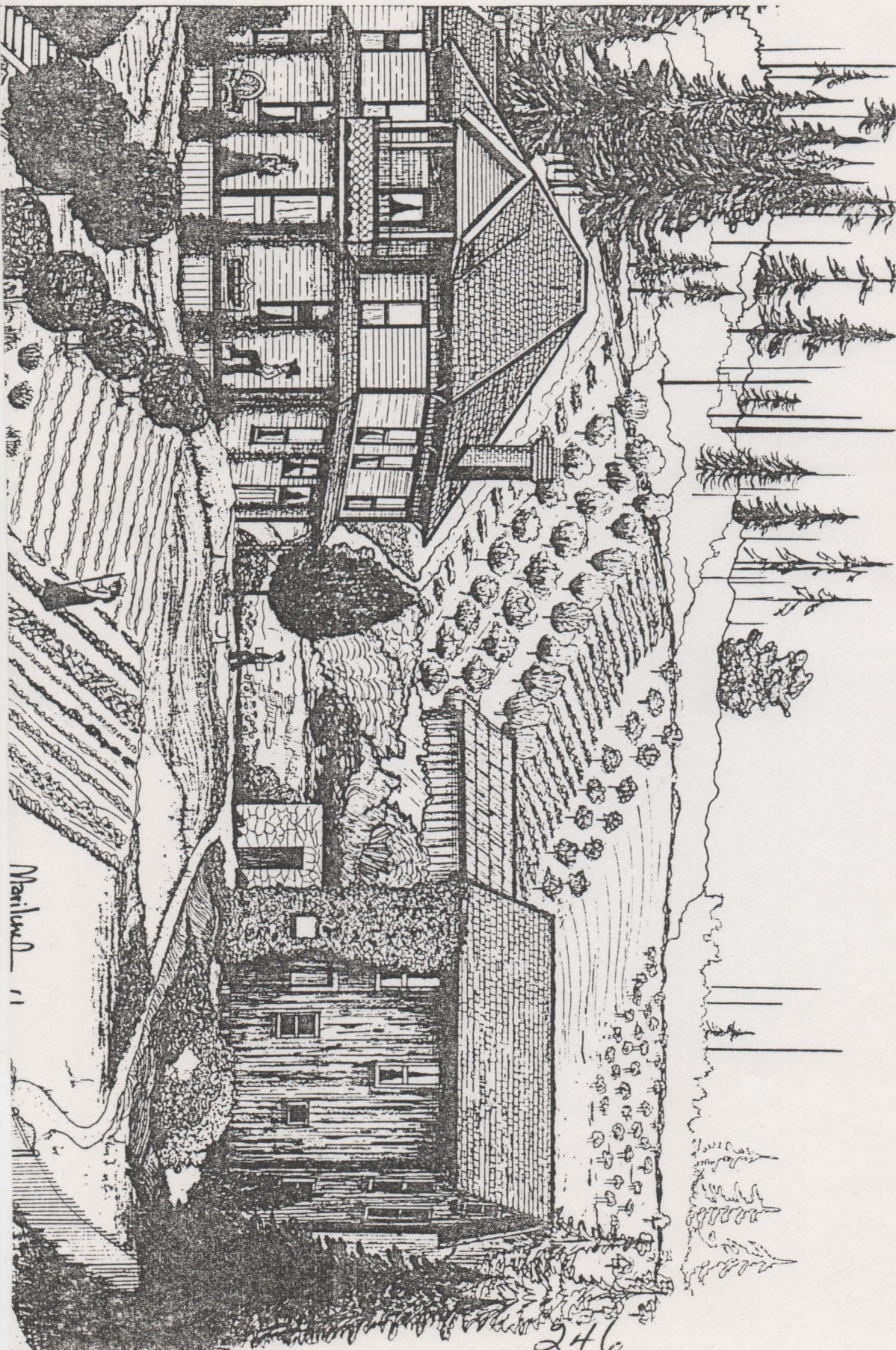
Mrs. Penrose





Penrose Cabin





Marlwood '11

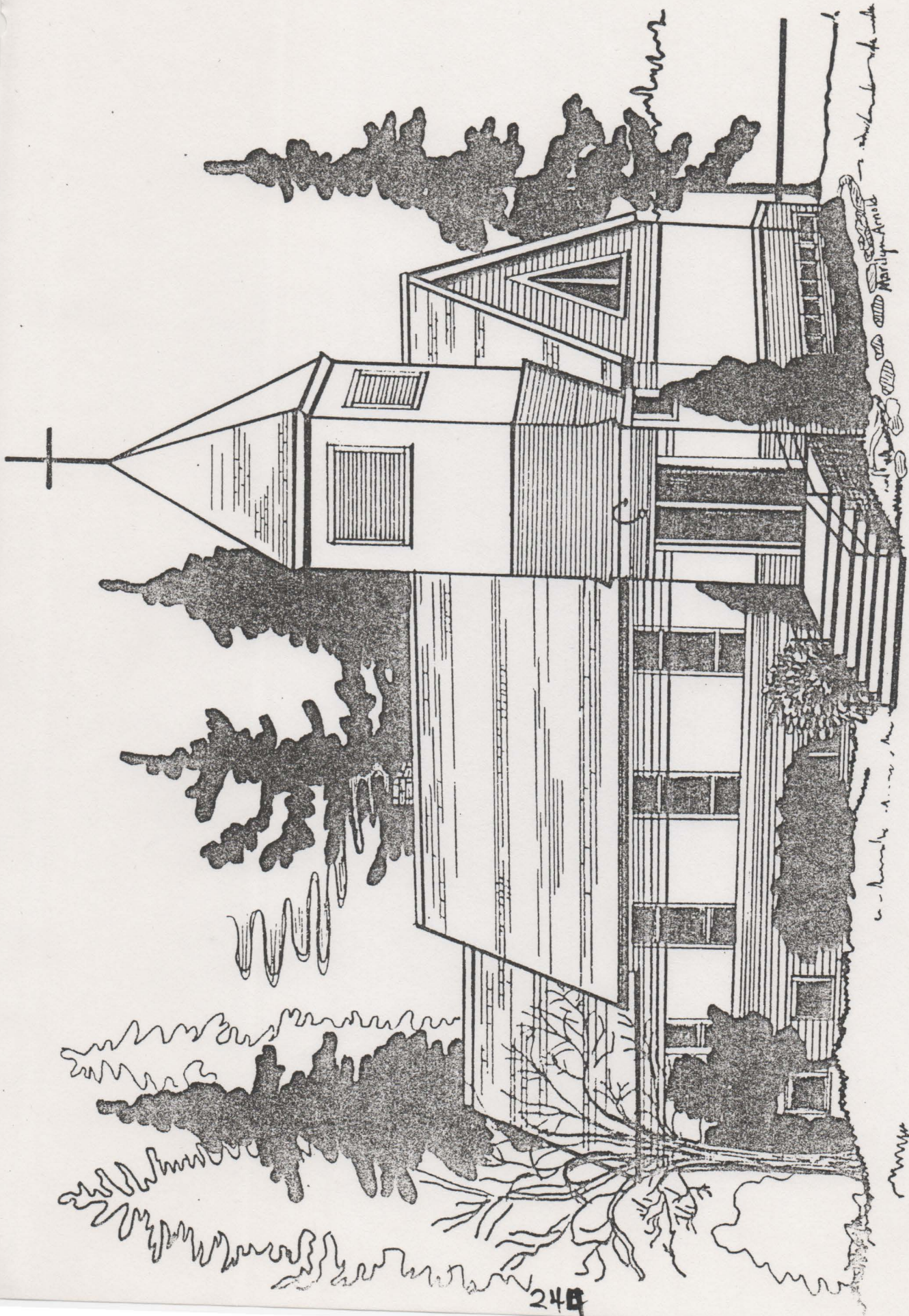
246

Glencove Home and Hotel

H. Nicholas and Agnes Peterson built their home on the west side of Glencove in 1897. The three story home, with wide front veranda, was a touch of elegance in the forest wilderness. Many of the luxuries remain, such as an oak banistered stairway, ornate ceramic tile corner fireplace, hot and cold running water in the bathrooms and a redwood-encased copper bathtub. (now gone).

Their 32 acres became a favorite tourist spot for boat passengers and the Petersons were soon in the hotel business. Impressive home cooked meals, accommodations and recreation brought vacationers back summer after summer. The still elegant home is now owned by the Harry Nadeaus with Peterson descendants living nearby.

Data: The Peninsula Historical Society
Art: Marilyn Arnold



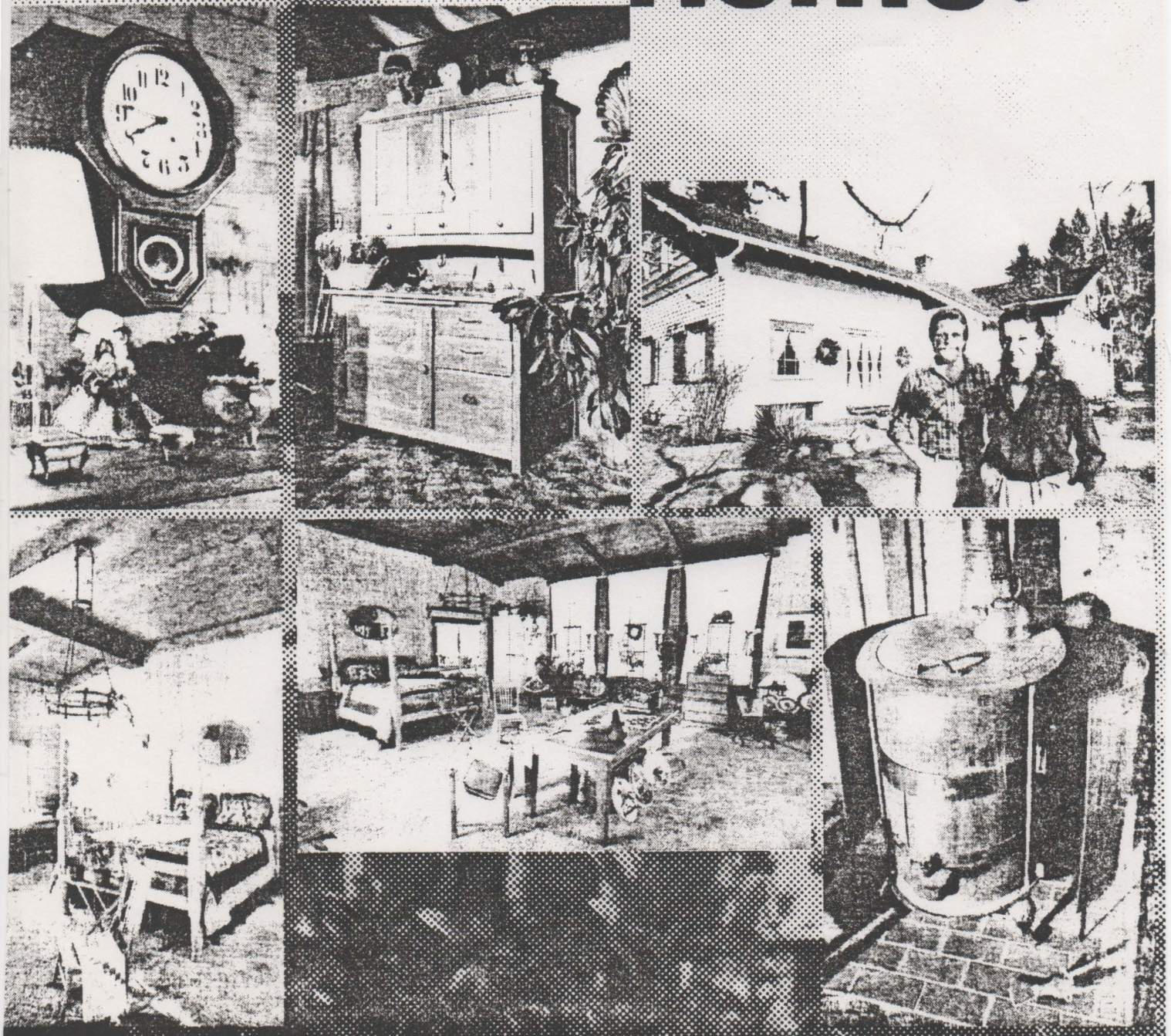
Vaughn Community Church

The "Chapel by the Sea" has been an inspirational overseer of scenic Vaughn Bay for eighty years. The basic structure of the building has changed very little through the years. It has been a place of worship for several denominations; Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational. Because of the church's historical significance, it was considered for Bicentennial recognition.

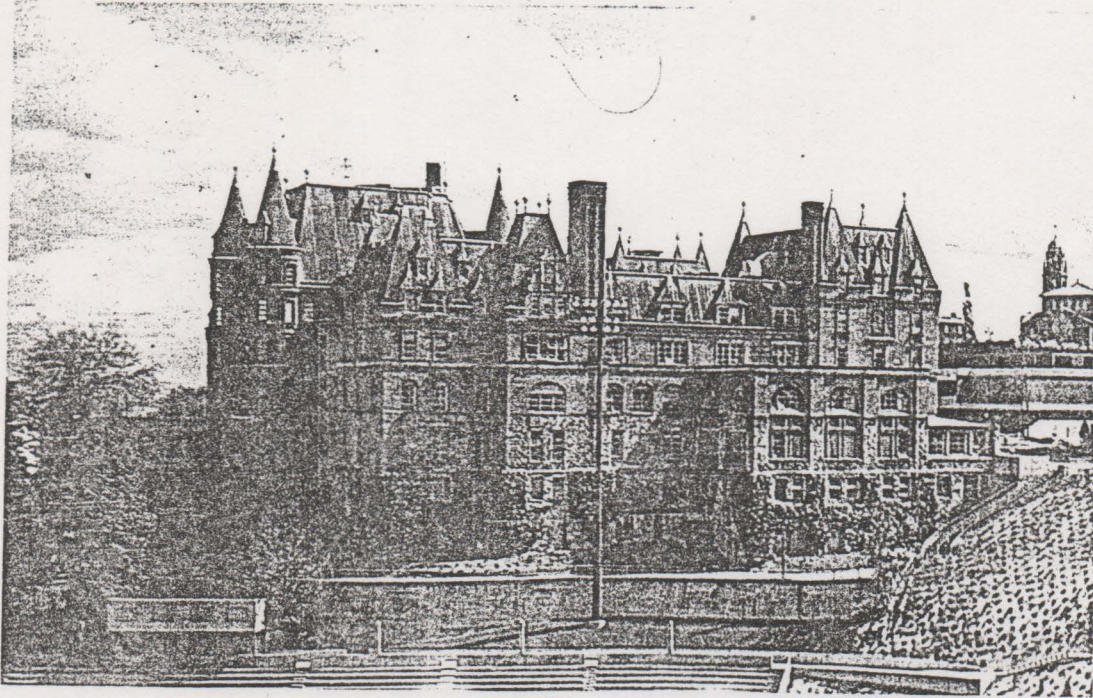
(1916) Data courtesy: Mrs. Elmer Olson
Art: Marilyn Arnold

Home School as a
private home 1984

Our Picture Page Pictures from Home!



*Many Home young people
attended Stadium in the 30's & 40's.*



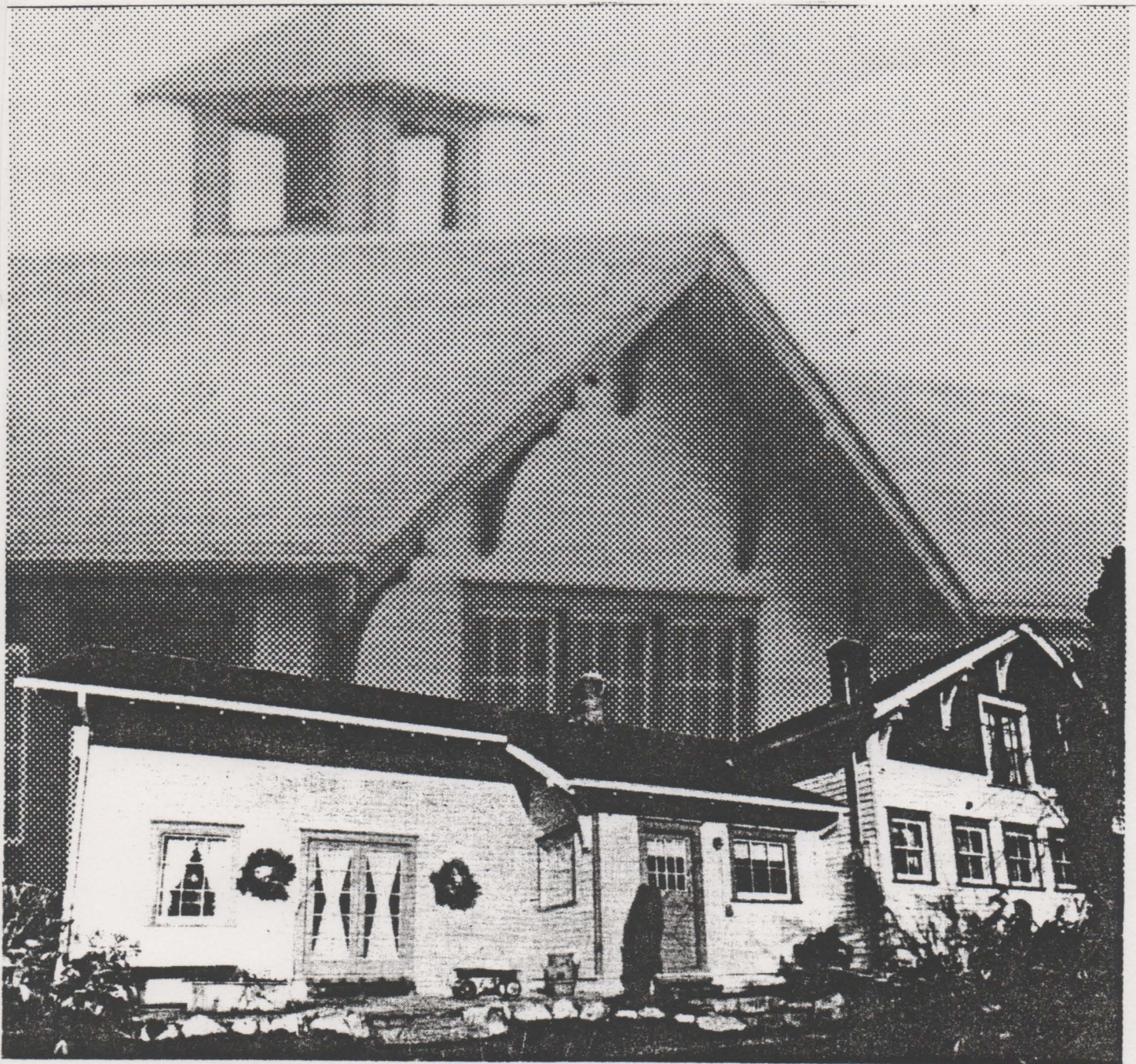
STADIUM HIGH SCHOOL AND BOWL

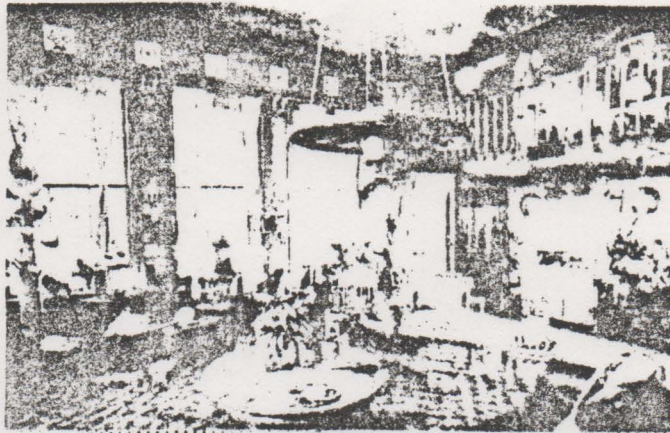
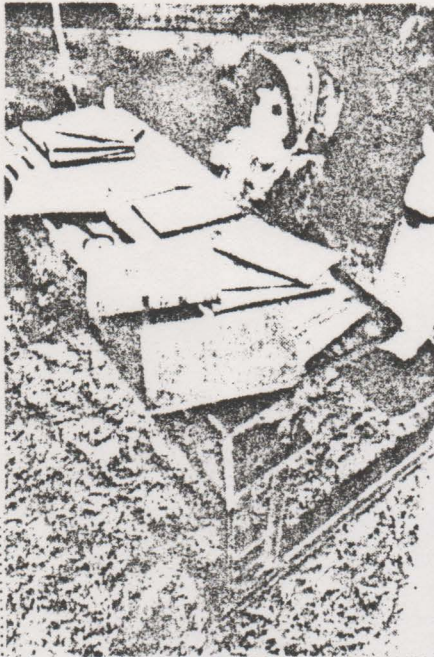
Stadium High School was originally designed as a grandiose seven-story hotel by the Philadelphia architectural firm of Hewitt and Hewitt. The Northern Pacific Railroad and the Tacoma Land Company were to share the \$750,000 cost. The failure of the railroad and the pressure of hard times prevented completion of the building. While it stood unused it was damaged by fire in 1898 and workmen began taking building materials for other projects.

Strong opposition by prominent Tacomans stopped further destruction of the building. After considerable argument between citizens and civic groups the Tacoma School Board was able to buy the building and grounds for \$34,500. Architect Frederick Heath redesigned the structure as a high school which opened in 1906.

The Stadium Bowl, also designed by Heath, was dedicated in 1910 with a seating capacity of 24,000. After many vicissitudes over the years, in some cases making it unusable for a time, the Bowl is once again to be used for sporting events.

Home School
Yesterday ¹⁹¹⁰ and Today 1984





Last month's mystery child
is Penni Epling of
Radio Page of Tacoma.



Home 1910



When she's on the job, Penni Epling sells modern paging equipment for Radio Page of Tacoma.

But when she goes home, Penni steps into a piece of the past; her house is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Penni and her husband, Bill, bought the place — an old schoolhouse in the community of Home on Joe's Bay near Key Center — last March.

The two-room schoolhouse, which has gorgeous high wooden-beamed ceilings, was placed on the National Register two years ago.

What used to be the cloak room is now the bathroom, complete with graffiti such as John loves Mary 1911.

The original wood stove has a place of honor in the living room and antique one and two-seat school desks are placed in strategic nooks. Old fashioned dolls have been placed at the desks, sitting in them as if they're the children of long ago, listening attentively to the school marm.

Penni and Bill graciously open their home, The Schoolhouse Emporium, the second weekend of each month from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Some of the prized antiques are for sale along with pieces of art work, quilted pillows and other pieces of handwork that local artists have placed there on consignment.

Take a ride out to Home and see history come alive. You'll be enchanted



HOME LADIES CLUB

BACK ROW L-R

MRS DRAKE

" CLYDE

" ANNA HAIMAN

" AULT

" LOLA PHARE

" YETTA FRISHMAN

" SARAH MUEHR

" LOTTIE DADISMAN

" EDELSTAT

" RAMSDALL ^{Delaspenn}

" FREDDIE ^{Delaspenn}

" ALMA SCHNEEBERG

" OLIVE AHEARN

" ROSE COON

" EVELYN DADISMAN

" MINNIE (Heiman) ^{Winters} WILSON

FRONT ROW - L-R

MRS. HEUPLE

" LASPENASSE

" LEVY

" VAN BEEK

" ROGERS

" AUNT ROSE THORNTON

" HEINE (standing)

" BESSIE HEIMAN

" MILDRED HANSEN

HOME,
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

A collection of newspaper
articles concerning the town
of Home, Pierce County, Wash-
ington.

Tacoma public library

July 1969

TACOMA PUBLIC LIBRARY

By Stewart H. Holbrook

THE TINY colony of anarchists still known as Home, Wash., first came into national prominence shortly after September 6, 1901. On that day, at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo, N. Y., a young man with his right hand bandaged stepped up in the line to shake hands with President William McKinley.

The president noted the bandaged hand and put forth his own left hand. At that instant gunfire belched from the fake bandage and the president of the United States went down in a welter of blood, the third chief executive to fall under an assassin's bullet. The assassin was a young obviously insane fellow named Leon Czolgosz who said he was an anarchist. President McKinley died on September 14 and immediately thereafter began a persecution of the Home colony on Puget sound that ebbed and flowed for a decade.

That the folk at Home, Wash., had never heard of Leon Czolgosz, nor he of them, did not make any difference; nor did the fact that the Home colonists abhorred bloodshed in all its forms and were a non-resistant people who believed and taught that bearings arms, even in protection of self and home, was anti-social.

Colonists Faced Many Charges

In the decade that followed McKinley's death the colonists at Home were charged with just about everything hostile minds could think up. Specifically, they were charged with being anarchists and atheists, serious enough in itself; and to this was added indictments of mixed nude bathing, indecent exposure, sending obscene matter through the mails, creating disrespect for law, and free love. They were said to have hoisted a red flag on their community schoolhouse. They were charged with hiding dynamiters of the Los Angeles Times. When their enemies ran low on indictments they said the crowd at Home was a pack of vegetarians, although "vipers" was the most common designation applied to them in both press and pulpit. 5 DEC 1937

The federal government denied the use of the mails to the colony's newspaper and finally took away the Home postoffice. In time, the colonists themselves, and for reasons of their own, dissolved the association that held the community land.

In 1937 Home is no longer officially an anarchist colony, nor even a colony at all; but many of the original and early families are still there, still serene and happy in middle and old-age, and

their political and sociological opinions have changed very little in 40 years. Their small farms and ranches are on and around Joe's bay, an arm of Puget sound that runs a full mile into the narrow peninsula on which are also the hamlets of Lakebay, Long Branch and Vaughn. A crow would figure it 20 miles directly west of Tacoma.

Their Ideas Not Bookish

The original incorporators of Home City, Wash., didn't get their ideas from books and seem not to have known they were anarchists until that term was applied to them by outsiders. The founding fathers and mothers of Home City, in fact, already had bellies full of book-idea experiments. They had been mem-

bers of the short-lived community of Glennis, near Tacoma, which had been an attempt to put into practice the ideas outlined in Edward Bellamy's best-seller, "Looking Backward." Glennis had been a straight socialist enterprise and it had blown up in 1896 with everybody broke and disgusted. OREGONIAN

To understand Home City at all one must recall conditions in the United States of the '90s and before. Manifest destiny and industrial greed were in the saddle as never before or since. America was on the verge of becoming a world power of the first class. She was cocky and imperial. So were America's industrial lords whose social ideas were possibly best expressed by Vanderbilt the Second who, in

1882, had told the press, "The public be damned!"

The trusts were gobbling up everything, it seemed, and the laborer and small business man had not a chance in the world. The congress was remarkably corrupt. Brief but recurrent business panics, said to have been engineered by big business, had troubled the republic for two decades. The public domain had been devoured by the few. Strikes of grossly underpaid workmen were put down with a savagery that culminated with the bomb that went off in Chicago's hay-market in 1886.

To sensitive and reflective minds the once glorious country of Jeffersonian democracy had ceased to exist, and in all parts of the country small groups of

idealists were trying to remove out of the world of commerce and industry and to found a world of their own. Edward Bellamy's book, which pictured how simple and desirable it would be to live in socialist colonies, had a powerful effect in all walks of life. So had the not dissimilar teachings of Count Leo Tolstol, Charles Fourier and Robert Owen. Brook Farm, Fruitlands, Harmony, Oneida community and the Aurora-Bethel experiments had marked the earlier attempts to create a new society.

So, now in the '90s, communities were being founded in many states and in Canada, too. Puget sound seems to have had more than its share. Socialist groups had set up shop at Burley, Equality and Glennis, in Wash-

ington, and another group had formed a community in British Columbia.

The colony at Glennis, near Tacoma, as related, had dissolved in failure late in 1896. All the Glennis group were wholly discouraged with socialism. Glennis had been just one more failure in a long line of attempts. But three of the Glennis colony, and their wives, still thought that 19th century society was pretty idiotic and that it could be bettered.

Trio Sought Likely Spot

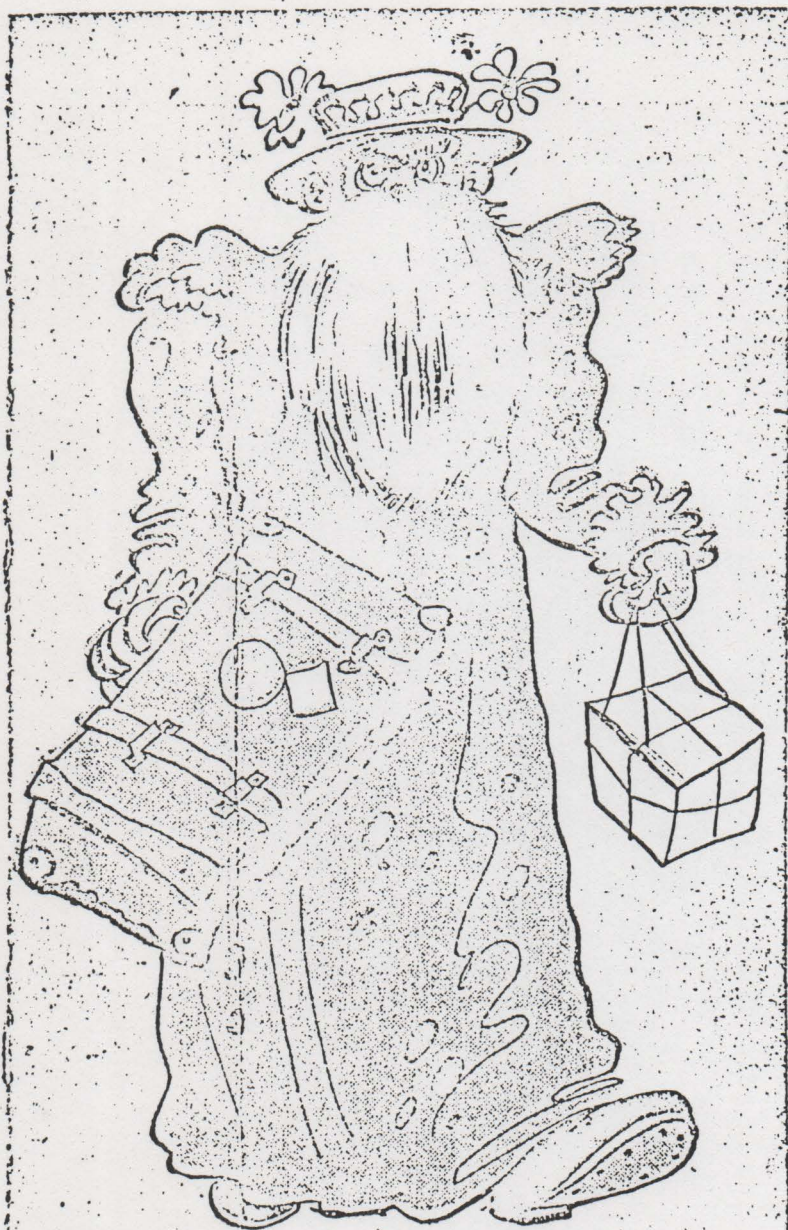
George Allen, University of Toronto, class of '85, with his friends, O. A. Verity and F. F. Odell, built a small boat with their own hands and started cruising Puget sound to find a likely spot in which to start a colony that would be free both

from the internal bickerings, that appeared to be part of life under socialism, and from the parasites who were always attracted to socialist colonies.

On Joe's bay, which is an arm of Henderson bay, the three seekers found a primeval spot. Tall fir grew down to the very edge of high tide. There was a brief strip of flatland close to the water, then an easy hill that soon became steep, and on top of this was table land.

No man lived on Joe's bay. The bay was filled with ducks that showed little fear of the explorers. The soil appeared good. There was an abundance of timber, and no neighbors for many miles. In 1896 Joe's bay was as remote from Tacoma as Queen Charlotte sound is today.

The spot looked good to the three men. They learned it was owned by a Tacoma capitalist



Professor Thompson . . . climbed down the gangplank
dressed in a full beard and the dress and other garments
of a woman

Paper's Contents

Mostly on Sex

There was more about sex in the first issue of Home's celebrated newspaper than there was about economics. Thomas Huxley, then still a devil with horns to the orthodox, even though he was three years in his grave, was represented by an article titled "Is 'Sin' Forgivable?"

There was a piece that tended to show two women could live happily with one man, and another headed "The Rights of Woman in Sexual Relations." Some 300 copies were printed on the hand press, many of them going in exchange to the scores of small religious and socialist

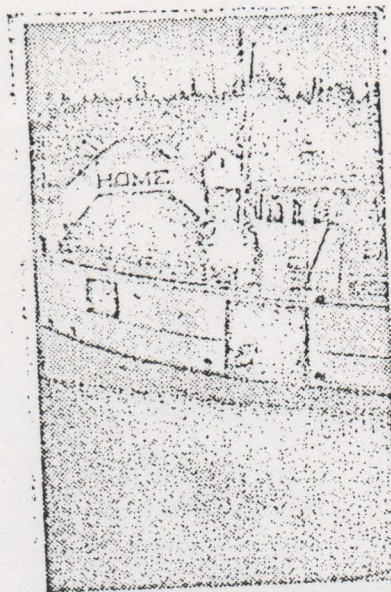
colonies which then dotted the United States from coast to coast.

A brief digression here is necessary. While "Discontent" was in the throes of being born at Home, hell was a-popping in Portland, Or. It was caused by a local communist-anarchist paper called "The Firebrand."

Edited by Henry Addis, with whom was associated Abe Isaak and Abner J. Pope, The Firebrand lived up to its name. Postal authorities cracked down, arresting the three staff members for sending "obscene and otherwise unmailable" matter through the mails. The editors were arrested. Addis and Isaak gave bail. Pope, then 74 years old and admittedly "a Quaker, a spiritualist and an anarchist," refused bail on his own recognizance.

Pope Convicted And Sentenced

The case made a big noise in radical and liberal circles all over the country. Pope was convicted. With his long white beard, and looking like a prophet out of the Old Testament, he told the court he was against all government and would always act accordingly. He served four months in Multnomah county jail. Addis and Isaak were convicted, appealed and were acquitted. Isaak went to Chicago to work on an anarchist paper there. Pope and



The Tacoma boat landing
at Home's wharf

Addis went to the freedom of Home City.

Pope tarried a while and moved on. Addis began contributing to Home City's Discontent, and one of his articles was presently to make considerable trouble for the colonists.

But the period of 1898-1899 was a busy and peaceful one at Home City. The paper Discontent was attracting new settlers. By 1900 there were 30 pupils in the community school. The total population of the settlement was around 60. Eggs, poultry, vegetables and fuel for steamboats were bringing in sufficient cash to buy what little was needed of stores.

Addis Continued His Contributions

Henry Addis, the late firebrand of Portland, was not a member of the Mutual Home association, but his contributions to the colony's paper continued and the record shows they were getting warmer all the time. Addis not only came out flat-footedly for free love in any and all of its forms, but he also wrote a series of "Talks With the Boys and Girls."

"Suppose some of you do not desire to confine your demonstrations of affection to one person," Addis wrote for the kiddies, "would it then be right or wise for others to compel you to do so? No, indeed. If one of you girls feels so inclined it is perfectly proper for you to kiss two or three of the boys—if they are willing; and I think they would be."

who would sell it cheap. They returned to Tacoma and were told they could have 26 acres at \$2.50 an acre.

The three men could not raise \$5 among them. Allen immediately got a job teaching school at \$20 a month. With his first month's pay he had the Odell and Verity families moved to Joe's bay. Another month and he made a down-payment on the 26 acres. Verity and Odell went to work building a home each. In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Allen joined the others.

The founders of what was soon to be Home City had no desire for a "co-operative commonwealth." From the extreme of community socialism, with most everything held in common, they moved to as close an approach to anarchism as was possible under existing laws.

Webster defines anarchism as "a society made orderly by good manners rather than by law." The founders of Home City wanted just that and nothing less. A cardinal principle of life in Home was to be the doing as one pleased and the minding of one's own business.

Wanted None Of Communism

During the first year—the founding families devoted themselves largely to clearing land for gardens, and building homes. It took some work, for the fir was thick and large. Any supplies they might need were distant a whole day, by boat from Tacoma. But they didn't need many supplies. All seem to have been able pioneers, for they duffed in and worked to good effect.

If the new settlement was to prove anything to the greedy and chaotic world of industry and commerce, its founders knew, then it must grow and be heard from. The founding triumvirate, it should be stressed, wanted no form of communism or socialism. They wanted a man to take a small piece of earth and stand thereon on his own two legs, making his home and his living by his own efforts.

From department of agriculture reports the founding fathers learned the number of acres of land then under cultivation in the United States. They divided this total by the population figure and found the result to be 1 1/4 acres. They knew the American system of cultivation was waste-

fulness. They named the paper "The New Era." O. A. Verity was editor and he would appear to have been an out-and-out anarchist. In the number for June, 1897, Verity wrote:

Saw Laws As Barriers

"Liberty we have, so far as we are concerned, but the laws of the state, of course—the ever-present thorn in the flesh—are the great barriers to the realization of liberty. Now, one may keep within the pale of the law or, totally ignore it, just as he pleases. Most of us here prefer the latter course and teach others to do the same."

When that subversive idea was printed it caused no uproar, but it would do so four years later when McKinley died, and be used against the people at Home.

During 1897 two or three families came to the new settlement and built homes. Others had declared their intention of coming. It was time to settle the land business.

On January 17, 1898, the Mutual Home association was incorporated under the fraternal laws of the state of Washington. The purposes of the association were as simple as its regulations. Briefly, the association was formed to obtain land and to "establish better social and moral conditions." A member paid into the association's treasury a sum equal to the cost of land he or she selected. Not less than one nor more than two acres went to a member. The member could occupy the land indefinitely simply by paying such state taxes as were assessed.

Held Membership Throughout Life

All certificates of membership were held for life, going to the party named in will or bequest. Any improvements on the land were personal property and might be sold or mortgaged. The land itself remained the property of the association. No officer of the group could contract debts in the name of the association. A unanimous vote of all members was required to change the articles of incorporation.

Such were the simple regulations of the Mutual Home association, the life blood of Home City, Wash. You held your two acres of land in perpetuity, so long as you paid the taxes, and you did as you would with the land, except to sell it. As for your personal life, the association was not interested; you did exactly as you pleased. You might live with one woman, two women, a harem, or none at all. Founder Verity expressed it in the columns of The New Era: "The love principle of our being is a natural one, and to deny it ex-

Such ideas were bound in time to bring to the colony an assortment of cranks, malcontents and potential Don Juans. But the early settlers appear to have spent most of their time making the colony habitable, rather than putting Mr. Verity's ideas into effect.

The only straight community efforts were the building of library hall, a sort of meeting place, and a school, of which Founder Allen was the first teacher. No rules or force of any kind was applied to the pupils.

Fuel Brought Only Cash

Felling trees and cutting them into fuel to sell to Puget sound steamboats was about the only cash brought into the early colony from the outside.

At about this time Charles Govan, a wandering printer out of Atlanta, Ga., appeared at Home City, having read of it in the columns of The New Era. He had led a dissolute life, he said, and he wanted to do two things—to reform his habits and to print a newspaper. Verity and the other founders were willing. Govan got some type to add to the small stock used in printing the first paper, and he induced James F. Morton Jr. to leave his job on the staff of "Free Society," anarchist paper printed in San Francisco, and come to Home City.

This Morton (still living in New Jersey at last reports) was a remarkable young man. A grandson of the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of our national poem America, Morton came of an old and respected New England family. He was an honor-graduate of Harvard, class of '92, and had done lecturing and editorial work since leaving college. Working in a small shack at Home



Harry Kemp, poet and
visitor at Home

ful, so they concluded that two acres per family was enough for any unit to live like gods. Forthwith, they made a rude survey of their 26 acres and marked it off into two-acre units.

And somehow, during this first year, the three men found time to start a small newspaper, hand-

City, with Govan as printer. Morton brought out the first issue of "Discontent, Mother of Progress" in 1898.

By JACK RYAN
News Tribune Staff Writer

HOME — This peaceful community on the shore of Joes Bay, once described by its critics as a "hotbed of anarchy, free-love and sin," is quietly marking its 70th anniversary Thursday. **1966 FEB 10**

On Feb. 10, 1896, three families consisting of Mr. and Mrs. George Allen and four daughters, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Odell and two children, and Oliver Verity and three children chose this beautiful bay off Carr Inlet as the place where they would seek "the ideal way of life," according to their writings.

They described themselves as "liberal people" who wanted to establish a colony where there were few restraints on residents. They stated that their colony was to be dedicated to the proposition that each person could live as he or she pleased so long as the rights of others were respected.

They bought 28 acres of land at \$2.50 an acre and incorporated the Mutual Home Association. Anyone desiring to live in their colony could do so by paying \$1 for a certificate, and \$2 an acre for a two-acre plot of land. Each new resident was guaranteed permanent occupancy and use of the land, but the property remained under the control of the association and could not be sold or mortgaged.

Cleared Land

Those were difficult times. There was much unemployment. Strikes were breaking out as unionism spread, and poverty and hardship spawned many movements. When news of the establishment of the Home Colony was circulated many decided to pursue a new life on the shores of Puget Sound.

People came to Home, as the colony became known, and performed backbreaking toil to clear land and build houses. Within a few years there were about 150 people, all self-described "free-thinking liberals," living in this scenic area. They expanded the town, platted streets which still remain, built

Liberty Hall for their meetings, erected a schoolhouse and lived as they pleased.

Paper Circulated

Among the residents were a few admitted "philosophical anarchists." The rules governing Home were made to order for them because they believed men could live together in perfect

harmony if government and laws were abolished.

Probably the settlers of Home would have lived in peace for years if it weren't for their newspaper, *The Demonstrator*. Its articles were written by some of the more rabid liberals in the community. The newspaper gave impassioned support to strikers, constantly condemned capitalism and was generally anti-religious in tone. As circulation of the newspaper grew, many readers misconstrued the articles. Soon other publications throughout the United States were printing editorials roundly condemning Home as a "hotbed of anarchy, free-love and sin."

At length a vigilante group

was organized in Tacoma. Members vowed to ride a boat to Home and "clean out the place."

A Lutheran minister visited the colony to investigate conditions there for himself. He returned to Tacoma with a report that residents of the colony were hospitable and respectable, they were living together in harmony. This calmed vigiles and bloodshed was averted. lantes and bloodshed was averted.

Today there is only one person living in Home who recalls the days when the colony was founded. Mrs. Leila Edmonds, 76, a widow, was 6 years old when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, landed on the beach.

among the colony's original founders. Seated in her house overlooking the Home waterfront, Mrs. Edmonds this week described those old days.

Never Bad

"Home was never a bad place," she said. "We had some philosophical anarchists, but they were peaceful. Real anarchists threw bombs, but there never was a bomb in Home. There were just a few people who believed in nude bathing, as modern nudists do, but they were only doing what they thought was right. As for free love, there were a few individuals who practiced this. In every community, the same thing goes on but it is hidden. In Home,

these people practiced it openly because it was a part of their philosophy of life. There never was more of it here than in any other community of the same size."

Another oldtimer, Mrs. Siegfried S. Clyde, a widow who settled in Home in 1916, recalls mostly the happiness that prevailed in Home during those old days. The residents were not interested in riches, she said. They fished, gathered berries, dug clams, harvested oysters, and grew produce to sustain themselves. To obtain a little money, they rode the steamer to Tacoma to sell produce, flowers or fish.

"The departure of the steamer in the morning and its arrival at night were the big events of every day," she said. "It cost only 70 cents to make the round trip to Tacoma. Every passenger would have a box of garden produce, cleaned

chickens, or cut flowers to sell in Tacoma. A big crowd would greet the steamer when it returned at night. We lived in a happy world of our own and all we wanted was for the rest of the world to leave us alone."

An amazing thing about the colony is the way the second generation turned out. Children reared in Home proved to be exceptionally brilliant scholars, winning many awards. One of them became, at the age of 13, the youngest person ever to enter the University of Washington, according to Mrs. Clyde. Virtually all of them rejected the liberalism of their elders.

Through the years, the "liberals" drifted away from Home. In their places have come city people seeking suburban homes. Employees of the Navy Yard and Tacoma Industries now populate the Home area. There are only

a handful of residents among the 500 families in the greater region who were present when the colony flourished. Lawsuits have dissolved the association and land has passed into private ownership.

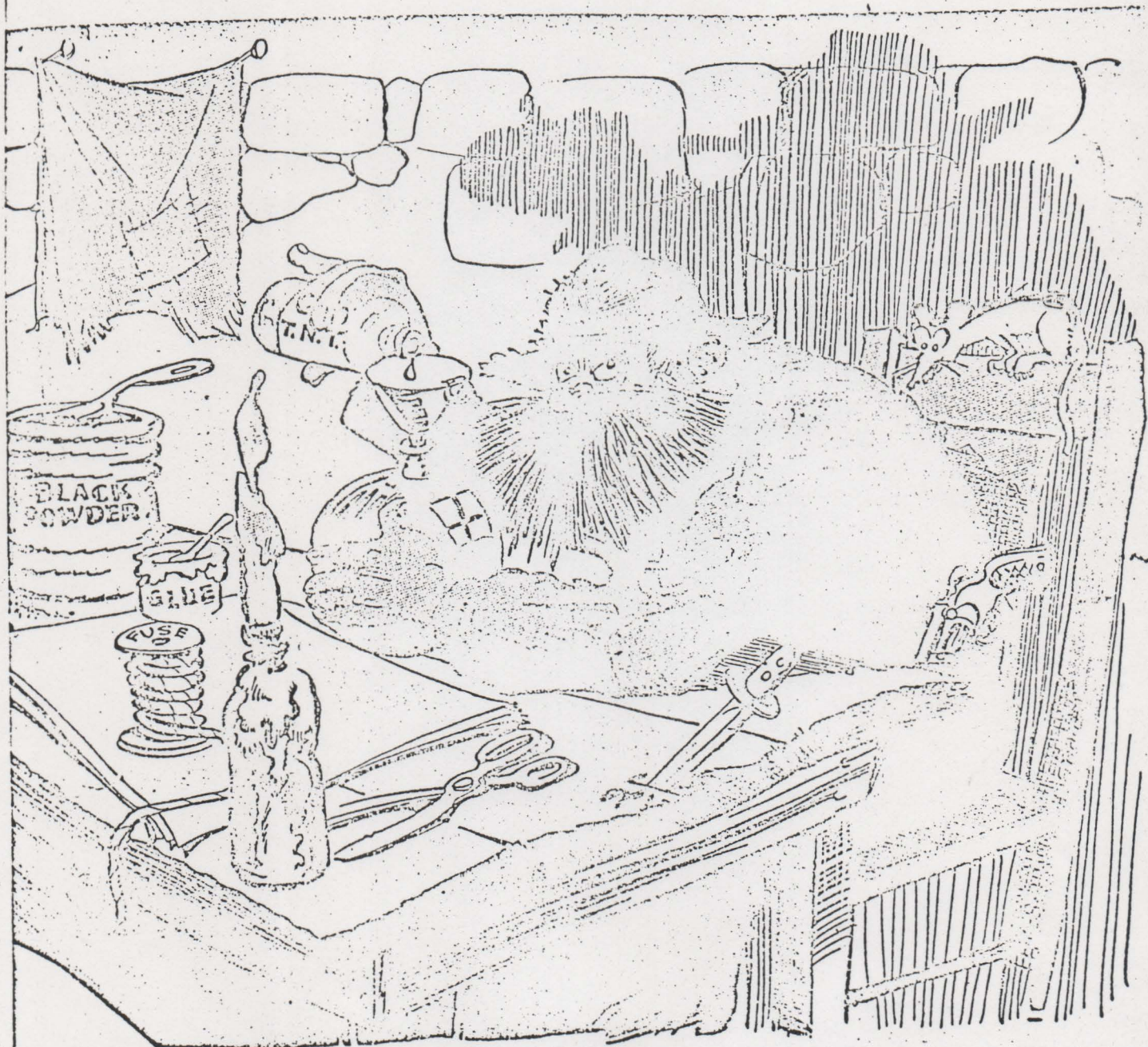
Home was marking its 70th anniversary Thursday, but there were no festivities to mark the event.

Mrs. Clyde summed it up.

"There are about as many people living in Home today as there were when I came here in 1916. But today life is very different, and the people are different, too."



MRS. LEILA EDMONDS, 76
She Helped Found Colony



Popular conception of an anarchist was a long-haired and bewhiskered man who spent most of his time plotting in secret cellars

WHEN President McKinley fell under an assassin's bullet at Buffalo on September 6, 1901, and died a week later, newspapers the country over made it known that the killing had been done by an avowed anarchist, a "student of that female viper, Emma Goldman."

One should pause and recall just what sort of man was conjured up in 1901 by the term "anarchist." The horrors of the Haymarket bomb in Chicago were still fresh in the public's mind. So were various bombings of grand dukes in Russia. The Russian bombings had been done by nihilists, but somehow in the public mind the terms become synonymous. An anarchist, in short, became a long-haired and long-whiskered man who spent most of his time plotting in secret cellars, where he constructed bombs to heave at anybody he didn't like.

Since that time the term "anarchist," to imply a man of violent and dangerous ideas and actions, has been displaced, in turn, by "socialist," "wobbly," "bolshhevik" and "communist." But none of these words ever quite brought to mind the horrible creature—almost a monster—who at the century's turn was designated as an anarchist.

Hysteria Swept Over Country

A wave of hysteria swept over the country as McKinley lay dying in Buffalo. Public excitement in Tacoma was no higher than it was elsewhere, but that was high enough. Socialist speakers on Pacific avenue were mobbed and driven to cover or to jail. "Anarchist plots" were seen on every hand.

And then, somebody remembered that only 20 miles from the city was a whole pack of persons who, far from denying the label of "anarchists," seemed to have welcomed it.

President McKinley died on September 14. On that same day what was termed an anti-anarchist meeting was held in Custer Post hall at Tacoma and the Loyal league formed by members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Two days later the league met again and this time organized a vigilance committee to "investigate the anarchist colony at Joe's bay."

Speakers appeared with all sorts of charges against the Home City people—they were freemasons; they had a community of wives, they were vegetarians, they were atheists, they denied holy writ—all the same old indictments that were brought up, in season, against the Mormons, the Oneida community, and even the quiet Shakers of New Hampshire.

Home's Papers Called Subversive

Patriots who must have harbored copies of Home City's first newspaper for more than three years sent marked copies to the daily press, pointing out "lewd and subversive" articles. These, or some of them, were reprinted in the Tacoma Ledger, thus adding to the fires set by the "patriotic" speakers. It was proposed by the vigilance committee that a steamboat be chartered, loaded with armed men, and a wholesale raid be made on Home City. The colonists were to be driven out, their homes put to the torch.

Ed Lorenz, the cool-headed skipper of the steamboat that served the Home colony and other hamlets from Tacoma, had come to like and to respect the colonists. He knew that their ideas of anarchy were as far removed from those of the insane and half-witted assassin of McKinley as could be imagined. Lorenz warned the Home City members of what was brewing in Tacoma.

The colonists told Lorenz that if the mob came, the mob could do as they would; no defense would be made. One of the colony members, himself a veteran of the civil war, went to Tacoma at once and talked with his former comrades in arms who were planning to bring desolation to Joe's bay.

Captain Ed Lorenz, who stood high in Tacoma and elsewhere on Puget sound, backed the old veteran in defending the character of the people at Home City. The mob cooled off. 12 DEC 1937

Pastor Acts To Stem Tide

Meanwhile, a Rev. J. F. Doescher, pastor of the German Evangelical Trinity church at Tacoma, did a very brave and wise thing. He took boat to Home, lived there for two days and

preached a sermon in Liberty hall, the community forum.

And then the reverend did an even braver thing. He returned to Tacoma, went at once to the Ledger and gave an interview to the press. He said he had found the Home people to be sober, industrious and friendly. "They have made clearings, planted orchards and made gardens," he said. "Their neighbors give them good witness. They are better citizens by far than those who have been shouting to 'exterminate the vipers'."

Thus, the old soldier, the steamboat captain and a Christian minister who took his teachings seriously saved Home City from the same sort of tragedies that later rocked the cities of Everett and Centralia, Wash.

But for all that, Home City wasn't over its troubles. They were, in fact, just beginning. Somebody sent copies of Discontent, the Home City paper, to federal authorities, calling attention to some contributions by Henry Addis and demanding that such "obscenity" be barred from the mails. There is no doubt but that this move was a concerted action on the part of persons who feared the influence of the colony, plus a personal animosity on the part of certain of the complainants.

Paper's Taste Not Best

It is true that Addis had left both himself and the paper open to at least criticism of taste. Charles Govan, the printer of Discontent, recalls in 1937 that "some of Addis' stuff was pretty foolish." Addis had come out against marriage as "the lowest form of prostitution," and it might interest Portlanders today to know the condition of things here in 1901, as seen through the eyes of Henry Addis. "Free mating is common in Portland," he wrote in Discontent, "and it is on the increase. The ecclesiastics cannot seem to halt the tendency."

Anyway, a United States marshal went over to Home to arrest the editors of Discontent. Mother of Progress. They had heard he was coming. He was met at the wharf with great courtesy, taken to one of the homes for an excellent dinner, then made the guest of honor at a dance in Liberty hall.

incarcerations in Kansas and Illinois prisons for publishing matter held by the courts to be against God, the constitution and other intrenched prejudices.

Emma Goldman spoke to the colonists and congratulated them on "building a new society from the ground up." Liberal writers in such respectable periodicals as the Independent said "It should not be necessary to interfere with those who wish to try for themselves a new form of society, no matter how unwise the experiment may seem to the rest of us. We should afford every possible means for sociological experiments."

More settlers arrived. By January of 1907 there were more than 200 members of the colony, with friendly farmers their neighbors. The Demonstrator boasted that there were more than 2000 hens and chickens in the hamlet and the income from poultry during 1906 had been better than \$3000.

Dances and a masquerade ball were held that winter in Liberty hall. One colony member was teaching the new Esperanto, the so-called universal language. Literary evenings, with speakers from "outside," were a regular thing.

Spiritualists came, one of them remaining and setting up as a practicing medium. Exponents of various faith-cures came and were listened to attentively, and so were whoopers-up for Koreshanity, a sort of religion founded by the eminent Dr. Cyrus R. Teed in 1886, in Chicago. Largely forgotten today, Koreshanity had quite a following 35 years ago. Its followers believed that we inhabit the inside of a hollow ball and that the quickest way to China is straight up into the air.

Haywood Came To Speak

Quakers came and Mormon missionaries. Harry Kemp came out to get more material for his poetry about "Tramping on Life." The colony was much agitated about the trials of Haywood,

Moyer and Pettibone in Idaho, and after Big Bill Haywood was acquitted he came to Home to speak and stay a while.

Whether or not Editor Morton of the Demonstrator was obsessed by the subject of sex is not known. What is clear enough is that the columns of the Demonstrator were more and more given over to discussions of that seemingly endless subject. A long series, headed simply "Biological Information," ran in the paper for many months. Dr. E. R. Foote's writings on sexual science were much advertised and discussed. Scarcely an issue came out without something about "free love."

No Rules On Free Love

The Home colony never had any canons on the desirability or otherwise of free love. Their one self-imposed rule, and one that it would seem they stuck to quite consistently, was that a person's domestic and marital life was the sole business of himself and of those closely associated with him or her.

That in some of the homes where domestic arrangements which had received neither benefit of law or of church was common knowledge. It simply did not matter. Thus it was natural that in Tacoma, Seattle and elsewhere on the Sound, stories of free love at Home were in wide circulation. And the stories, of course, were added to by each retelling. But neither factual reports nor libelous utterances troubled the serenity of the folks at Home.

Indeed, members of the colony were not backward in discussing the colony's reputation in the columns of the colony's newspaper. Wrote a Miss Marcus in February of 1907:

"In Seattle I found many who seemed much interested in my ideas of free love. You ought to have seen some of the men's faces brighten up when I said I was from Home colony." Miss Marcus went on to tell how "all the men" agreed with her ideas about free love, but she intimated that not all the Seattle women liked the idea.

All this was hardly the manner in which the surprised officer had expected anarchists to act. He remained overnight, then returned to Tacoma with his three prisoners. They were tried by a jury. The judge read the allegedly offensive paragraph and requested the jury to sign a directed verdict of acquittal. It was a clear victory for Home City. **OREGONIAN**

Government Takes Away Postoffice

But the government, or somebody in the government, wasn't going to give in to a peak of anarchists. In April of 1902 the postoffice which had been established at Home, Wash., more than a year before was ordered discontinued. Henceforth residents at Home received their mail at Lakebay, two miles distant.

At the same time the postoffice department forbid use of the mails to Discontent.

For the next year the colony struggled along without a paper. On March 11, 1903, appeared the first issue of the Demonstrator, a weekly periodical of fact, thought and comment, with James P. Morton as editor and with Charles Govan doing the printing.

All the rumpus over Home had brought it into national limelight, putting it briefly on the front pages of New York city newspapers. Liberal and radical

papers in this and other countries had printed columns about the Home experiment and the troubles of its colonists.

Lewis Haiman, a Jewish barber from Lithuania, who had come to Portland, Or., to follow his trade and to marry a Portland girl, went to Home, took his two acres and built a house. He raised chickens and opened a shop for Home citizens and served as secretary of the Mutual Home association.

Virginia Farmer Settles There

From Virginia came Henry Dadisman, a well-to-do farmer, who bought 200 acres of land adjoining the Home colony and opened it to settlers under the same liberal terms applying to land-holding in the colony. The title to this land later went to the association.

A Minnesota widow arrived, built a fine farm home and settled down; so did another widow, and charming, too, from Missouri. And from Russia, during the 1902-1907 period, came a number of families of Russian Jews, most of them farmers and many of them still on the soil at Home in 1937.

In the spring of 1903 colonists

at Home numbered 108. A new "Liberty hall" had been built by community effort. It was 60x32 feet and two stories high. Upstairs was the meeting hall, below was the school and the offices of the Demonstrator. James Morton continued to edit the paper and also taught part of the school.

—And now began the ebb and flow of malcontents and eccentrics which have made Home one of the most entertaining places on all Puget sound. When a Home colonist woke up in the morning, as Lewis Haiman recalls today, he was pretty sure to witness the arrival of some sort of eccentric before night.

One of the queerest of the lot was one Professor Thompson. He climbed down the gangplank to the Home wharf one afternoon dressed in a full and long beard and the dress and other garments of a woman. Everyone who came along was welcome to speak in Liberty hall, free of charge, and Professor Thompson lectured to a mildly amused but polite audience that night on the need for all to wear women's clothing. More esthetic and more comfortable, he said.

Professor Didn't Remain Long

Next day the professor appeared in his skirts to do his share in finishing the new hall, but on the second day he showed up in overalls. He had to take a lot of kidding about that. And the kids at Home pestered him. The professor tarried a few days and moved on, to try his message elsewhere.

From Santa Ana, Cal., came the then celebrated Lois Waisbrooker, author of "My Century Plant," a volume that revealed "how to free the earth of sex disease." Mrs. Waisbrooker was rather widely known as a "sex reformist." She settled down on an acre at Home and with Mattie D. Penshallow started getting out a queer paper called *Clothed With the Sun*.

Somebody reported to the postoffice department that this new and added paper from the anarchist colony was even worse than Discontent. Mrs. Waisbrooker

and Miss Penshallow were arrested and indicted for sending out "unmailable" matter. Miss Penshallow was acquitted but Mrs. Waisbrooker was fined \$100.

—Professors from the University of Washington came out to visit Home, and returned to write articles in praise of the people there and the manner in which they lived. The Independent, a weekly with a large national circulation, had a correspondent

visit the colony and write a long article about it. He thought it the most sensible of all such attempts he had known about.

During these years the editor of the Demonstrator had occasion to write obituaries on the socialist colonies at Burley and Equality, Wash. Burley, still to be found on the map, had started in with a co-operative sawmill and cigar factory, owned and operated by the Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth. It had received, in donations from outside, a total of \$40,000. But it died of internal strife and a lack of food. So had the colony at Equality.

Two Other Colonies Failed

Home appears to have never been short of food or other necessities of life. Any co-operation that went on was strictly a personal matter between members. Work was exchanged at the rate of 15 cents an hour, being later raised to 25 cents.

As the colony grew members thought a store would be a good thing. They built a staunch building near the wharf and stocked it with such goods as might be needed. It was open for two hours on certain afternoons. There

have been three different stores since, all of them founded on the co-operative principle but not to make money for the association.

The raising of poultry and the marketing of eggs continued to be the main source of Home's cash, just as they do today.

While on a speaking tour of the west the late Elbert Hubbard, founder of a colony at East Aurora, N. Y., took boat to Home and remained a few days, speaking to packed audiences in Liberty hall. He found the colony good and praised it.

Goldman, Berkman Made Long Visits

Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, internationally known anarchists, made a long visit. Moses Harman, the old-time crusader for many unpopular causes and editor of Lucifer, a paper that voiced protest against "so-called legal and holy marriages," came to Home to breathe the fresh sea air after his several

A SOUTHERN FAMILY IN A QUEER PLACE

By GRACE PULLIAM.

"You think it strange to find a Southern veteran and his family at the Colony? Well, life is strange, and the more you see of it, the stranger it seems; but I'll tell you," and Grandma Adams, as everyone there calls her, leaned back in a broad willow rocker and smiled a smile of real understanding, an understanding that comes with eighty-two years of strife and success.

Home Colony, a sheltered cove of Joe's Bay, near Tacoma, Wash., where her home is situated, was organized about twenty-five years ago, or rather it began then, as the inhabitants of the Colony pride themselves on their lack of organization, though as a matter of history, they started with a President, Secretary and Treasurer and two Trustees, on an association plan, endeavoring to build up a purely individualistic community, where liberty, as they understood it, would rule.

In this new Utopia anyone with enough brains to be a good neighbor and enough courage to wish to be a member of home was welcome, provided he attended strictly to his own affairs, granting to his neighbor the same prerogative. Each member of the family could take up two acres at a minimum cost, being taxed ten cents per month per capita, and no more, thus creating a fund for the upkeep of the roads, the general store, the hall and schoolhouse, all of which were built by voluntary contributions of labor and material.

The town does not boast of a single church spire, but speakers of all denominations and creeds are welcome if they obligate themselves to answer courteously any questions that may be put to them. The store is the property of all; a keeper is hired, who sells for just what it costs five days a week, and on two days he takes the surplus that is raised at home and markets it at Tacoma, in so doing costing the producer just one cent per dozen to market his eggs.

So in the past twenty-five years almost all the land has been acquired by a heterogeneous aggregation of humanity, in which you find the outcast, the persecuted, or those that think they are. Rumors says it was there that Caplan and Schmitz found a hiding place from the Burns detectives; the writer, Helen Baker, well-known eugenicist, whose book, "Race Improvement," is a recognized authority; an old contributor to Harper's; an ex-New Orleans editor; a Southern war veteran; a Russian expelled from her country now busy mastering the

English language and preparing to enter the university at forty-five; and many others.

They deny the fact that it is an anarchist community, though the general public uses that word in describing them. Rather do they say that they just don't believe in law as it is administered to-day. They believe in every man and his family being a law unto themselves, and living absolutely as they see fit, provided in so doing he does not transgress on his neighbor's rights. Believing entirely in the dynamic force of non-resistance, they claim that if there were no jail or police or laws to say that man must not—man would not.

I suggested to grandma that possibly they might sail under the appellation of the "Misfits," and she seemed pleased, saying it was a better title than the government had given to them, and then I recalled that Uncle Sam did take their postoffice away with a bad name or two, saying that they were not worthy of such a privilege, as they abused the right. This accusation was founded chiefly on an article that my old Confederate soldier, grandma's husband, had written some ten years ago that appeared in their paper, "The Discontent," which had to suspend publication for lack of support, though the editor was a grandson of Rev. S. F. Smith, author of our national hymn, "America," and a graduate of the Harvard class of '92.

"How did we happen to join?"

"Well, Mr. Adams was always a movin' on. It was never any trouble for him to get up and go anywhere. That's the way that he entered the Southern army. His father was the worse rebel in Clay County, Missouri; he put up the first Confederate flag there, and I tell you things did get warm then; it was not long before he could see that it was much better for him to be movin' on. He went to Waco, Tex. We had a good place in Missouri, some 359 acres, lots of stock and cattle, but just before the breaking out of the war our home burned and we, with our three little children, moved North 175 miles. It was a real journey in those days. We went in a road wagon and made as many miles every day as an automobile can now make in an hour and not break the speed limit, either.

"When we reached my mother's and got kinder settled Mr. Adams went back to put in a crop; this done he started back cross country again, and hadn't gone very far until he met a group of Southern men. They had just heard of the attack on Fort Sumter, and were making up a company, with John Holt, Captain. He stopped his wagon, unhitched, took out the best

horse (my saddle horse), and then and there joined. I don't know what ever did become of the other horse or the wagon either, but I do know that I never laid eyes on James W. Adams again until after the war had closed. He came back a Captain, but a sorrier sight you would never care to see, though his record was good.

"They marched to Cowskin Prairie, near the Arkansas line, where the army was reorganized under Gen. Sterling Price. He was assigned to the cavalry, commanded by Capt. G. M. B. Maughs, who afterwards became a famous physician in St. Louis. He reported for duty to Gen. Price, and carried for him valuable dispatches, first to Governor Claiborne F. Jackson and later to Gen. Raines, telling him to make the attack on Gen. Sigel, who was then at Carthage. He was in the battle of Wilson's Creek, and when they made the final assault at Lexington he was the first man over the breastworks. After the retreat he, with others, crossed the river, proceeded to Springfield and enlisted in the regular Confederate service as a member of Company D, First Missouri Cavalry. He was in eleven skirmishes on the retreat into Arkansas. He said that the battle of Sugar Creek was the hottest experience of the war.

"He was taken prisoner in Waco, but was exchanged in time to join his regiment and take part in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountains, where he was wounded. Didn't return to the army until the following April. He surrendered at Blakely, April 8, but by stealing a Yankee's overcoat and hat he managed to frighten a horse and get away while he was seemingly trying to catch it. He wanted to go to Montgomery, but he was afraid. He knew that the uplands were paroled, so he turned east, where he waded swamps and swam bayous for three days. He had nothing to eat, but after the third day he said that he didn't want for anything. Still, when he commenced to see tables spread out before him greening under the weight of apple pie and turkey he got scared, but when he did get a hunk of beef and a corn dodger he could hardly swallow, his mouth was so dry; two days later, asking for bread, he was arrested and imprisoned in the church of Greenville. Escaping from there, he asked for food at Dr. Lee's house on the roadside. His son, who was in Lee's army, had arrived home that night. He told him of Lee's surrender. He gave him his written parole and, with this, James started out again, hoping to get to Price's army.

"He got transportation to New Orleans and had the pleasure of being escorted to the calaboose by a squad of negro soldiers, who entertained themselves by jabbing him in the back with their bayonets. The next morning he was taken to the provost marshal's office and given the choice of taking the iron oath and reporting every morning for duty or going back to the calaboose. He took the oath. He was ragged and dirty; none of his friends would have known him; but out on the street men and women vied with each other in doing things for him. They gave him a complete new outfit and, after taking a bath, he forgot to report for duty. Rather, he went to Baton Rouge. There he had to take the iron oath again in order to get a passport. At the wharf he saw Gen. Price on board an incoming steamer. He tried to get to him, but they pushed him off of the gang plank. The General saw him, though, and

came on shore. With tears in his eyes he said: 'My son, I am on my way to New Orleans with Gen. Herron to arrange terms of surrender.' It was only then that James realized that the war was over."

"Who attended to the planted crop?" I asked. She laughed:

"The Yankees, if it ever matured. We did not get back until the war had been over almost a year; all the cattle, hogs, everything was gone, and we only had a hole in the ground where the well had been. Looking back, it seems a bad way to do, just to go off that day, but, Honey, in those days all we wanted was to fight. Then, too, it wasn't going to take long, not more than a month or two, to whip the enemy, so we thought; that's why I say, with all this war and the disturbances going on in Europe, people better keep their wits about them and not build on its ending too soon. War blood, once it is aroused, it takes a lot of water to cool it. But when you live through one war you can live through anything.

"I started to tell you how we came to the Colony. Well, to go back, we re-settled on that farm in Missouri and rebuilt all the houses, and ended by having a nice home, but Mr. Adams was restless. He was interested in the New Thought movement, and lots of things. Besides, he couldn't stand the winters there to do any good; the war didn't leave him any health to brag of, so we decided to come West.

"We had heard of two places, one Equality Colony, up about Enumclaw. Everybody there was going to live on an equality basis; but, on personal investigation, Mr. Adams didn't like it, so he came on to this place. I joined him when I had had the sale at home. That was fifteen years ago. Only a few people were here then, and the land was most all a forest. We went to work, and work it was, too; but getting up these big forest stumps seemed to just fascinate the men, and it wasn't long before this land of ours was cleared.

"If you don't think it was real work, let me show you," and she led me out to look over her farm, four acres, all under the highest state of cultivation, berries of every kind, and notwithstanding Grandma celebrated her eighty-second birthday in July, she told me that that morning, she was up at five and picked four crates of berries for the Tacoma market. Fruit trees were there of every variety, that will yield in this climate; tempting broilers in the chicken yard; grape arbors heavy with Concord and Tokays, and here she pointed with special pride to her flowers: "See, I have almost any one that the old garden in the South boasted of," and there were rose-geraniums, old-fashioned forget-me-nots, red-hot poker, flags, begonias, honeysuckle, and even the almost forgotten tea rose.

We parted, with profuse thanks on my part for the history, the dinner of chicken and hot biscuits, almost an unknown commodity here, and fresh sweet milk, which we drank from solid silver cups, trophies of her father's agricultural success, first and second prizes for fine stock shown at the Lexington, Ky., fairs in the fall of '71 and '72; and, on her part, this admonition:

"Work, child, work—it will keep you young."

Only Memories Remain Of Home Colony's Past

Original Searchers for Freedom Have Departed, But Misty Tales of Their Reputed Eccentricities Still Talked About

29 AUG 1943

Father Time has taken the final toll of those who located more than 50 years ago at Home, the one time "Mutual Home Colony," picturesque community on Joe's Bay. Of the founding and later life of the colony, much varied publicity has been widespread. Today the settlement's former lurid reputation is a voice from the curious past.

Home was founded when George Allen, class of '85, University of Toronto, with O. A. Verity and F. F. Odell, dissatisfied with the newly founded colony of Glennis, set sail on Puget Sound in search of a site where they could have "home and freedom." At Joe's Bay, then not even a "port of call" for local steamers, they found the end of their rainbow in 30 acres of land, bought for the reported sum of \$2.50 per acre. And so was formed the Mutual Home Colony association, to obtain land and promote "better social and moral conditions."

LIEDGER

New Generation Now

In later years, Odell and Verity left the colony, while Allen remained. He taught school, did carpenter work, assisted his neighbors and reared a goodly family. Allen was said to believe anyone having an idea should be free to express himself at Home and to live as he pleased, with no one to say "nay." Late this July, Allen passed on. Last spring, Tom Gieve died at an age reputed to be 107 years. He

was one of the older members of the settlement; a brilliant mind, a bit eccentric, a neighborhood patriarch. Surviving residents are of the new generation.

Visiting Home now, one is impressed by the attractive surroundings, substantial homes, flowers and orchards, and friendly residents. An example is Jay Fox, whose early radical publications helped much in furthering the community's vivid reputation. Fox published the Agitator, called the "enemy of law and order."

The years and times may have tempered the ideas of this former publisher, for there is little of the radical apparent today as he works among his flowers and vines at his home overlooking quiet, blue Joe's Bay. His old hand press is no more and a small press, on which dodgers were printed, reposes in venerable rust in the garage.

Editor Fox's Agitator, published in 1911 was the last in a list of so-called "hot" papers. The paper

was listed as a semi-monthly "advocate of the modern school, industrial unionism and individual freedom."

Many changes the editor advocated have come to pass. He believes today that through modern inventions, the people of the world have been brought so closely together that, after the war (a boiling over point) there will be an adjustment giving better living conditions to all classes, particularly workers.

Nude Bathing Case

Fox's writing of "Discontent, Mother of Progress," and later, "The Demonstrator," brought people of all classes and of different minds to the colony which in time boasted 300 inhabitants. Anyone with an idea or without was welcome. In 1910 a group of Russians arrived, bringing their native custom of bathing sans any duds. Thus they plunged into the waters of Joe's bay, with result that a complaint was filed and the noted "nude bathing case" was on. With publication of an editorial "The Nudes and the Prudes," Editor Fox found himself charged with disrespect for the law. He was tried in Tacoma, found guilty and sentenced to nine months in jail. After two weeks he was pardoned by Governor Ernest Lister. Publicity about this brought many sightseers to Home colony, but they left disappointed without glimpsing a single nude.

Now, at 73, Jay Fox is working on his memoirs while his wife, an artist, paints chinaware that brings gasps of admiration from connoisseurs.

Home has never had a church. There may have been some agnostics and atheists in the group of founders. But today's residents say this would not have prevented any minister from being made as welcome and given as attentive a hearing in Liberty hall as was given Emma Goldman or Elbert Hub-

bard when they addressed the colony.

The story of Home has been told many times and in years to come will doubtless be retold with additions and subtractions; about investigations of the colonists by state and federal officials; about the nudes and the radicals. But today Home is just one of those pretty and friendly settlements of Puget Sound.

Although Its Founders Sought Only Freedom And Peace, Home City Saw Much Turmoil

UNKNOWN or largely forgotten today, the hamlet of Home, Wash., on Puget sound 20 miles west of Tacoma, was once nationally and internationally notorious, or celebrated, depending on the view.

Home City was not just another socialist experiment. For more than a decade it was the sole colony of anarchists in the United States, if not the world. It existed, and prospered, without any laws or rules.

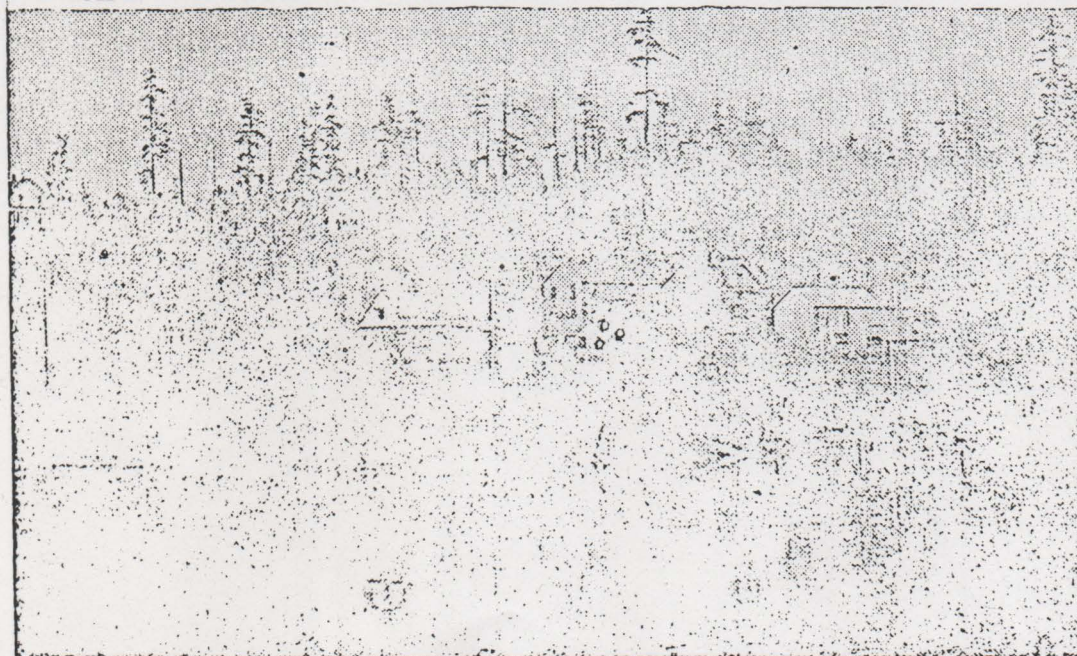
It had no church, bank, saloon, jail or policeman. All of its members tolerated and many of them practiced free love. Some of them went in for mixed bathing in the nude.

To Home City came well-known public characters like Elbert Hubbard, Emma Goldman, Big Bill Haywood, Harry Kemp

and William Z. Foster. To Home, too, came hundreds of eccentrics of every stripe, from Professor Thompson, who dressed and wanted all men to dress in women's clothing, to disciples of Koresanity who teach that our world is the inside of a ball.

Home was a haven, as one colonist puts it today, of "every nut who wanted an audience." Often under surveillance of the United States department of justice, no member of the colony was ever convicted of serious crime—but there was much excitement at Home between periods of pastoral serenity.

Home exists today as a prosperous, but hardly typical, farming community. Many of the early settlers are still there. Mr. Holbrook went there to talk with them in order to write a series of articles, of which this is the first.



Home City looked like any other rural community

Cities - Home

A SKETCH OF HOME, ITS PAST and ITS PRESENT
From the Peninsula Gateway, 7/1/47 by S. Clyde

RECORD FILE

The first settler, Joe Faulkner, came to what is now known as "Home" in the early twenties. There had been logging operations previous to his coming, but he was the first to establish a home here. The population increased slowly at first but by 1883 there were eight families on Von Golden's Cove, or what is now known as Joes Bay. One of those families was that of Gustav Eickenberger. Another of those early settlers was a man named Jackson. He lived for a time on Tuff's Point and supplied the wood for the steamer Sofia which was the first boat to operate out of Lakebay, later he moved to a place one mile north of Home, and his property included part of a lake, which was to be known as Jackson Lake which was recently stocked with fish by the state game department. He also built a flume to the bay by which means he got his shingle bolts to the water.

In 1895 Mr. and Mrs. "Billy" King came with three daughters and two sons and settled one mile north of Home.

On February 10th 1896, the families of George Allen with four daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver A. Verity and three children and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Odell and two children came and bought a tract of land which they platted and established at the townsite of Home.

More settlers soon came. They all had an idealistic concept of living in harmony with nature. They were philosophical and studious. They became known for their high hospitality to all visitors. Famous people of contrasting ideologies, such as Elbert Hubbard, Emma Goldman, Stewart Holbrook and W. J. Burns and many others visited in Home. They all commented most favorably on the generosity and hospitality shown them here.

Throughout the early years logging was the main industry. The settlers often worked in the camps part time, to earn cash for improvements.

From 1915 to 1932 the chicken industry flourished to such a height that in the late twenties 14 egg candlers were employed by the Home Warehouse to handle the volume of eggs. The depression came, poultry diseases became prevalent; the combined result was so disastrous as to drive many out of business.

During the last 12 years the picking and packing of huckleberries brush and greens from the woods has become big business throughout the territory. There are many small packing plants, but two large ones are in Home. One is managed by Curtis S. Pharo, the other by F. G. Kelly. Close by is Cliff Hawkin's Holly wreath making plant, which is in operation nearly the year around, whose products are sold on the Los Angeles market.

Here are two stores, one the Home Feed and Grocery owned and operated by Dan Isano, and the Home Warehouse Store owned by George Heinkel. Both carry a large stock of groceries, light hardware and such items as are generally needed for daily living.

Tillman's Service Station was recently opened for business with the latest equipment for servicing cars. Close by is a Barber shop operated by Harry Frishman.

One mile from Home is the Gunnarson Hatchery, whose incubators are turning out the Parmenters and New Hampshire chicks every week and every week and every month of the year. This plant is operated by G. W. Gunnarson and his two sons, Marlin and LeRoy Gunnarson. They also have a Farm Implement store in Tacoma.

The Peninsula Social Club, a none-profit social organization maintains a hall of liberal dimensions and a Free Public Library of 2000 volumes. Other clubs are the Home Ladies Club, the Progressive Home-Makers, the Pension Union and a Townsend Club.

A fine modern 3 room schoolhouse erected in 1928, located one block from the Home Bridge accomodates the pupils up to and including the 6th grade, of Longbranch, Lakebay and Home.

(2)

believed that Charley Greenhough was the first person to give voice to the idea the Peninsula Light Company, at a meeting of the Good Roads Club two years previous to its formation.

In the course of the years, Home has attracted attention from many educators by the large number of students coming from Home, who have attended institutions of higher learning, and later become successful in the business and professional field. The fact is that the youngest student ever to enter the University of Washington was 13 year old Ernest Falkhoff of Home. The second youngest to graduate from Stadium High School in 1936 was Eleen Clyde from Home.

For many years Home had a ball team that attracted outside attention. Only one of those players remained here, Mr. Ray Wells, who was third baseman of major league caliber and now lives on a farm just outside Home.

One of the oldest residents ever to have lived on the Peninsula was Tom Gieves who lived here for 32 years. He died in 1943 at the age of 107. Up to the last he could read newsprint without glasses. He remained mentally alert until he passed away. For a wuarter of a century his general appearance seemed to change but slightly. He served several enlistments in the United States Army, and went through Indian Wars. He cooked for the N. P. Railroad when the Stampede tunnel went through.

Mrs. Leila Edmonds who came here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Allen, in 1896 still lives here in her attractive home on 6th and A Street.

Home is a beautiful spot and is what the word implies to most of those who are its residents over a period of years.

There has been more complete histories written about Home, to which any interested persons may refer.

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From the same issue of The Peninsula Gateway, we learn that:

Gig Harbor derived its name when a Captain's Gig (boat) found shelter in that harbor during a storm.

Joes Bay was named after the first settler, Joe Faulkner, to settle at the spot now known as Home.

Lakebay was named so because of its proximity to a lake. Bay Lake near by, was named so because of its proximity to the bay, tit for tat.

O - O - O - O - O - O - O - O - O

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY DEMONSTRATED IN HOME.

On 10/3/48 mid-night, Jack Anneser's house burned to the ground with all his clothes and belongings. Jack was badly burned and taken to the Navy Hospital in Bremerton. Ernie Nordquist, Wallace Tillman and Cash Thornhill found they could fix up the 12 X 18 shell of a house standing after the fire and rebuilt it. Fined the foundation, shingled roof, finished and painted inside, complete with windows and chimney. A working bee was formed, ladies served hot lunches while men worked.

After the hospital had completed the repair job on Jack, he returned to Home on Nov. 15th. But instead of finding the ruins he expected to see, he was overwhelmed with joy to find a new home completely furnished, stove bed, dishes, curtains, pictures on the walls, towells hung up. Clothes and shoes in the closet and groceries on the table for an immediate meal - all raised by labor, money and articles donated by the good people in and around Home. When Jack left the hospital he told the nurses: "I have nothing left to go back to." But when he got his speech under control after arriving Home he cried: "It's the best place I ever had!" Good luck to Jack and his new home.

Fox Editorial Still Recalled

Jay Fox had no more interest in nude bathing than he had about the color of water in the Martian canals. But he considered the complaints, arrests and convictions to be persecution of innocent parties.

Fox lighted his editorial pipe, spat on his hands, and the next issue of the *Agitator* came out with an editorial still remembered on Puget sound. It was headed "The Nude and the Prudes."

"Home is a community of free spirits who came out into the woods to escape the polluted atmosphere of priest-ridden, conventional society," he wrote. "One of the liberties enjoyed by Homeites was the privilege to bathe in evening dress, or with merely the clothes nature gave them, just as they chose. No one went rubber-necking to see which suit they wore, who sought the purifying waters of the bay. Surely it was nobody's business. All were sufficiently pure minded to see no vulgarity, no suggestion of anything vile or indecent in the thought or the sight of nature's masterpiece uncovered."

"But eventually a few prudes got into the community and proceeded in the brutal, unneighborly way of the outside world to suppress the people's freedom."

"There is no possible ground on which a libertarian can escape taking part in this effort to protect the freedom of Home. There is no half way."

Editor Fox then briefly called for violence of any kind but simply for a boycott to ostracize

the persons who had brought the "indecent exposure" charges.

The editorial was well and simply written. In it one can look in vain for anything that would "tend to encourage or advocate disrespect for law or for any court of justice." But someone swore out a warrant against the editor, charging just that, under section 2561 of Remington and Ballinger's code of Washington, and a sheriff's deputy, ironically arriving at Home colony on a tugboat named "Liberty," hauled Editor Fox to jail.

The trial made a big noise in Tacoma and in liberal circles all over the country. Prosecution introduced "anarchy" into the case and played it to the limit. Fox maintains today, and with reason

newspaper accounts of the trial, that it was the unorthodoxy of Home colony and not Jay Fox that was on trial.

Fox was convicted and was sentenced to two months in the Pierce county jail. An appeal was taken to the state supreme court, which upheld the sentence. Meanwhile, the "free speech case of Jay Fox" was becoming a national cause celebre.

Battle Taken Up By Many Persons

The Free Speech league, forerunner of the American Civil Liberties union and headed by such national figures as Leonard D. Abbott, editor of *Current Literature*, Brand Whitlock, then mayor of Toledo, O., and Lincoln Steffens, joined the battle. "Jay Fox" entertainments and balls were held all over the country, the receipts going to the defense fund. Editors who had no more interest in nude bathing than Jay Fox had gone to bat for free speech.

The case was appealed to the United States supreme court. The lower courts were upheld and Fox gave himself up to do two months in the jail at Tacoma. He served six weeks and was then given an unconditional par-



William J. Burns, "book agent"

don by Governor Lister of Washington.

Fox went back to Home and continued to edit the *Agitator* until 1913, when it ceased publication for reasons that had nothing to do with nude bathing. The case of Jay Fox was the last time Home appeared in the national spotlight. Yet Home continued to get some attention.

In October, 1910, the building of the Los Angeles Times was wrecked by an explosion resulting in the death of 21 persons. It was followed by the sensation-

al confessions of the two McNamara brothers. One day, long after the McNamara case had ceased to be front page news, a tall and handsome book agent appeared at the Home colony. He had, he said, something pretty nice in the way of a set of encyclopedias, for family use, that should be in every home. Handsomely bound, full illustrated, 170,000 pages, all of man's knowledge between covers.

Woman Remembers Call From Burns

The suave book agent circulated around Home for several days, calling at most of the homes. Mrs. Lewis Haiman recalls that when the agent called at her home, and she kept him firmly at the front door, he seemed far more interested in peering over her shoulder to see who was in the room, than in selling her the books. She didn't know who he was, but before he left Home he had been recognized as no less than the formidable William J. Burns, the famous detective who had brought about arrest of the McNamaras.

Burns was there looking for David Caplan much wanted in connection with the Times dynamiting case. Caplan was later taken, but not in Home, and given ten years in prison.

But L'affaire Fox was the last time Home colony really made headlines in the daily press. During the world war United States marshals and secret agents fairly swarmed in the colony, some with false whiskers, some without, but Home citizens managed to keep out of their clutches.

Today, in 1937, Home appears little different than any other small community on Puget sound — on the surface. The Home association, as related, was dissolved in 1913, and today all hold deeds to their land. On Home acres live some 350 persons. The federated union school has 65 pupils.



Relic of the Past—Jay Fox, publisher of the Agitator during the hectic days of Home Colony, shown on the right with the old hand press on which dodgers were printed. The original hand press on which the lively Agitator was printed has long since gone into the discard. Mr. Fox now spends much of his time in his garden with his grapes. (Left), the original plant of the Agitator was located on the beach just below the present Fox home. (Inset) The late Tom Gieve, whispered among some to have been a Nihilist. He died last spring at a reputed age of 107. The keen minded Gieve, who may have helped give the colony some of its reputation, had a ready answer for every question put to him.

ON THE heels of Russia's defeat by Japan in 1905, the vast empire of the last czar seethed with revolt that in spots came close to revolution. The government's reaction was immediate and savage, and thousands of Russians fled the country.

Those who could emigrated to America, both Canada and the United States; and of these a dozen or so families were attracted to the two-acre lots of the Mutual Home association. They were not the first, for Lewis Halman, Lithuanian Jew, had settled at Home in 1900 and had served as secretary of the association.

By 1909 there were some 250 men, women and children living more or less permanently in the Home colony. Visitors were coming and going in a constant stream. Big Bill Haywood, famous wobbly leader, spent a vacation at Home and spoke in Liberty hall. Walker C. Smith, one of the most capable wobbly writers and editors, went to Home to recuperate from an illness. To Home came Mrs. Smith, bringing her daughter who was to grow up and write, in conjunction with Dr. Ben Reitman, the best-selling "Sister of the Road," published in 1937.

Woman Radical Famous Visitor

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the handsome and charming firebrand of the I. W. W., long a Portland resident, was one of Home's best-known visitors. In case you've forgotten, it was the Flynn who in 1911 filled Spokane full of foot-loose wobblies in that city's hell-roaring free speech fight. Then she went east to aid in staging the "Lawrence revolution" and make police of that dismal Massachusetts town regret that pretty women ever turned radical.

Another who came for a visit but has remained for 27 years is Jay Fox. Tall and distinguished, with the face and head of an idealist, Jay Fox had been identified with labor and liberal movements of all kinds ever since he was old enough to work and write.

In 1910, as today, no particular label quite fitted Jay Fox. Perhaps the term, "philosophical anarchist", comes as near as any. He found Home a delightful spot, alive with "different" and interesting people.

Since 1906, when the colony's third paper, the Demonstrator, had ceased publication, Home had been without a periodical. Fox, with a long line of editorial experience behind him, rectified that lack on November 15, 1910, when he brought out the first issue of the Agitator. Although identified with the colony because it was edited there, the Agitator was not a colony paper. It was a semi-monthly "advocate of the modern school, industrial unionism, individual freedom."

Commented on Many Ideas

Although the new sheet gave support to the I. W. W., then a rising power in the land, Editor Fox found time and space to comment on literature, the graphic arts, the Ferrer idea of education, and any provocative idea that caught his attention.

At about this time the Home colony had split into factions over the subject of land-holding. Some wished to continue the Mutual Home association, which held title to the colony's land, while others wanted a deed to their acres. Considerable squabbling went on and there were some rather hot meetings in Liberty hall, but on the whole they appear to have settled their differences with less rancor than is common.

The result of the strike was a survey, made for the colonists by a well-known Tacoma firm. Lee Croft, now proprietor of a Tacoma hotel, was one of the surveying party. He recalls that the survey was made without interference by any of the colonists who were against it and that the party was treated well by everyone.

Following the survey, colonists were given individual deeds to their own acres and the association was officially dissolved shortly thereafter.

Co-op Store's Prices Attractive

Home's co-operative store continued to function and its low prices may have been a factor in attracting to the colony certain ranchers who bought Home acres but had no sympathy for Home's traditional live-and-let-live policy. In any case, it was from these



Jay Fox

Philistines that a complaint came to Pierce county authorities. The complaint charged that some of "these Home anarchists" were bathing in the nude, men and women together.

The charges were true, so far as they concerned nude and mixed bathing. The simple Russians who had come to Home colony and were doing so well on their little farms there, had brought their native samovars with them from the old country. They had also brought a number of their native customs, nude bathing among them. It had been going on at Home for years, with no scandal, until these new-come Philistines swore out warrants for the arrest of one man and four women on a charge of indecent exposure.

The arrests made front-page news in Seattle and Tacoma. The arrested man and women were convicted.

Haiman One Of Old-Timers

One of the long-time residents at Home is Lewis Haiman. At 62 he looks and feels less than 30. In contrast to Allen, Haiman likes tobacco and alcohol in moderation. He works his small place and does all the barbering in the colony. He and Mrs. Haiman, a Portland girl, sent Lewis Junior to the university of Washington, where he did well but had difficulty in making clear that his home was in Home.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Haiman say they have been well content with life in the colony. "I have had no reason to change my political or economic beliefs in the past 37 years," Haiman says. "Life at Home has offered everything I could ask—a decent living, in good times and bad; plenty to read; excellent neighbors; and more freedom than I have ever seen elsewhere. I don't think there is much else in life."

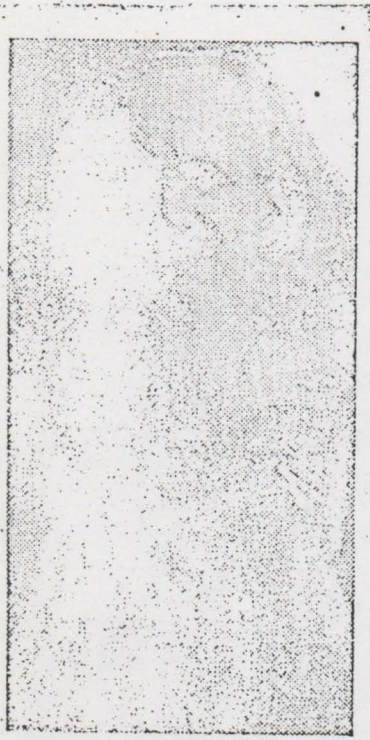
Nearly all the homes of the old-time residents are good ones, with every convenience found in the city and few of the city's nuisances. Newest home in the colony is one recently built by Mr. and Mrs. Jay Fox, filled with good books as all homes should be, and looking out over Joe's bay, a pleasant strip of water in everything but name. Fox still does considerable writing on economics and other social subjects, and both he and his wife swear there is really no home like Home. Last summer they entertained two old friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Foster, nationally known for Foster's labor activities.

Printer Still Lives There

Charles Govan, 79, dates back close to the beginning of things at Home. He was printer, sometimes editor and always general factotum of Home's famous Discontent, Mother of Progress, and of the later Demonstrator. He lives alone, on Home's hilltop, reading a good deal and being quite philosophical about life.

"The stuff we printed in Discontent wouldn't raise an eyebrow today," he says. "Law doesn't mean much. It's public opinion and not law that puts a man in jail for expressing his opinions on paper. The tragedy of public opinion is that it is always trailing along in the rear of reasonable, progressive thinking. Thus, somebody is always the goat for any progressive step made by society."

There are many other long-time residents still living in Home. Space limits prevent mention of them all, but it wouldn't do not to report that Mrs. Charles Grenhalgh is living in the col-



Tom Geeves, Home's patriarch

ony. As Kate Sadler, soap-boxer for the wobblies in their heyday and an active participant in many strikes, free-speech fights and other upheavals for many years, she was known in liberal and radical circles the country over. Dr. Marie Equi calls her "one of the best rebels we ever had on the west coast."

Children Taught Instrumental Music

Music isn't overlooked at Home. Since Mr. and Mrs. Van Tuyle, natives of Holland and professional musicians of high standing, came to live there, the children of Home colonists have had able instruction in instrumental music.

The younger generation of Home colonists are quite like the younger generation elsewhere, albeit possibly of better manners. Mostly they marry and move away. Nor do the old folks seem to care. The older folk point out that they have never tried to convert anybody, even their own children, to any particular belief, religious or economic. What they wanted and what they got and still have is as much personal freedom as likely can be had in the present state of society.

The outlander visiting Home is likely to find it a charming place, physically and socially. He is bound to find it different if only for the obvious good will that colonists bear toward each other. And when you find two-acre farmers conversant not only with running water and bathrooms and electric light but with Kropotkin, Bentham, Mill and Marx and with Byron, Shelley, Emerson and Thoreau, why, you are bound to know you aren't in an orthodox rural district.

If that's what philosophical anarchy means, then Home has been an unqualified success. At least one ex-farmer, who has known a lot of silos and hen-houses and haymows, votes in favor of Home and against Matuska.